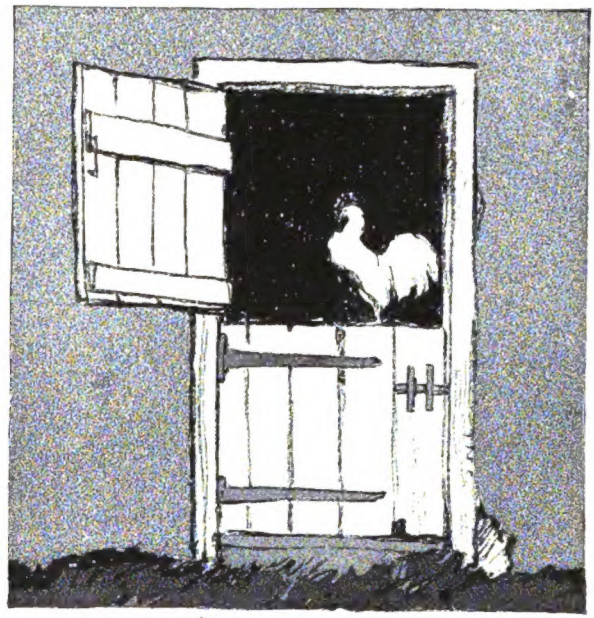

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"THE DAY YOU AND I ARE MARRIED, I'M GOING TO SEND RAMÓN A WREATH OF POISON-IVY."

—*The Ne'er-Do-Well.* *Page 675.*

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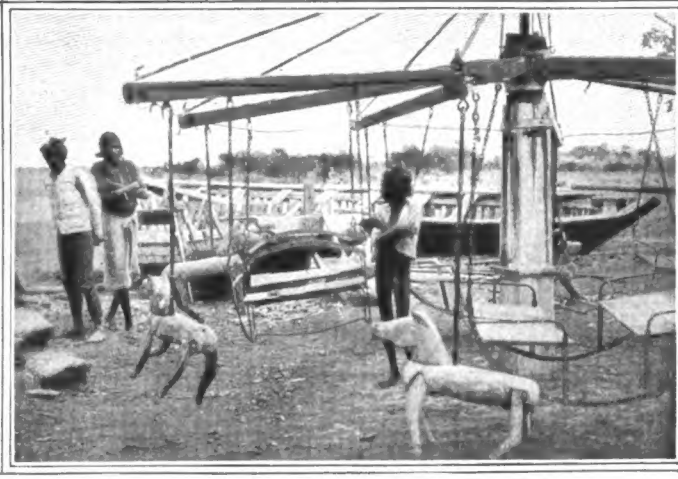

GODS *and* BROTHERS

By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Author of "A KING IN KHAKI," "THE SKY MAN," etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
FROM THE AUTHOR'S COLLECTION

GRANGER, whose real name isn't Granger, was for three or four years a member of the forestry service in the Philippines. This means that periodically, after a few months over a desk in the Administration Building, they would turn him loose, like a boy out of school, to make his way through the trackless, savage wastes of this island or that—places where no one could deny with certainty the Spanish legend that the natives of those parts had tails.

Granger's kit on these journeys consisted of a spare pair of puttees, to give the others a chance to dry, a pair of opera-glasses, and a tin teakettle—because you really *have* to boil the water. As for food—well, the invariably and disappointingly tailless natives always have food of sorts, and nothing that has just been cooked will kill you. Granger, by the way, never entered heartily into any jocular conversation about eating dog, a favorite subject for banter in the Igorrote country.

He would turn up at his desk after a six months' absence, rather thinner than usual, and much more reticent, with a battered note-book. After a week or two, when the habit of silence had passed off, he would tell you many interesting things which were not put down in the note-book; but if you tried to get him to talk of perils, he would fall back into his old silence. Of course accidents did happen. There were poor Everett and Jones; both murdered within the

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year. But these things were mistakes, really. The natives were all right if you understood them.

When Granger got his leave, they sent him home by way of India, at his request, so that he could spend a few months studying forestation methods in the lee of the Himalayas. He protested a little against the letters of introduction with which the Governor-General, on the eve of his departure, had presented him.

"What do I want of letters, Governor? All I want to do is tramp around through the woods a little." He glanced uneasily at the top letter of the pile. "You see, I don't exactly know how to speak to a man whose name begins with 'Sir.'"

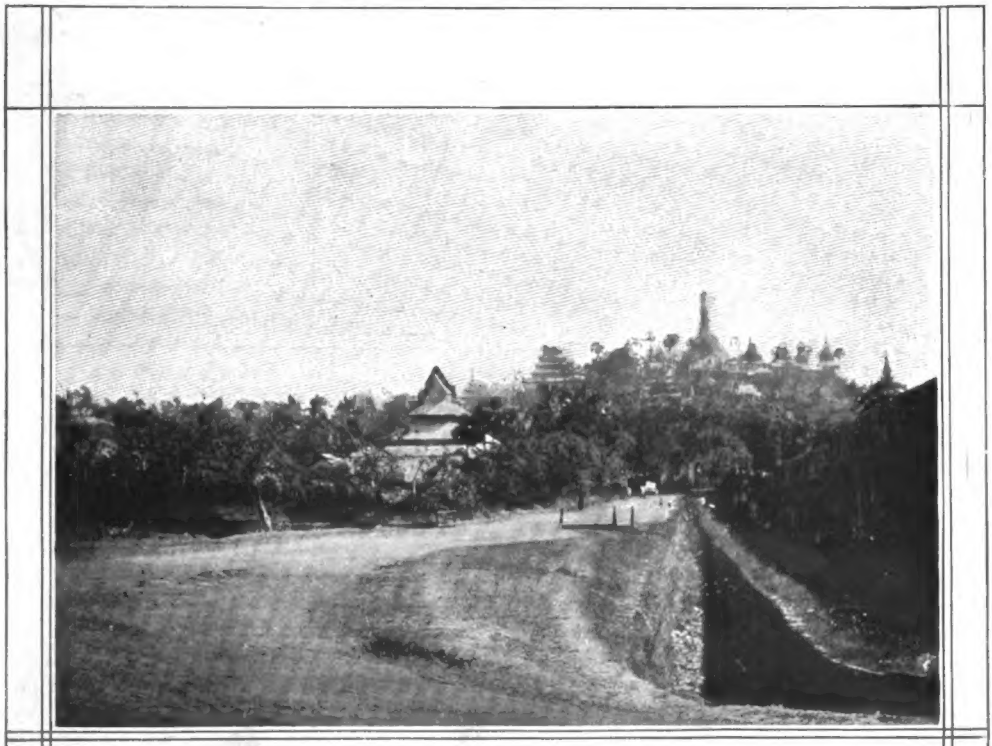
The Governor-General laughed and slapped him on the back. "They'll show you a good time," he said. "Run along."

They kept Granger a week in Calcutta, and he admits that they did "show him a good time." He says that in one week he wore a prehistoric dress suit just seven times oftener than he had worn it in the whole term of his service in the Philippines. By that time he had had enough of civilization and was glad to be shipped north to the country where the real fun could begin. It was rather disappointing to find the Deputy Commissioner as civilized as though he lived in Calcutta, and to have to get out the dress suit once more, after all.

The Deputy Commissioner said it would be easy to give Granger the opportunity he wanted. "It will take two or three days to get things together, but there's nothing for you to do. I'll get you a bearer who knows his business, and you can leave everything to him. He'll engage the rest of the train himself."

"Train!" said Granger. "Oh, you mean two or three men to carry my kit!"

The Englishman stared; then, perceiving that this was an American joke, he laughed. "Of course," he murmured. "Very good! Quite so!" Becoming suddenly serious, he went on: "I fancy you will want twenty-



THE "OLD MOULMEIN PAGODA" . . . IN THAT LAND EAST OF SUEZ WHERE THE ONE COMMANDMENT IS THAT THE WHITE MAN MUST ALWAYS BE A GOD.

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five or thirty coolies, but you can leave that to the bearer. He'll know."

Before his week in Calcutta, Granger would have protested to the high heavens against this absurdity. Now he contented himself with a philosophical speculation as to how his possessions could be subdivided minutely enough to give each of the thirty something to carry. When the omniscient bearer had been in operation for about two days, a formidable array of impedimenta excited Granger's curiosity as well as his impatience. He examined, and found that many of the articles weren't his. That folding rubber bath-tub, for instance!

The bearer, being summoned for explanations, said, with true Oriental indifference, that it was an order from the Commissioner Sahib. The Commissioner made nothing of it. Yes, to be sure he had told the bearer to come to his own man for anything needful—for India, of course—that might be lacking in Granger's store. For the rest, Granger was to trust to the bearer, and not worry about what he was taking or what he was not, and all would be well.

The Englishman was a real man, and Granger liked him, although he did keep two footmen armed with feather dusters standing behind his carriage when he drove out; but the easy implication of the infallibility of that bearer, when it came to organizing a trip into the timber, rankled a little. So when he went to lunch at the Residency on the last day, he wore a grin of real satisfaction over a joke he had on his host.

"That bearer of yours," he observed, "who would know just what to take and what not—well, I found him this morning packing my dress suit! To go into the bosky with!"

The Englishman looked puzzled. "Why not?" he asked. "You'll have to dine, you know."

So, Granger says, he went up into the timber and spent three months looking round, and it was all very interesting. He didn't encounter white men more than two or three times. But every evening when he came back into camp after his day in the jungle, he found his bath ready and his dress suit laid out; and every night he dined in state, the bearer scorning to touch a dish, but standing like a lance behind his camp-chair all the time.

Granger tapped his shirt-front with an epigrammatic finger. "The English," said

A CIVILIZED IGORROTE EN NÉGLIGÉE.

THE PRIME MINISTER TO THE SULTAN OF SULU.

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A MORO VILLAGE. THESE ARE THE PEOPLE TO WHOM THE UNITED STATES HAS PROMISED A CHANCE TO GROW UP.

A GROUP OF OUR "LITTLE BROWN BROTHERS." THE MAN IN THE CENTER IS A CRIMINAL WHOM THE OTHERS PERSUADED TO COME IN ONLY BY LEAVING THEIR WEAPONS BEHIND.

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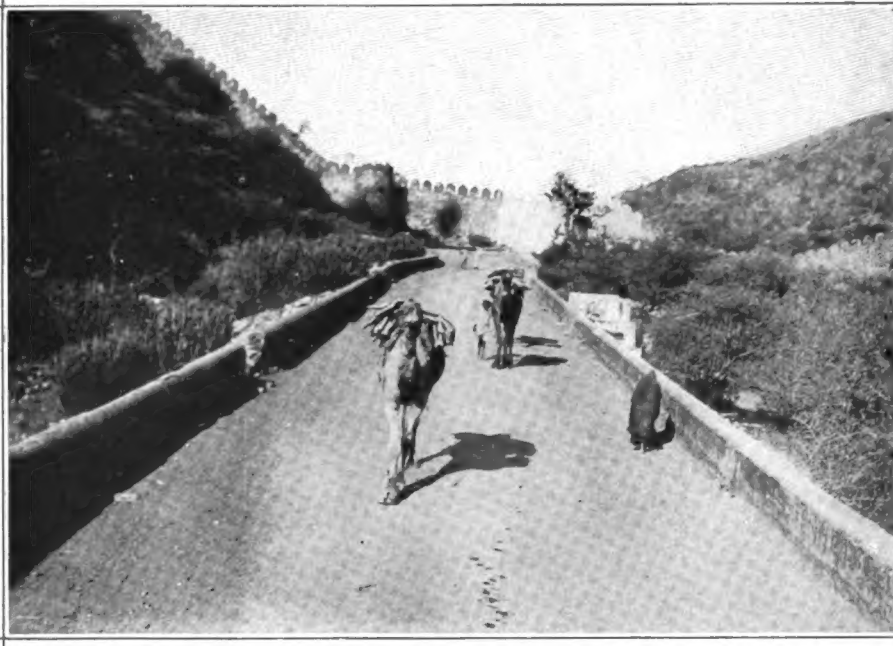

A TYPICAL SCENE IN INDIA—WHERE THE ENGLISHMAN GOVERNS IN THE CONVICTION THAT THE EAST CAN NEVER BE CHANGED.

THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF THE PHILIPPINES—THE KIND OF COUNTRY TRAVERSED BY AMERICAN FORESTERS, EQUIPPED WITH A PAIR OF OPERA-GLASSES AND A TIN TEA-KETTLE.

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AN IGORROTE SCHOOL IN THE PHILIPPINES. IT SEEMS LIKELY THAT IN TWO GENERATIONS ENGLISH WILL BE THE COMMON LANGU GE OF THE ARCHIPELAGO— THE FIRST COMMON LANGUAGE IT EVER HAD.

he, "govern India with their chests."

"And how," I questioned, after I had digested this tale for a while in silence—"how do we govern the Philippines?"

"With a baseball bat and a tin of Hope Deferred smoking mixture," he said. I could get nothing more out of him than that, except the suggestion that I could go and see for myself.

My first moment of illumination came on the veranda of the Cecil Hotel in Delhi, where Jenkinson and I were exchanging valuable impressions of a week in India. Jenkinson was, like myself, just a tourist, of the come-on, or kodak, variety.

"I've been having a queer experience," said I. "Not unpleasant, exactly, but rather embarrassing. Evidently I look like somebody; I'm always getting mistaken for him. I can't be sure whether he's in the Army or the Police, because the native soldiers and the constables are equally respectful. He must be a pretty high-up personage, because they know him as well here in Delhi as they did in Jeypore. And in Jeypore—well, the other day as I was passing one of those fortified gateways, a whole squad of big Sikh soldiers stood at attention and saluted when I walked by. I'd meant to take a picture of them, and the gateway and all, but when they did that I hadn't quite the nerve."

"That's very curious," he said, "because the very same thing has happened to me. I've been thinking that *I* looked like somebody."

As soon as I found an approachable Anglo-Indian, I asked if native soldiers and police were under instructions to salute every white person they saw—tourists and all. "Oh, yes," he said; "*they* can't be taught the difference. It would be most dreadfully bad for them to teach them to discriminate between one white man and another."

Kipling's British soldier observed that there were no Ten Commandments east of Suez. But there is one commandment that "goes," east of Suez, with the force of a whole decalogue. And this is simply that the white man must always be a god. Not necessarily, although of course preferably, a good god; but still, to the black man, a god; his ways past finding

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out, his commands beyond appeal, his comings and goings the occasion of reverent salaams.

There are three hundred million Indians in India. The invading horde that holds them in bondage, counting civil servants, planters, merchants, white soldiers on garrison duty, men, women, and children—the whole white population of India numbers less than one hundred thousand—a ratio of one white person to about three thousand blacks. Apparently it can hardly be by brute force that the English have held the Empire for a hundred years. And as the top-caste Hindu is a highly intellectual person, with a sophisticated, metaphysical mind, cunning beyond the understanding of the simple Occidental, it seems unlikely that the simple Occidental governs by sheer weight of intellectual superiority. Indeed, when that incredible ratio has had time to sink into your mind and get itself realized, the inviolable goddishness of the Eastern Englishmen begins to seem reasonable.

Yet this goddishness of the governing Englishman is not necessarily pompous nor offensive. Nothing could have been simpler, for instance, than the entrance into our carriage, on the railway from Lucknow to Benares, of the Deputy Commissioner of the district. A barefooted servant (this means respect, not poverty, you understand) got in first and meekly made room beside the mountain of our luggage for what at home would look like the traveling effects of an immigrant—a large, nondescript cooking utensil and a battered basket. Then he went away and burrowed into a little dog-house affair for servants such as is always sandwiched in between the first-class compartments of the Indian railways.

The man who followed him was a big, bullet-headed, well-scrubbed Englishman, almost shabby in his rough tweeds and his well-mired puttees. He opened a conversation with us at once, being curious to know what we thought of India and how well we were seeing it. We lamented that we hadn't time to get out into the wilder parts of it, where there was jungle, with tigers and dacoits and other terrible things that we had read about in Kipling. He waved a hand out of the window. It was all jungle out there, with no end of game; as for dacoits, this was the particular lair of them in all India. Then, that we might know we were getting authentic information, he told us that he was the Deputy Commissioner.

So, naturally, we wanted to know all about his job—how big his district was, and how many people lived in it, and how many white men it took to hold it down. He governed about three million natives, it appeared, and he had one white man, a district superintendent of police, to help him. All the other officers of government were natives—judges, clerks, police, everybody.

We knew all about dacoits, of course, from Kipling, but the Commissioner seemed to think that we were under a misapprehension about them. Every young man in the district was a potential dacoit. A dacoity was nothing but an explosion of animal spirits. A dozen of the wilder bloods in some village would descend on a neighboring village, burn an old woman or two with kerosene, ravish some of the younger ones, collect what loot came easily to hand, and go back home as if the whole affair had been nothing but a picnic to Sharpshooters' Park.

What did he do then? we wanted to know. Oh, it was necessary, obviously, to deal severely with an occurrence of that kind, said the Commissioner, almost regretfully. When it happened, he went to the offending village and took the ten or a dozen picnickers and hanged them—with the due process of law, of course.

But the police with whom he executed justice—they were potential dacoits, too, weren't they? And what if one of their sudden explosions of animal spirits were to direct itself at him and the other white man? The Commissioner was willing to accord this suggestion the courtesy that any polite Englishman will show to any American joke, but that was all.

As we talked on, we found the Deputy Commissioner's face was sternly set against making it possible for a native to address a sahib in the sahib's own language. He was not the first person I'd met who took a gloomy view of the practise of teaching the native "Paradise Lost," Pitt's speeches, and the other concomitants of a high-school education. Everybody, in fact, seemed to agree that the only thing a native so transformed was good for, was a government clerkship; and, thanks to the spread of education, the clerk supply was growing out of all proportion to the demand.

Every time I heard the subject discussed, my memory brought up newspaper para-

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graphs about shiploads of schoolma'ams sailing out of the Golden Gate to teach the little Filipino all about George Washington and government of the people, by the people, for the people; and I wondered what the little Filipino would make of it all. I said something of this to the Deputy Commissioner, and he shook his head over it solemnly. "You can't change the East," he said.

Even then, I had my doubts about it. The East had changed before. The wave of Mohammedanism which swept across it as far as the Philippines themselves, had changed the East essentially. And there had been a wave of Buddhism before that. Both had come as new gospels, sharply contradictory to the established scheme of things. Where, then, was the intrinsic impossibility of a third gospel—even a gospel of democracy?

The Commissioner himself admitted that the railways have changed the East "in some ways."

"And the cinematograph," I hazarded. He laughed—at an American joke. And yet it is my sober belief that the cinematograph is the most powerfully revolutionary instrument in the East to-day.

You find it everywhere, not only in India —"from Simla to Moultan"—but through the whole East from Aden to Singapore and on, over the edge of the beyond in Borneo. Indeed, it was in Borneo, Dutch Borneo at that, in the little town of Pontianak, which squats in its marshy little maze of canals exactly on the line of the Equator—the Venice of the East, as somebody in a frenzy of irony once called it—it was here that the idea broke over me in its full force. The show was in a big wooden building with a thatched roof—a fire risk that would give an insurance agent heart-failure—with galleries on three sides. The rear gallery was divided into two sections, one for the Sultan and the ladies of his harem, the other for white people, if there happened to be any. The two side galleries were for women and were supposed to keep them invisible to the men, who sat downstairs in the body of the house.

The film that was running when my companion and I entered showed the breaking up of the ice with ice-breakers in the harbor at Christiania. The only person in the audience besides myself who had ever seen a lump of ice big enough to cool a highball was the Scotch engineer of the Chinese tramp that had brought me to Pontianak.

The show lasted for hours, and the pictures were just what we see when we stay on at the music-hall after the regular performance is over: domestic tragedies, domestic comedies, domestic farces of the Western world—our own world. Even to me, who had been in the East a short six months, it seemed strange. Here were white men at home—men, not gods, if you please—doing things for themselves, carrying burdens, taking orders, going hungry, getting arrested. An intoxicated gentleman getting chucked down-stairs by a policeman; a street-sweeper, a white man, getting run over by an automobile; a white woman, a memsahib, being defied by her cook and having her dishes broken and being left to peel her own potatoes. And if it looked strange to me after six months, what was it to the keen-faced Malay boy who watched it all with such rapt attention? What thoughts were going on in that mind of his about these gods? Were they gods, after all?

The older ones won't ask that question, perhaps. The old man will still move quite off the path and cross his wrists above his forehead when you come along, and sweep the dust with his long beard; but his grandson, who has seen the way these gods are treated in the heaven they come from—he is going to draw some inferences, some day, that will make government by the chest a more difficult matter.

Still, it will take more than the cinematograph to pull the Englishman from his heaven in the East, because his goddishness is not put on for a disguise. His chest is not a matter of tailoring. He wears it whether it is becoming or not, because it is a part of him. He wore it in America in the days of good King George, until we drove him out, and to this day he is at a loss to understand what we made such a fuss about. He carries his goddishness with him to-day in Canada and Australia and other inappropriate places, until you find signs on Canadian factory buildings—HELP WANTED: NO ENGLISHMEN NEED APPLY. But in the East his chest will stand as one of the striking and tremendous things in history.

What do you think of this for a plot to an Oliver Optic romance? A young English gentleman named James Brooke sails away

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from England in his hundred-and-forty-ton schooner yacht, with a crew of twenty men and six little brass six-pounders. He rounds the Cape of Good Hope, crosses the Indian Ocean, and brings up against the west coast of Borneo. He finds the coast inhabited by Malay pirates who have been making all the Eastern seas a terror to merchantmen for a half-century. The population of the interior is Dyaks. When a Dyak young man is engaged to be married, instead of bringing the girl a diamond ring, he brings her a nice fresh human head that he has taken for the purpose from some wayfarer in the jungle. He had nothing against the wayfarer, but that is his idea of something nice.

Our young hero finds that the Malay pirates have difficulty in getting on with these Dyaks, and on his arrival the Rajah of Sarawak, one Hassim, suggests that he go into the interior and see what he can do. He does. He takes a couple of small boats and goes up the river and persuades the Dyaks to be good. He comes back to the Rajah, who is greatly pleased, and makes him a favorite. But the former favorites are jealous, particularly one Makota, who tries to poison him. Our hero gets the goods on Makota and has him exiled. Then the Rajah says, "You stay here and govern the country for me, and when I die you shall be Rajah in my place." Our hero agrees. Shortly thereafter the Rajah is assassinated by a nephew of his who is sultan of a neighboring kingdom. Our hero chastises the nephew and reigns as Rajah.

What does he do then? Does he take to a hammock and a fan and a sarong and a pretty Malay girl? He does not. He remains an Englishman. He builds an English bungalow and dresses for dinner and dines as if he were in his club on Piccadilly; and he brings out a nephew of his own, whom he makes his heir; and together they extend his kingdom for three hundred miles up and down the coast. They suppress piracy and murder and starvation, and they encourage industry and security, and they deal out English justice. And this with Mr. Gladstone barking at them all the while from the safely entrenched ignorance of the House of Commons for bloodthirsty adventurers and perhaps pirates into the bargain!

Sarawak has to-day the reputation for being the best governed state in the East, and it has perhaps the most absolute monarch in the world. The old Rajah, who is the original nephew in the story, can enjoy his winter fox-hunting in England in peace, knowing that back in the wilds of Borneo his name is a myth to conjure with.

After all, there is a common religion in the East, shared by the clever, violence-hating Bengali, the melancholy Sikh, the laborious Tamil, the lazy Burmese, the tricky Malay, and the ferocious Dyak of Borneo. That religion is the Englishman.

And if, in the contemplation of the democratic tourist, this religion gets rather irksome, with its arrogance and disdain, its complacent infallibility, its "side" and ceremony, its insistence on the starched shirt-front down to within thirty minutes of the Equator, then it is salutary to remember that it was this same religion which gave a military ball in Lahore on the night of the twelfth of May, 1857, after the discovery that the garrison was to mutiny the next morning. The same religion besieged Delhi, the mutinous capital of India—Delhi with its admirably contrived fortifications and its victorious, murderous army of forty thousand well-armed and disciplined Sepoys; "besieged" it for four months with an army of three thousand men, and then took it by assault with five thousand.

You can't do a thing like that, I told myself, by being merely courageous and intelligent; you can only do it by climbing up some little Olympus and being a god. And being a god seems to be a British specialty. The Dutch, at least, haven't caught the trick of it, nor the French.

And ourselves, in the Philippines? Occasionally when we met Americans coming around the other way, I asked the question. Did His Excellency, the Governor-General, hold anything corresponding to a Durbar? Had he outriders when he made his progresses about the streets of his capital, Manila? No, apparently not.

I remembered Granger. He had said we were governing the Filipino with a baseball bat and a tin of Hope Deferred smoking mixture. It didn't sound very promising. However, I was going to see.

II

The Collector of the Port at Jolo suggested that I go straight up and see the Governor. Jolo is down in the lower left-hand corner of the Philippines; the right

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name of it is Sulu, where the Sultan comes from. We were on our way in a launch from the upper right-hand corner of the island of Borneo, and our immediate objective was about a hundred miles farther on, but we had reached, here at Jolo, the limit both of the launch's steaming radius and of our endurance of the launch. She was a skittish, under-engined affair, built up high to look like a steamer, and we had already spent twenty-eight hours on her. What we wanted was some means of transportation to Zamboanga, and the Collector said I'd better go up and talk to the Governor.

"That's all right," I protested, "but please look at us. We spent last night on the deck of that launch, and it rained and blew great guns all the time. We've made our last three meals out of a biscuit tin, and I haven't had a chance to shave. I'll hardly do for a call on a Governor. I don't believe His Excellency would appreciate ——"

"His what?" said the Collector.

All through India and the rest of the British East, people had been laughing politely and rather tentatively at certain serious remarks of mine, under the impression that they were American jokes. The Collector looked as if he suspected that this was a British joke. He didn't know whether he was expected to laugh or not. He compromised on a sort of suppressed grin, and I agreed hastily to an immediate call on the Governor.

The Administration Building, where I went to look for him, was tropical and Eastern enough in its architecture, and I wondered, as I glanced about its pleasant dimness, why it reminded me so insistently of some city hall of ours at home. Then I got it: a long row of big, brown, earthenware spittoons, one outside each door, all the way down the corridor.

Squatting around the nearest one was a little group of strange-looking people who had evidently become Americanized enough to appreciate these articles of furniture. They were all chewing the familiar combination of areca, betel, and lime which turns the gums black and the saliva bright red. They were dark, sullen, shrewd-looking folk, dressed in very tight, bright-colored trousers and scarfs and handkerchiefs, and wicked, leaf-shaped swords with ornamental hilts. Moros they were, I knew, savage, intractable, the sort that had been able to keep their Spanish "conquerors" shut up inside town walls and blockhouses for a matter of three hundred years. We may not have tamed them, I reflected, as I looked at them, but at least we have got the trick of making them feel at home with us.

Just then one of the doors opened and a man came out—a white man, an American. I had been spending the past six months in a part of the world where practically every white man was an Englishman, and I looked instinctively to see the little group of Moros galvanized into some show of deferential activity as he walked up to them. But it did not happen. Some of them grinned at him amiably, but no one moved. He didn't seem to expect them to.

He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he looked very warm and busy. He spoke curtly, in flat, bright, sharply-minted United States, much as a construction foreman, back home, speaks to his men. One of the group—an interpreter, evidently—began talking Moro to the others, and there was a long confab, while the American eyed the chief speaker rather impatiently. He didn't wait for half the labored translation back into English. He shook his head with a jerk and turned to the interpreter.

"Oh, tell them to go to hell," he said.

It wasn't said ill-humoredly; the look he gave the interpreter was as much as to say, "You understand, old man." He simply meant that he really couldn't waste time over nonsense like that.

Fresh from chest-governed lands, I caught my breath and stared. It was much the same sensation one would feel if the clergyman in reading the lesson should slip a bit of up-to-date slang into the speech of one of the Patriarchs.

However, nothing happened, and the group shuffled away, carrying out the spirit, if not the letter, of his instructions. Then the American saw me and asked what he could do for me. When he heard that I wanted to see the Governor, he disappeared into the room at the end of the hall, to return the next minute with word that the Governor would see me right away. "He's got a murderer in there, now," he said, "but he'll be through with him in no time."

I kept my eye on that door. It opened presently, and a Moro came out—a Moro with a face that might haunt a child's dreams, a one-eyed, sinister Moro. He came unattended, glided down the hall, and

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disappeared in the blaze of the outdoor sunshine. I wondered if he had just murdered the Governor.

But a voice through the open door was asking me to come in, and the next minute I was shaking hands with a homely, lean, khaki-clad Kentuckian, who was mighty glad to see me. He wanted my wife and me to dine with him that night, and seemed generally to be trying to make me feel that we should own the island of Jolo as long as we would consent to stay there. "I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting just now," he concluded, "but I had a murderer in here——"

"The Moro who just came out? There wasn't any one waiting for him, and he went off by himself." I had an idea that this bit of information might be important, if not disquieting, but the Governor didn't seem disturbed.

"Oh, I turned him loose," he said. "He came in of his own accord and told me he'd killed a man. There was some misunderstanding about a *çarabao*. But there hasn't been any complaint yet, so I sent him back to his farm and told him I'd let him know when we wanted him. That's better than keeping him in jail."

I asked the Governor if he thought the man would come when they let him know. "Yes," he said. "You see, he knows he'll have to come in the end."

We talked on a while, but I had something on my mind. Here we were, invited out to dinner, and I knew that one of my wife's trunks—an indispensable trunk, too—had got left behind in the custom-house; it was now past noon on a Saturday, and the port was closed. At last I confessed my plight to the Governor. He made light of it. He'd go over there with me and see what was to be done.

We found the custom-house solidly locked and bolted. But the Governor walked around the corner and called up at an open window of an adjoining house.

"Hi! Jim!" shouted the Governor. It appeared that Jim was our Collector of the Port.

"I can't come out," shouted the Collector. "I'm shaving."

"Then throw out the keys of the custom-house," said the Governor.

The Collector threw them out, and the Governor and I unlocked the building and went inside. "Which trunk is it?" he asked. I pointed it out.

"Catch hold," said the Governor, grabbing the other end. So we carried it out into the street and locked up the custom-house. "Now," said the Governor, "you take the keys back to Jim, while I go and find a couple of prisoners to carry the trunk up to your place."

The Collector wiped his razor and put the keys in his pocket. Then he looked me in the eye and grinned. "Found His Excellency all right, did you?" he asked.

In a way, it *was* a sort of British joke, yet it was a better one than the Collector knew. He couldn't see, in his mind's eye, how His Excellency, the English Governor of the little Bornean country we had just left, would have looked if he could have caught a glimpse of us, the American Governor and me, walking off with that trunk. And I could.

And yet, I confess, as I laughed with the Collector at Jolo, I couldn't be quite sure who the laugh was on. Were they wrong, root and branch, those English? Was the history of their Empire in the East the history of one vast mistake? That would, as they say, want a lot of proving.

For your Englishman will tell you that among all Oriental peoples, government derives its just powers, not from the consent of the governed, but from the prestige of the governors. He will tell you that equality between persons is as inconceivable as the fourth dimension. If A is not a better man than B, then B is a better man than A. And he will go on to say that, in this part of the world, a country is best and most happily governed where the prestige of the governors is most insisted on and where the inequality between man and man is most respected. They have been proceeding on that principle for the past hundred and fifty years, and they feel that they have made a pretty good fist of it.

At this point your Englishman begins to get red above the collar. He takes a long drink of lukewarm whisky and soda, puts down his glass, and wipes his mustache.

"And then you Americans come out here," he goes on, "without any experience in the tropics, shouting the battle-cry of freedom, as it were, with a flag in one hand and a ballot-box in the other, and try to tell an Oriental race that Jack is as good as his neighbor. You may be able to make that stick in your part of the world, but it won't do out here. They'll never understand it

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—and there'd be hell to pay if they did."

There are plenty of Americans in the Philippines, especially in the Army, who agree with the Englishman. They tell a story in illustration of the point which goes about like this: An American met a Filipino on a narrow sidewalk in Manila, and the Filipino refused to turn out. The American remonstrated, pointing out that the Filipino had just made way for another white man who was now strolling along, some fifty paces ahead. "But," said the Filipino, "that man is a Spaniard."

"And aren't we as good as the Spaniards?" asked the irate American.

"No," the Filipino answered, calmly. "You tell us yourselves that we're as good as you are. But we know we're not as good as the Spaniards."

This story impressed me rather deeply when I heard it first, in Jolo. But after I had heard it repeated without variation in Zamboanga and in Malabang and in Overton, it struck me that for an illustration it was rather overworked. And afterward I found it in an old *Harper's Weekly*.

Anyway, there are many Americans in the Philippines who have an intense dislike to all references to the "little brown brother," and who feel, more or less vaguely, that it would be much better for all concerned if we could be treated in our part of the East the way the Englishman is in his.

But it is one thing to have this feeling, and altogether another thing to possess an infallible instinct for being a god, as every well-bred Englishman does. And the simple fact is that we Americans haven't the trick of it. In spite of some of our recently acquired ideas, we can't get rid of our inherited notion that every man we meet, even an Oriental, is entitled to the presumption that he is as good as we are, until we have time to prove the contrary to him. And when we set out to be gods, as happens sometimes, there is a certain self-conscious pretense about us that the half-savage Moro, the half-civilized Filipino, and the simple, canivorous Igorrote, are equally quick to detect.

Of course, when we are content to be our unvarnished, democratic selves, we puzzle the Oriental mind profoundly. It shocks him to see any white man, let alone a governor, carry a trunk; and it offends him, quite wantonly and gratuitously, to be interrupted in the middle of a serious oration and told, flippantly and good-humoredly, to go to hell. But don't forget the other episode of that first day in Jolo. The murderer was turned loose into the bosky with the perfectly reasonable expectation that he would come back when wanted. Because, like Davy Crockett's coon, he knew he'd have to in the end. And this, after a little more than a decade of the American régime in an island where for some centuries they had hardly let a white man show his head above the ramparts of his fortifications. After all, we really are governing the Philippines, and from the first day of my visit there the conviction grew on me that we had done wisely to set about it in our own way.

Granger had said, you may remember, that we were doing it with "a baseball bat and a tin of Hope Deferred smoking mixture." There was something oracular about the phrase that fascinated me. I thought I understood about the smoking mixture. It was the prospect of autonomy, the promissory cake of Ultimate Independence which we exhibit on a high, inaccessible shelf, to be given to the Filipino, if he is good—when he shall be tall enough to reach it. And the baseball bat? Well, there *is* something free and formidable and hit-or-miss about the swing of a bat that is rather suggestive of our way in the Philippines. And yet I suspected from the first that Granger meant something more than that. He did.

There was a ball game between two scratch teams of Moro boys on the first morning of our stay in Jolo. They played the game as if they had been born to it, somehow, though the most of them were dressed in nothing but their mitts and their breech-clouts, there was a homelike, American look to them, as they crouched in the tense, familiar attitude, that made the phrase "little brown brother" seem more than a piece of cheap political rhetoric. They play the game all through the islands now. The wild tribes in the interior are beginning to find it a satisfactory substitute for the joys of head-hunting. The very Filipinos see a reason in it for trimming their long, disabling finger-nails. And when we got up to Baguio——

Baguio, you should know, is the summer capital, the Simla of the Philippines. They take the whole Government up there bodily from Manila for the hot months; they even had the legislature in session when we arrived. But the immediate attraction on our first day was a ball game.

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I had called at the Executive offices with our letters to the Governor-General, and had seen his secretary, who advised me to go to the game. It was between an infantry team from Camp John Hay, which is the military reservation there, and a local team called, apparently in derision, the G-Strings. A g-string is the entire costume of the Igorrot in his natural state. (Quite irrelevantly, I want to say that the civilized Igorrote dresses with an *éclat* that is approached by no other sort of man I ever saw. A hard American straw hat, a collar and cravat, a negligee shirt, a coat and waistcoat, and then—nothing at all. And when you see him passing the plate in church——!)

Anyway, I asked the secretary if the G-Strings were a white team and he said yes. The game had already begun, so I hurried over to the ball ground. The soldiers were at bat when I came up, and almost immediately one of them, a big private, laid down a bunt. As it was fielded to first, I noticed that the first baseman for the G-Strings was a small, slight man and that the runner evidently counted on bowling him over. He did it thoroughly, but the little man stuck to his base and hung on to the ball, and the umpire called the runner out. The little first baseman picked himself up in a matter-of-fact sort of way, chucked the ball back to the pitcher, and moved off to his fielding position. But the crowd, especially around the Army bench, seemed much amused.

"He has plenty of sand, anyway," I remarked to my neighbor.

"He sure has," he answered enthusiastically.

So I said, "Who is he?"

"Who is he!" echoed my neighbor. "He's the Governor-General."

Now it happens that the Honorable W. Cameron Forbes, Governor-General of the Philippines, is a New Englander of the Brahman caste, a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson, a young man with a large private fortune. By birth and circumstance he is precisely as much of a democrat as Mr. Arthur Balfour. He has gone in for a public career just as he has gone in for polo, because he thinks they are the two finest games in the world. And he plays one in the same spirit as the other. He is fond enough of polo to have built, out of his own private pocket, a polo field at Baguio, undismayed by the fact that he had to cut out the sides of two hills and fill up the valley between them to do it. And he is fond enough of politics to have invited as many Filipino Assemblymen as his big, unofficial residence would hold, to be his guests during the special session he called at the summer capital.

When a man of that sort promulgates a court decree that no one shall dress for dinner in Baguio; when you find his official receptions thronged by department clerks and schoolteachers who have come on pony-back to dance, light-heartedly, in puttees and in divided skirts; when you have seen him standing out on first base in the hot sun playing a game he isn't especially good at, for the sake of being sociable and affording a little innocent amusement—then you may assume that he is being a brother, rather than a god, because he chooses to be. He could be a god if he liked. Why had he decided to be a brother instead? The answer to that question ought, it seemed to me, to be rather illuminating. So at the first opportunity, I asked him, making, at the same time, the observation that the experience of other white races in the East seemed to favor the other course.

He admitted that the Spaniards, at least, had gone about it the other way. He didn't go on to point out that the Spanish régime hadn't been a blinding success, but perhaps he read my mind and saw it wasn't necessary.

For it had occurred to me just then that Aguinaldo had been a revolutionist and a prospective dictator long before Dewey sailed from Hongkong. "By the way," I asked suddenly, "what has become of Aguinaldo?"

"He has a farm not far from Cavite," said the Governor. "He lives very quietly. I see him sometimes, and we have a game of chess together."

"He goes where he likes? Does and says what he pleases?" The Governor nodded. "Under no supervision?" I persisted. "Doesn't any one keep an eye on him?"

"Absolutely not," said the Governor. "Why in the world should one?"

He was speaking, I knew, with complete sincerity. Here, with a difference, was another case of Davy Crockett. We really govern the Philippines—there can be no doubt of that.

But I went back to the question of being a god or being a brother.

"It's like this," said the Governor sim-

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ply. "This country, the land itself, isn't conquered yet. Its resources are hardly touched. The big part of it is still jungle. Well, that makes it a pioneer proposition. The only man who can conquer a jungle is the man who can and will do things for himself, with his own two hands. Somebody is going to develop this country. If it's to be the Filipino, he'll have to learn to cut his finger-nails. He'll have to learn that the man who can do things—anything that has to be done—is a better man than the one who can't. And we're the people he's got to learn it from."

There was a good, healthy sound to that, it seemed to me. It carried a breeze with it. But my English friends, I knew, would hear nothing in it but the flapping wing of the American Eagle. "It must be buncombe, you know, because you can't change the East."

"Can't you?" I wondered.

"Never," says the Englishman. "We saw when we first came out here that it couldn't be done, and we've never been such fools as to try. See what we've done in India. We said: These people are children, and they're always going to be children to the *n*th generation. As much as possible, we'll leave them alone, their religion, their patriarchal ideas, their antediluvian ways of earning a living. We won't let them loot and ravage each other, nor murder their babies, nor let their widows commit suttee. We'll have to suppress the cult of the goddess Kali, because the strangulation of unwilling human sacrifices is a revolting idea. We'll make life and property safe, and we'll give them British justice between man and man. We've done it. In fact, it's getting a little embarrassing, now that the security of life has increased the population beyond the resources of the country to feed it. And it may be, of course, that, periodically, famine and plague will have to do in their own way what the Rajahs of the Punjab used to do in theirs. But we've done our best, and we've avoided the egregious folly of trying to change the East."

Perhaps if we Americans were older and wiser, we shouldn't try to change our part of it. We'd play it safe—try to do only a very little, and then, however badly we failed, we shouldn't look ridiculous. Whereas, with our ballot-boxes and our schoolma'ams——!

But the ballot-box, in spite of the Englishman's disrespectful way of speaking of it, is not a joke. I attended the final sittings of a session of the Philippine Assembly. It is incomparably a more serious, efficient, public-spirited deliberative body than the one to which I help elect a representative at Springfield, Illinois.

And the schoolma'ams? They were a joke, of course, before they started, to every one who knew the East, and who knew, by experience, the deleterious effect of a Western education on the Eastern mind. Wait a minute, though! What was that experience?

I have heard many a servant sharply rebuked for presuming to speak to a sahib in English. It was almost as great a piece of effrontery as it would be to appear before him in European clothes. In the British East, the English language is one of the attributes of the gods.

So, when you take an occassional Hindu boy and teach him to talk like a misprinted page out of the *Spectator*, you have simply provided another peacock's feather for another jackdaw. But that is not what the American schoolma'ams are doing in the Philippines.

You see, we have promised the Filipinos a chance to grow up. We've undertaken to change more than their law and the administration of justice. We've undertaken to change their traditions, their ideals, their habits. And as a preliminary, we've given the schoolma'am the job of changing their language. She is to take the children, whose parents are talking Spanish and Tagalog and Visayan, and Ilocano and Moro and Igorrote, and teach them to talk English. She seems to be succeeding at it. It seems likely that in two generations English will be the common language of the Archipelago, the first common language it ever had.

Will the traditions and the ideals and the habits change too? Not so quickly nor so completely. And perhaps not at all. Our great experiment may be a failure. But at least it is a great experiment.

Of course, if you are a god you never make mistakes. And since you can't make mistakes you can't learn anything. But a big brother makes mistakes all the time, and he never gets to the end of his education. So, even if this particular younger brother, the little brown one, turns out badly, I've a notion that what we've learned from him will be worth the price.

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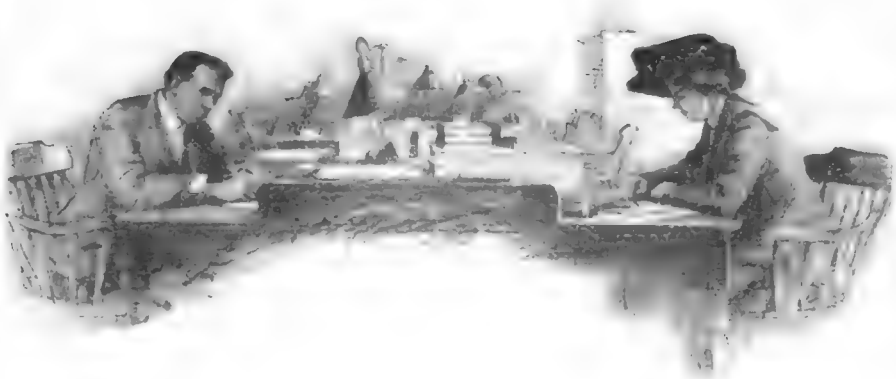

PARAGRAPHS *and* PIRATES

by Walter · Prichard · Eaton

Author of "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY"
"THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT EDWARDS

THOMAS BLAIR was as regular in his habits as Immanuel Kant. The good citizens of Beacon Hill, to be sure, did not set their watches when he passed by, but that was because standard time is more easily procurable in Boston than it was in Königsberg. Every day except Sunday, precisely at twelve o'clock, Thomas Blair came out of an old swell-front brick house on Pinckney Street, opposite Louisburg Square, walked up the hill, crossed through to Mount Vernon Street, walked under the State House to the Hotel Bellevue on Beacon Street, and ate his breakfast in the old café down-stairs. Precisely at one o'clock he passed down School Street to the office of the Boston *Star*, a dingy old shambles in a dingy old building on Newspaper Row, greeted the office-boys with a merry "Good morning" and the managing editor with a grunt, took his seat in his dingy cubby-hole, turned on the green-shaded light, and began to read the snowdrift of foreign and domestic papers heaped on his desk. As he read he snipped out clippings, putting them in a neat pile.

At half-past two he pocketed this pile, stuffed a roll of copy-paper in another pocket, turned off his light, and departed. This time he went through dirty, odorous Pie Alley, stopping under the ancient sign of the Bell and Hand for a mug of ale. Then he climbed Beacon Hill again to the old Athenæum, entered its hushed and leather-smelling halls, ascended to the silent reading-room, sat down at the great table, spread out his clippings and his copy-paper, and began to write. Now and then he would get up, consult the card catalogue, and go

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off through the stacks in search of a book, returning with it to his seat at the table. Newcomers in the library (for there are newcomers, even in that most Bostonian of all Boston institutions) used to take him for a librarian and ask him for information. At a quarter of six, when the warning came for closing, he pocketed his work again, returned his accumulated pile of books, and went back to Newspaper Row with his copy, and then to dinner at his club.

That was his day's work. There was a little variety in his evenings. Sometimes he went to the theatre to cover a "second show" for the dramatic editor, who knew much less about drama than he, but cared more. Every Saturday night in winter he went to the Symphony concerts. On other evenings he sat at his club, where he shone as a wit, in a circle of well-bred and conservative men of middle age, who would never have dared themselves to say the things he did, had they thought of them, but who took delight in hearing him say them. Your Bostonian enjoys his vices vicariously. After he left the club, or had written his "story" of the play for the morning's paper, he went home and read till three o'clock.

Thomas Blair was forty years old. He had been a newspaper man for twenty years—first a reporter, then an editorial writer, and finally the writer of a daily column of gossip and humor called "Paragraphs Pertinent and Impertinent." This column was the chief literary feature of the paper. It was responsible for half the sales in Cambridge and the Back Bay. It was like no other column in the country. There were no cheap jokes in it, nothing of what we commonly call "newspaper humor." It was packed with sly wit and erudite allusions. For instance, if somebody in the news of the day had a protracted attack of hiccoughs, Thomas Blair the next morning came out with a learned treatise on hiccoughs, tracing their history back to the Dark Ages. Let an anti-noise campaign be started, and he was ready with quotations from Schopenhauer, Poe, and Adolphe Retté. Nor was he lacking in somewhat daring allusions culled from the literature of France and eighteenth-century England —which did not lessen the popularity of his column.

In his way, he was a learned man; in his way, he was a witty one. He drew a good salary, as newspaper salaries go in Boston, and pursued the even tenor of his way, at once a part of that most lively and pulsing machine of modern life, the newspaper, and withdrawn from active life, in a narrow and rather lonely groove of bachelor existence on Beacon Hill. Both his wit and his methodical, lonely existence were really habits. A funny news item was the signal for a *bon mot*, just as twelve o'clock was the signal for going to breakfast. He was a slave to the paragraph. He saw all life as paragraphs. He was living a mechanical and contented existence. Perhaps, had he possessed kith or kin for whom he cared, it would have been a less selfish one; but destiny seemed to have designed him for his groove.

It was as a possible paragraph that he first saw the lady with the green bag, in the Athenæum. She began to come to the Athenæum suddenly; at least, he could not recall ever having seen her there before, and by this time he knew all the denizens of the place—the famous Boston preacher who apparently wrote his sermons there; the dapper old gentleman who came every day in a motor, to read the foreign papers; the college students looking up facts for theses; the famous authoress whose tales about New England were annual literary events, and who always nodded to Thomas Blair as she passed by, sometimes chatting with him amid the stacks, where conversation was permitted; the learned judge who came over from court to work on his novels of Boston society; and, lastly, the little old lady who had been poring over huge tomes for thirty-nine years, taking copious notes, nobody knew what for, and was looked upon as a mild lunatic. Suddenly, to join the company, came the lady with the green bag.

Thomas Blair found her one afternoon in his favorite seat at the long table, and took his place opposite with ill-concealed annoyance. She was of that indefinite age when youth has passed and a middle period not arrived—possibly thirty-seven, he reflected. She looked neat but neglected, as if the good things of life had passed her by; but she had wavy chestnut hair and a thin, rather pretty face—at least, it was an odd, appealing face when she glanced up from her work and turned her startled, timid eyes upon him, to see why he was making such a clatter putting his clippings on the table. His irritation was somewhat lessened by that

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look. She had a pile of copy-paper before her, too, and from her green bag on the table—the kind of bag that lawyers in Boston bring the family dinner home in at night—protruded what appeared to be a note-book. After her glance had hastily left his face, she resumed her writing, now and then consulting an old volume before her.

Thomas Blair began to shape a paragraph.

"We have discovered," it began, "that to carry a green bag is not the exclusive prerogative of the Boston male. Woman has usurped one more privilege. Briefs and beef are no longer alone concealed within that green cloth receptacle. Do you fancy, then, that laces and lingerie have taken their place? Plainly you do not know that ultimate product of the ages, the emancipated (and emaciated) Boston female. In the bag we were privileged to observe yesterday were . . . . "

Then Thomas Blair stopped writing. What *was* in the bag? He suspected something more amusing than anything he could invent. As he speculated, the lady rose and went out for another book. A moment later a gust of air blew the top sheet of her copy across the table to him. His curiosity was too strong to be resisted, and he hastily scanned it. The sheet was headed:

(Pirates—female, 97)

We are informed by an old historian that Mary Read was of a strong and robust constitution, capable of enduring much exertion and fatigue. She was vain and bold in her disposition, but susceptible of the tenderest emotions and of the most melting affections. Her conduct was generally directed by virtuous principles, while at the same time she was violent in her attachments. Though she was inadvertently drawn into a mode of life which has stained her character, yet she possessed a rectitude of principle and of conduct far superior to many who have not been exposed to such temptations to swerve from the path of female virtue and honor.

Now, while there might seem to be a certain contradiction in these various attributes assigned to Mary by the historian, we must remember that she was a woman as well as a pirate, that she was a woman, indeed, before she was a pirate . . . . .

And here the page ended. Thomas Blair hastily put the sheet back on top of the others, at the same time glancing at the title of the old volume the lady had been consulting. It was "The Pirates' Own Book."

"Pirates!" he grinned to himself. "A green bag full of pirates!" And he completed his paragraph with great glee.

As he walked back to the office with his copy, he wondered idly why she was writing page after page about pirates. Some were about lady pirates, evidently. Was she compiling one of those strange lectures which are read before women's clubs? Or was she a gentle lunatic, like the old lady of the Athenæum? Or was she merely a Bostonian, indulging a true Bostonian fad for some outlandish branch of antiques? She didn't look like a lunatic. She did look like a Bostonian—but a very pleasantly unself-assertive Bostonian. And then those timid eyes of hers! Somehow they pleaded with a man for protection. Indulging these thoughts, he strolled leisurely and stopped to watch the sparrows nesting in King's Chapel burying-ground, so that he was ten minutes later than his habitual time. The night editor, already at work on the early "flimsy," remarked facetiously on this fact.

That night Thomas Blair went home, where the sitting-room of his two-room lodging was piled to the ceiling with books, most of them what the dealers would catalogue as curious, and delved for facts about lady pirates. But his library was strangely deficient in this branch of learning, so he gave it up and, turning to one of his favorite works, Casanova's "Memoirs," forgot the lady with the green bag.

But when he entered the library the next day, there she sat, hard at work. She looked up at his entrance, flushed deeply, seemed visibly to shrink from him like a hurt thing, and hastily placed her green bag in a chair beside her, out of sight. For a moment he was astonished. Then the realization came to him that she had read his paragraph, had known him for the writer, and was offended, wounded, perhaps. Thomas Blair sat down and thought this over. It was an entirely new experience. People had always regarded his paragraphs as the jokes they were intended to be. Why, he had put every member of his club into print at one time or another, and they never cared—at least, not much! Sometimes they liked it. Had the woman no sense of humor? Besides, could he be expected to throw out a perfectly good paragraph, quite harmless and free from libel, for the sake of a stranger's silly objection to seeing herself in print—and no names used, either? He was rather grumpy about the whole busi-

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ness. He looked again at the lady. She was carefully avoiding his eyes. She was rather frail. She looked timid, pathetic. And there she sat writing about pirates! The thing was preposterous.

Something in his steady glance compelled her to lift her eyes She reddened once more and dropped them with a curious air of one more hurt than angry.

Thomas Blair grumbled to himself. But the woman had touched him. For once he thought more about a person than a paragraph. He set about concocting an apology. It was not easy. It is never easy for a good newspaper man to apologize! But he contrived at last to write something which she, reading between the lines, could interpret as: "No harm meant. We strive only to amuse, never to wound." The lady left the library before he did. He watched her depart and thought about her when she was gone. With her quiet gown and timid ways she was the very antithesis of a pirate. Finally he laughed, a warm, affectionate chuckle. He began to see her not as a paragraph but a short story.

The next day, even as he entered the hushed portico of the library, amid the marble busts and the dim old paintings and the smell of leather, he wondered if she would be up-stairs. She was. Once more she glanced at him, blushing and timid, but not shrinking as before. There was a kind of startled gratitude in her eyes. She seemed to acknowledge his apology, and not so much to accept it as to be grateful for the thought of her it implied. It startled Thomas Blair to realize that he was reading so much complex meaning into the glance of a woman's eyes; yet he had no doubt whatever of his intuition. It was some time before he could get down to work. He was inwardly excited; some dormant instinct of sex had risen to trouble him—a state of being to which he was totally unaccustomed, and which seriously threatened the habitual placidity of his ways. It ended in his writing, apropos of nothing whatever in the news of the day, a paragraph about glances.

The next day the lady did not raise her eyes.

The day following she was not at the library at all, nor the day after that. The third day was Sunday. Thomas Blair missed her; or, at any rate, as he told himself, he was just getting into the mood of a little adventure when the curtain was rung down. In Monday morning's paper he had a pleasant, whimsical paragraph about the pleasures derived from our daily meetings with familiar people who yet are strangers to us, and the sense of loss when these meetings cease. He made reference to certain short stories of Coppée, to the apple woman on Brimstone Corner, to Charles Lamb's London, and to a lady on Beacon Hill, of whom he spoke with that air of mystery which often made his column piquant.

On Monday afternoon the lady with the green bag was in the library, and rewarded him with a glance, a startled glance that yet was almost radiant in its pleasure. Thomas Blair pitched into his grist of clippings with a happy heart. He had a sense of satisfaction and geniality so great that when night came he took out two of the cub reporters, who were sitting in the dingy office "waiting for something to turn up," and bought them drinks.

"Boys," he said, "I suppose you're in this newspaper game to get copy for what your English professor described as 'literary purposes.' All young reporters are. Let me give you a tip. Begin to write it now, while it still isn't copy, but the real tragedies and real comedies of real people."

"Isn't it always?" they asked.

"Not by a damn sight!" said Thomas Blair. "It's dried beans shoveled into the lion's mouth." Whereupon, with great enthusiasm, he called for another round of drinks.

Not long after this, he was prowling in the stacks of the library, looking for a Xenophon, for the day's news contained the story of a man who couldn't stop sneezing, and Thomas Blair was busy compiling a column about sneezes. He remembered that somewhere in Xenophon, to vary the monotony of advancing so many parasangs, a soldier sneezed, whereat the whole army invoked the gods. This seemed to suggest an origin of pagan antiquity for our custom of saying, "God bless you." Rounding a dark corner, he came upon the lady, looking for the electric-light switch.

He turned on the light for her. "Can I help you with your number?" he asked.

She shrank, blushing, but held out a slip of paper to him.

"V 16 st—that's round here somewhere," he said. "What's the title?"

"'Th-the Story of Captain Kidd and his Treasure,'" she stammered in a low tone.

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"G-GOT WHAT?" SHE ASKED IN A FRIGHTENED VOICE,
THE VOICE OF A WOMAN GETTING A TELEGRAM.

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Thomas Blair laughed aloud. He really couldn't help it. "Are you going to fit up an expedition to the West Indies, or dig in the Lynn Woods?" he asked.

The lady looked at him in her startled way, which he was beginning to know so well, almost as if she were asking for mercy, but answered nothing.

He found the book, giving it gently into her hands. "I should think an old history of Lynn, Massachusetts, in the American local history section, would help you," he said. "Doctor Crothers says there must be treasure in the Lynn Woods, because it's manifestly a good place to hide it, and none has ever been found. Then there's Poe's story, 'The Gold Bug,' for the atmosphere of treasure-searching; and I've seen somewhere an old record of Nantucket—I think it was Nantucket—which bore on the subject."

"Thank you," said the lady, in a soft, gentle voice. "You are very kind." And she seemed to flutter back to her place in the reading-room like a startled bird.

"What in thunder is she doing, anyhow?" thought Thomas Blair, for the hundredth time. The next day he investigated buried treasure for himself, coming out with a column of strange and erudite information about deluded expeditions after pirate gold. He was rewarded by another glance of gratitude. But the lady did not go again amid the stacks. She sent a library assistant. She appeared to be avoiding him. He was rather piqued.

A few evenings later, at his club, Blair was sitting with a publisher of juvenile books. The "best seller" just then was a novel signed by an admitted pen-name.

"If you weren't a newspaper harpy," said the publisher, "I'd tell you about an odd case in our own office."

"I'm not a newspaper man at my club," said Blair, with some asperity. "I am, I trust, a human being."

"Well, as far as you can be, perhaps," laughed the publisher. "We are bringing out a bloodthirsty book for boys, called 'A History of the Pirates,' by Madison Carey Cowperthwaite—and Madison is the timidest, quietest, sweetest little Boston spinster you ever laid eyes on; afraid of her own voice!"

Thomas Blair appeared properly impressed. He laughed aloud, slapped his knee, and sipped his highball ecstatically. "Madison Carey Cowperthwaite!" he chuckled. "Isn't that an inspiration, though? What is her real name?"

He asked the question with bland innocence.

"Can't tell you that—state secret," said the publisher. "But it's a thousand to one you wouldn't know her."

Foiled here, Blair inquired: "But why does she do it, or why do you employ her to do it?"

"As to that," replied the other, "I can only say we employ her because she does it well. My suspicion is she does it because she needs the money damn bad. She came into our office one day a year ago with a little story for boys about a pirate cruise—one of the pirates was a lady—queer idea, eh? But historical. Anyhow, we took it, and it had a decent sale, so we took up with her suggestion to put into modern form, with modern illustrations, a boy's history of pirates. But why she chose to write about pirates instead of nice little Sunday-school children, or Rebeccas of Sunnybrook Farms, or Lord Fauntleroys, I know no more than you."

"Perhaps she has a piratical soul," suggested Thomas Blair.

"Good Lord! if you'd ever seen her!" laughed the publisher.

"I should like to," said Thomas Blair.

Well, that explained something, but not all. He went home pondering the riddle. The next day the lady was not at the library, nor the next, nor the next. It occurred to him that she had completed her investigations of the pirates. He missed her. He tried to invent a paragraph that might tell her so, but his invention failed him. Everything he tried seemed clumsy. Finally he wrote simply this:

"Where is the lady with the green bag?"

This paragraph he inserted at the tail of his column every morning for a week, to the mystification of his readers. At length he was rewarded. Entering the reading-room, he saw her sitting under the ancient pictures, backed by the alcoves dim with tiers of books, idly turning the pages of a volume. She gave him one quick, fluttering, almost shamefaced glance, blushed, and presently rose and departed. It was evident she had no work to do. It was evident she came solely in answer to his paragraph. Thomas Blair had a pleasant sensation under his waistcoat.

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"She doesn't know what to begin on next," he reflected presently. And he racked his brains for a subject for nearly two hours, so that when closing time came his own copy was uncompleted and he had to finish it in the office, which caused the night editor to inquire solicitously if he were sick.

The following noon, turning to come up Mount Vernon Street, Thomas Blair found the way blocked by a trench for a new water-main. Annoyed at the enforced departure from his habitual rut, he was about to turn back when a small boy arose from the trench, shielded his eyes with his hand, gazed at Thomas Blair, and whispered hoarsely back into the trench, "Hist—Indians!" Instantly three more heads appeared, three sticks were aimed at the intruder, and three voices cried, "Bang!"

Thomas Blair was, after all, human. He clapped his hand to his mouth and emitted a war-whoop. "Heap big Injun!" he cried. "Who you?"

"We are settlers," answered the small boys.

The man turned gayly down Joy Street. "That's it," he said to himself. "'Settlers and Indians.' All boys play it. Get the story from the Indian point of view. There were the Stockbridge Indians, poor things! They submitted to being converted by Jonathan Edwards."

And as he hastened down the steep street, he nearly ran into the lady coming out of an old brick house—a lodging-house now—carrying her green bag. She gave him a startled glance of recognition, and he gallantly lifted his hat. "I've got it!" he announced. "I've got it for you!"

"G-got what?" she asked in a frightened voice, the voice of a woman getting a telegram.

"The subject for another book. 'Settlers and Indians'—all boys play the game—call the book that—give 'em the real history of it—blood and scalps, of course, but also the Indian point of view that boys never get right. The Indians are either glorified into supermen by Cooper or reduced to bestial savages by somebody else. You can just take the New England colonies for a starter, and have pictures of Indian places as they look to-day—South County, Rhode Island, Sand Springs in the Berkshires, Stockbridge, the Pemigewasset country—dozens of 'em."

"You—you know, then?" almost whispered the lady. It seemed against her will that she was fluttering along by his side.

"Yes, I know." He looked at her tenderly. She was no longer a Paragraph. She was no longer even a Short Story. She was a strange little human being at his side, and he was making a heroic effort to get out of his crust of selfishness and habit, and win her confidence by his sympathy. It was new work for Thomas Blair. "I discovered it by chance. I'll never tell a soul. But what do you care? They say your stuff is bully, and the boys love it. It's a far nicer way to make a living than writing atrocious 'best sellers,' which ruin the naturally good literary taste of all the servant-maids in the country. Of course, the mistresses have no taste to start with—most of 'em!"

A blush of pleasure reddened the lady's thin face to the ears. "You—you encourage me," she half whispered. And suddenly two tears started from her eyes and went rolling down her cheeks.

Thomas Blair had a foolish impulse to whip out his handkerchief and wipe them off. Then he had a still more foolish impulse to weep himself. Then he had a self-sacrificing inspiration. "See here," he said; "I'm bound for breakfast here at the Bellevue. You come with me and have your lunch. We'll have a real party and talk the new book."

Now Thomas Blair, for fifteen years, had never been unselfish nor even cheerful before breakfast. He frequently said that a man who was cheerful, especially one who whistled, before morning coffee, ought to be shot. For ten years he had eaten his breakfasts alone. For five years his day had been spoiled if he couldn't get his accustomed table, or if his eggs were boiled four minutes instead of three. Yet here he was, inviting a guest, a lady, to whom he would have to be agreeable, and whom he would have to take to the dining-room upstairs, where he didn't know the waiters. He was not, however, reflecting on this calamity, now that the question was put. He was anxiously wondering if the lady would come. He was making good progress for a crustaceous male of forty!

Her blush deepened at his invitation. Her tears stopped, and a frightened look took their place in her eyes. Then, quite suddenly, a look of fun succeeded. She

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"THERE IS A YOUNG LADY WHO IS BELOVED OF THAT GREAT BEING WHO MADE AND RULES THE WORLD."

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drew herself up straight, and smiled—the first time he had seen her smile—so that her thin face took on a new charm, a winsome charm.

"I'll play I'm Mary Read, the Lady Pirate, and come!" she declared.

"I trust, Mary," said Thomas Blair gravely, "that you have no dirk concealed in—upon your person."

And they entered the hotel. It was a merry party. Thomas Blair, quite forgetting to be cross before his coffee or to feel a deep sense of personal injury because the waiter brought cream but no hot milk, was as charming as he knew how to be, and consistently called the lady Mary. She had lost her outer aspect of timidity; her face was flushed with excitement, as if she were playing a forbidden game and hugely enjoying it. But every effort of his to learn more of her secret she parried nimbly, with that spiritual shrinking he had come to know so well. Yet she seemed to enjoy that game, too. They talked little of the book. When the long meal was over, its ostensible object was unaccomplished.

"We'll have to talk it over in the stacks," said Thomas Blair, as he turned toward the office. The lady, suddenly lapsing from her mood of excited gayety into her old self, fluttered quickly across the street and disappeared within the solemn doors of the Athenæum. Thomas Blair was late at the office for the first time within the memory of the oldest office-boy.

"I had a guest at breakfast," he explained to the astonished managing editor.

"The hell you did!" was that official's expressive if inelegant comment.

The book progressed. So did Thomas Blair. He no longer walked through Mount Vernon Street, though the water-main was laid and the street reopened. He walked through Joy Street and ambled slowly in front of the brick house where the lady lodged, looking up at the door and the windows. Occasionally he made a long détour down the hill in order to pass a florist's first, and left flowers at her door in person, for she had already confided to him her name. He felt very sheepish walking through the streets by daylight, hugging a bunch of flowers, and yet more foolish when he passed them to the bold-eyed maid at the door. Yet it seemed to him, on this very account, that his gift would represent little attention if he should order it by telephone. Yes, he was surely progressing.

Stranger still, he no longer slept till noon. It can not be truthfully said that he always retired before his habitual three o'clock, but he rose sometimes as early as nine, and delved in Colonial history at the Athenæum, picking out passages for the lady. Once, already, he had given her his cherished Symphony seat, calling for her at her house early and walking with her through the Public Gardens, charming in the winter evening, and sitting, himself, in a seat in the gallery. He brought her home in a taxicab—an exciting luxury for both of them. She had gone dressed in her best, and looked, he thought, very beautiful, with an opera-cloak made out of an old Paisley shawl, which gave her a kind of Oriental color and even attracted some attention in the lobby. He did not know that the reason she had not appeared at the library for two days before the concert was because she was busy making this opera-cloak—busy with trembling, joyous fingers.

Coming home in the cab, they talked of the concert. Thomas Blair would have enjoyed it more had he been able to sit beside her, where he could watch her face and share her pleasure; and he told her so. He could feel rather than see her blush in the darkness. She drew away from him into a corner of the cab. But when she next spoke, her voice was very soft and happy. That night he went home and read "Aucassin and Nicolette." He told himself his Romance French needed brushing up.

It is sometimes a dangerous thing to strip a man of the crust and scales of his habits, for he may stand revealed a pitiful, shivering creature with veins that run water instead of blood. But with Thomas Blair the stripping proved a tonic. The season was warming into spring. The snow was melting on the Common, and men went about with their overcoats on their arms. Rising three hours before his accustomed time, he began to walk to his club for his breakfast with a buoyant stride. In a rash moment he sampled food which his careful diet had for many years prohibited, and had no pains. The dingy, noisy newspaper office, where for five years his "nerves" had not permitted him to write, took on again something of the fascination it had possessed for him when he came to it, a cub reporter. Often he helped the lady with her references all the afternoon, read over

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her manuscript, made suggestions, inserted some humor of his own—the wisdom of which, "for young boys, you know," she sometimes blushingly and apologetically questioned—and then did his own writing in the evening, at the office. He bought a corncob pipe and resumed his smoking, sitting with the reporters after the evening rush was over, swapping jokes and sharing eagerly in their enthusiasms and interests.

"Tom," said the night editor, coming out from behind his desk, one night after the last "take" of copy had gone up-stairs, "how the devil have you managed to grow young again?"

"Bill," said Thomas Blair, "I've changed my habits for a complete new set of irregular ones. It's a great prescription."

The night editor looked at him sharply, but said no more. "I'd suspect a woman, if it was anybody but old Tom Blair," he told the city editor the next day, when he came on for duty. But they both agreed that was impossible.

As a matter of fact, Thomas Blair didn't understand it himself. He didn't even try. He gave the question no thought. This frail, timid, shyly merry, baffling little lady with the green bag kept him busy thinking about her, planning for the success of her book, devising schemes to make her way easier, to bring that winsome smile to her lips, that look of startled gratitude to her eyes. Thomas Blair no longer saw life as paragraphs, but as opportunities to make a fellow creature happy. Oddly enough, the paragraphs came to him just as readily as before! Indeed, some readers remarked on a new touch of sentiment in them that spring.

But he had not yet found out why she elected to begin her strange literary career with the bloodthirsty lives of the pirates. Behind that mystery, he felt sure, lay the secret of her soul. This elusive mystery he pursued, and ever she eluded, guarding her secret with a kind of maiden shame and virgin tenacity; but she took no umbrage at the chase. Indeed, she leaned upon him now trustingly; she looked up into his face with shy gratitude when he made his suggestions about the book; she strove to anticipate his comments; and, under the sun of his friendship, her quaint little sense of humor crept into the light and sparkled merrily. She even began to bring him paragraphs for his column, apologetically, half ashamed, with a blush; but when he printed them she was radiant with the thought that she had been of help to him.

One day Thomas Blair woke up into the full consciousness of spring. Spring was in the air. As he passed the Common, idlers were sprawled on the benches, birds sang, and a haze of green hung like a veil in the trees. He paused "before the bronze St. Gaudens wrought" and muttered to himself the opening lines of William Vaughn Moody's beautiful ode. The tulips on the State House lawn were beginning to show their gaudy colors. Spring had even entered the Athenæum. The windows stood open, and there was a fresh smell in the place. The lady awaited him up-stairs. There was spring in her greeting, and in her new hat, blooming with lilac sprays. Friendship, encouragement, a little material success, had wrought their magic upon her. He thought of the little woman he had seen a few months before, and of the change these months had brought, and in his dumb, masculine way thanked God for whatever share he had been permitted in the process. But what he said was:

"We must look up old Jonathan Edwards to-day, just to give the finishing touch to those Stockbridge Indians."

The lady drew a note-book from her green bag, and they ascended to the dark and dirty old theological room, at the very top of the library.

"Phew! It's musty in here," said he. "Let's take the books to an open window."

They found a window in an unfrequented corner of the stacks, crusted with dust and cobwebs, and threw it open. Below them was the green oasis of the Old Granary Burying Ground. Beyond that were the rear windows of the sedate *Atlantic Monthly* office, the still more sedate rear windows of the Wigglesworth mansion, and the slender spire of the Park Street Church on Brimstone Corner. From Tremont Street drifted up to them the pleasant rumble of traffic, the song of the busy city. They opened the works of the old theologian, he who was so far away from the song of cities, from any call of active life, and began to read.

"This isn't about the Indians," said Thomas Blair presently, with a smile, "but listen to it, just the same. It's about Sarah Pierrepont, who became Mrs. Jonathan. She was thirteen and Jonathan was twenty when it was written."

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And in a voice which caressed the solemnly tender old phrases, he began to read:

They say there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him; that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven; being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. There she is to dwell with Him, and to be ravished with His love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful, if you would give her the whole world, lest she should offend this great Being. She is of a wonderful calmness, and universal benevolence of mind; especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly; and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her.

"It may please you to know that her spiritual gifts did not prevent this New Haven young lady's attention to more mundane matters," said Blair, when he had finished. "She married Jonathan, and planted the eleven little twigs which grew into one of the most famous genealogical trees in America."

The lady with the green bag smiled. "I rather like Jonathan for that passage," she said. "And Sarah must surely have had a lovely soul."

"Do you know," said Thomas Blair, "I prefer a little of the dash of Mary Read, the female pirate."

The lady shot at him one of her startled glances. He was regarding her intently. He moved a little nearer. She was at the edge of the window already, and could retreat no farther.

"Mary," he said, "old Jonathan was a great logician and a good man, according to his lights. I'm a poor logician and, until I knew you, I was a pretty bad man. Oh, yes, I was; don't protest! I was selfish and mechanical, and of no use to anybody but myself, and precious little to him. But I'm better now, because you have made me so. And let me say that there is a lady in Boston who is beloved by the great Being that made and rules the world, and who expects after a while to be received up where He is, but not before she has made a crusty old paragrapher happy by telling him that she cares for him."

It may be very seriously questioned if Thomas Blair had intended to make these remarks when he entered the Athenæum that morning. Spring and the lady's lilac hat and the new blood in him had lifted him finally out of the last rut of his habits into the free world of good human emotions. He took the hand that lay trembling on the window-sill and looked eagerly into the timid eyes that shone up at him through a mist of tears.

Presently the timidity and the tears cleared away like clouds before the sun. The eyes smiled at him, and the winsome mouth. Her hand ceased trembling in his. Her other hand stole up to his shoulder, and so she stood, regarding him in silence, while the scent of spring and the rumble of the city drifted in to them over the old burial-ground, and the musty works of Jonathan Edwards lay forgotten on the window-ledge.

Presently he kissed her, reverently, almost with a timidity like her own. She spoke for the first time.

"The pirates," she said, "were because my life was so dull and gray and lonely and poor. I wanted to snatch at some excitement, some happiness, and I didn't know how. I didn't have the courage, either. Pirates take what they want at the point of a pistol. I loved them madly. Mary Read was my hero!"

She spoke simply, with a smile. But behind her words Thomas Blair saw the gray vista of her starved, pathetic life. He caught her in his arms with a sob.

"N-nobody ever noticed me before you came," she whispered.

"Stop!" said he. "We'll wash the pirate deck with no more tears. Up with the Jolly Roger! We begin a mad romance from this moment!"

"I—I began one last winter," said the lady, softly.

The next morning Thomas Blair's readers were astounded by a column on the psychology of the wanton lapwing and his new spring crest—a column which ended so warmly, so tenderly, that men took their paper home at night and read it to their wives.

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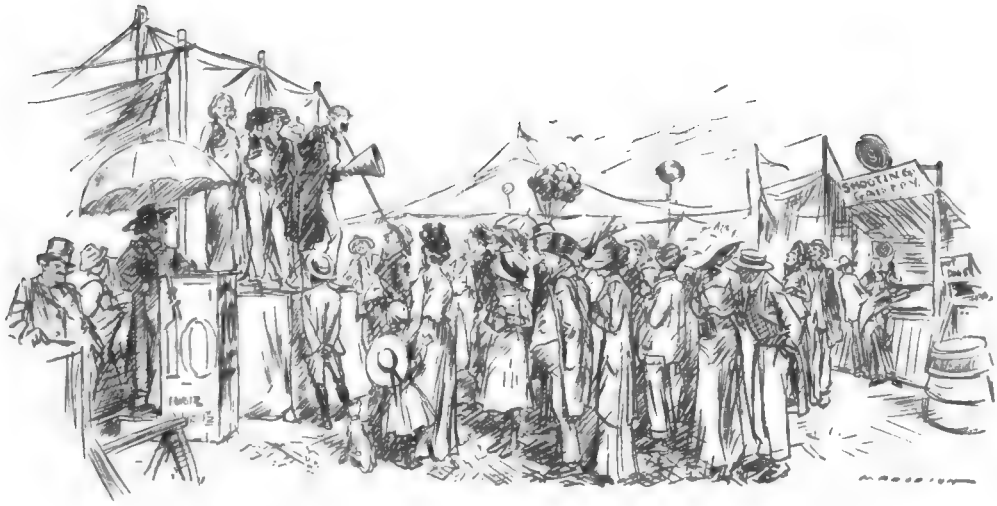

The FAT BEAUTY

BALLYHOO BILL ENSNARES *the* AFFECTIONS *of* MIGHTY HELEN

By · GEORGE · RANDOLPH · CHESTER ·

Author of "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," "THE MAKING OF BOBBY BURNIT," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THESE are al-l-l-l-l religious dances," declaimed Colonel Freestone to the gaping patrons of the Higgenstown fair, while upon the red-calico-covered platform three young women, trousered to the ankles in considerably modified Turkish garb, stood in clam-like indifference to the public gaze. Behind them, a huge canvas, gay with double portions of red and yellow and purple paint, and executed with all the skill which an expert sign-painter had been able to put upon it, depicted a supposititious ravishing houri with an infinitesimal waist, dancing before a gaudy Oriental potentate who was supplied with plenty of black beard and one watery eye slipped far out of place.

"*Strict*ly r-r-r-religious!" bawled the Colonel. "This little lady upon my r-r-r-right —" indicating a dark-haired and big-boned girl with a snub nose—"is Ay*mee*nah, the sacr-r-r-red fire-dancer, dir-r-r-rect from the court of the Shah of Persia, where her puf-*fawm*mance of the sacred fire dance was so phe*nom*menal that my agent at once secured her, at en*norm*mous expense, for this great moral, in*struct*tive, and impr-r-r-roving congress of r-r-r-religious dances. The next little lady—" pointing out the slight, dark-haired girl with the straight nose, who was nonchalantly chewing gum and entirely oblivious to the lazy snake coiled about her neck—"is La-a-*alah*, direct from the court of the Emperor of Siam, where she was the pr-r-r-remière of the *sac*red snake-dancers in the imper-r-rial temple. She is, ladies and *gent*tlemen, a dir-r-rect relation of the

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world-famous *Sia*mese Twins! The next, the third, and the last wonderful religious puf*fawm*mer, ladies and *gent*tlemen, is the wor-r-rld-*re*nowned Sal*lom*mie dancer, the Princess *Hou*kaa, a lady of royal blood, who has spent her entire young lifetime in the study and puf*fawm*mance of the wonder-r-r-rful sacr-r-r-red Or*ient*tal dances. She reproduces, right on the stage within, the wonder-r-r-rful dance of Holy Writ by which Sal*lom*mie won the head of John the Baptist from that cr-r-r-ruel tyrant Herod. And *now listen!* She also reproduces the amazing sacred muscle dance, which is the wonder of scientists of an*nat*omy the wor-r-r-rld over!"

The Princess Houkaa, otherwise Miss May Riggs, an exceedingly pretty girl with hair of the natural shade and gloss before which peroxide turns green with envy, upon the mention of her name had stepped slightly forward, and in calm indifference let her gaze roam with proper professional contempt over the aggregation of yokels. Suddenly, however, her eyes lighted as they rested upon a tall young man, half hidden behind the corner of the ticket-booth, where he had been talking quietly with the portly and comfortable looking Mother Freestone. Immediately the Princess nudged Laalah.

"Ballyhoo Bill," she said from the corner of her mouth, moving her lips as little as possible.

Laalah, *alias* Miss Steinmetz, looked and saw, and nudged Ameena, *alias* Miss O'Connor, who also looked and saw and smiled, and the little crowd began craning their necks; whereat Colonel Freestone glared savagely at the tall young man and shook his head at his wife.

"The Colonel's sore on you, Bill," said Mother Freestone. "Nothin' gives him such a grouch as to have a professional, that ought to know better, break up his ballyhoo."

"I didn't think they'd fall to me," returned Bill penitently. "I done a sneak around back of the banner to get here, but May's got a pair of lamps that sees around corners."

"She's the smartest girl show-kid on the circuit," agreed Mrs. Freestone warmly. "And she don't have to be watched. She's got no use for chasers or Johnnies, either one."

The Colonel abruptly wound up his glowing speech of invitation. The girls filed down from the platform and disappeared in the tent, from whence music of the well-known la-lul-la-la, la-la type immediately burst forth, and the Colonel, still adjuring the simple peasantry to see the great moral and religious instructive dances, stepped down to the entrance to take tickets. Ballyhoo Bill was among the first to press forward to be instructed and uplifted; after pausing to flap a strong forefinger on the ticket window and pick up an imaginary pasteboard, he pressed the tip of his finger in the palm of the still scowling Colonel, and hurried on through as an example of enthusiasm and haste to others.

After the last of the stragglers had succumbed to the music, which now waxed fast and furious, the Colonel himself came through and stopped to shake hands with the visitor.

"Thought you was spielin' for the human hyena, over at the state fair," he said.

"We got sloughed," explained Bill. "The secretary took one pike at Skybo's bum banner and wouldn't even let the front go up; then our freak fell for the Jerries and I blowed. Am I in time for scoffin'?"

"We eat right after this opening," replied the Colonel; "but the next time you break up my ballyhoo I'll put poison in your Java," and he hurried on to the platform.

Bill waited in listless inattention while the girls twisted through their brief succession of thoroughly expurgated and innocuous dances. He waited again while the Colonel explained that the great muscle dance was a separate show, taking place in the rear tent, for which an additional admission fee must be charged, this admission fee going direct to the Sultan, who still owned the services of the Princess Houkaa, this royal lady being not only under contract but under religious obligation to return to Constantinople immediately at the close of this season.

Bill walked back to the opening in the black curtain at which the Colonel had taken his station as he finished this talk, and May, ostentatiously removing her short jacket as she ran over to that opening, slipped through, followed by the musicians. Ballyhoo Bill was about to "shill," or pass himself free, into the rear tent, with the customary finger-tip touch of the "shillabers," or hired "boosters" who break the hesitancy of a crowd to start buying tickets, when the Colonel shook his head decisively.

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"Wait a minute," he said.

Bill stepped back, while the Colonel, letting the first comers through at an additional charge of twenty-five cents each, explained to the laggards that this muscle dance was all right for ladies as well as gentlemen to witness, because of its wonderful scientific features; though it was not for children nor the very young, whom the Colonel, as a gentleman and a father, would rigorously exclude.

"What's the rumble?" demanded Bill, when this "grind" was over. "Why can't I shill through?"

"You can search me," said the Colonel, himself perplexed; "but May said you was barred from the blow-off show, and she won't go on if you come through."

"Well, strike me pink!" exclaimed Bill, both surprised and pained. "I wonder what she's got a grouch at me about."

"Search me again," returned the Colonel. "I thought she was a good pal of yours."

"I'll have to see her and square myself," decided Bill, and he walked to the front in great perturbation, where he joined Laalah and Ameena just inside the entrance.

"What brings you to this jay stand?" demanded Miss Steinmetz.

"It ain't you and me, Minnie," declared Miss O'Connor, with a wink and a grin; "but anyhow, Mr. Hoover, we're glad to see you."

"Yes, we're all glad," agreed Miss Steinmetz, with a giggle. "May's tickled plumb stiff, but of course she won't say it."

"Three cheers!" returned Mr. Hoover dryly, and passed outside, where he immediately related his worry to Mrs. Freestone.

"What do you think?" he said, with a troubled brow. "May's just barred me from the blow-off. Said she wouldn't go on if I came in."

Mrs. Freestone heard that announcement with a sudden glistening light in her eyes, and the slightest trace of a smile at the corners of her mouth.

"Pass me, Bill," she said, reserving to herself her private opinions. "There's no telling the freak notions of the girls."

Bill nodded his head in comprehension of that axiom.

"Right you are," he agreed. "It's harder to figure the dope on the Janes than it is on the ponies."

"Hello, Ballyhoo Bill," said a hollow voice at his elbow, and Hoover turned to find the proprietor of the Fat Girl show, a sunken-chested and fragile-looking man who seemed to be dying of tuberculosis, but had been that way for twenty unchanging years. "I lamped you drillin' through the lot, and made a get-away as quick as we got through with the opening. Got a job?"

"No; just blowed in. What's doing?"

"Helen and my spieler can't get along. Max's got a good offer from Barnby's Ten Top outfit and wants to pull his freight, but he's stickin' as a favor to me. Want to join on?"

"Sure," returned Bill. "I'll come over and make an opening right away."

"No," said Shelton; "I'll let Max tear off his ten per cent. to-day and make his get-away to-night, and you start in the morning."

"Fine business," declared Bill. "I was leary I'd have to go sellin' the slum stuff, or finish the week shillin' for my scoffin'."

Shelton looked at him with a smile. The idea of Hoover's being compelled to sell "slum stuff"—canes and whips and the like—was amusing.

"Any time you have to do that!" he said in scorn. "Anybody that can tear off your kind of a spiel! All right, Bill, I'll tell Max it's all fixed. Come up and drop in between openings," and, well satisfied with his acquisition, he walked away.

In the meantime Mrs. Freestone, taking her bundle of tickets and her cash box, had waddled into the empty outer tent.

"Say, Jim," she said to the Colonel, "May's gone dippy over Bill Hoover."

"Go on!" exclaimed the Colonel derisively.

"It's a pipe," returned his wife. "Why else wouldn't she let him watch her finish dance?"

"Is *that* it?" asked the Colonel, with dawning intelligence.

"That sure is it," stated Mrs. Freestone with conviction. "What do you know about him?"

"Well, I know this much," said the Colonel: "give him two more years and he'll be the best ballyhoo in the United States. You'll find him spielin' at nothin' less than state fairs and expositions, or else for the kid show at a good circus."

Mrs. Freestone nodded her head. "He certainly is a star in his business," she agreed; "but he ain't got anything."

"He won't put any coin away in barrels

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till he gets a bug for a girl," announced the Colonel, with the sureness born of self-analysis. "Bill's all right. He's a good, steady kid, and no boozer or Jane chaser."

Mr. Hoover hurried back around the "main top," or show tent, to the cook tent in the rear, where May, a sleeved gingham apron over the gala garments of the Princess Houkaa, was hurriedly preparing Hamburger steak and German fried potatoes, while Miss Steinmetz and Miss O'Connor, similarly protected, were setting the places upon a rough board table supported by sawbucks. Bill was pleased to see that a tin plate had already been placed for him.

"We asked May about it, Bill," hailed Miss Steinmetz as soon as he came under the awning, "and she says she's glad you came."

"Sure she is," corroborated the grinning Miss O'Connor. "We'll keep in touch with her, Bill, and if she says anything different, or puts in either a boost or a knock, we'll tip it off to you."

"Don't you wait for that, Mr. Hoover," said May, with a slight flush and a glance of reproof at the girls. "You come right to me and get it first-hand. I'm glad to see you," and, transferring the meat turner to her left hand, she extended her right and shook hands most cordially with him.

"Well, I'm glad you're glad," replied Mr. Hoover dubiously. "I thought maybe you had it in for me."

"Why, sure not!" declared May. "You don't think I'd stand here and pickle my face over a hot skillet for anybody I had a grouch laid up for, do you?"

"No," agreed Bill, and lapsed into puzzled silence.

When the six of them were seated at the

"YOU DON'T THINK I'D STAND HERE AND PICKLE MY FACE OVER A HOT SKILLET FOR ANYBODY I HAD A GROUCH LAID UP FOR, DO YOU?"

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table, the Colonel, still wearing his broad-brimmed soft hat and stroking the drooping gray mustache which had given him his military title, observed to his visitor:

"I don't quite get you yet, Bill. How'd you come to jump from a state fair to a jay town like this, anyhow, right in the busy season when you could locate most any place?"

For the space of just the flicker of an eyelash Mr. Hoover glanced guiltily in the direction of May, then he helped himself calmly to the German fried.

"I had a yen for some of May's cookin'," he said, which, since it was near the truth, Bill thought would stand better chance of being disbelieved than if he lied about the matter.

II

After "scoffing," Bill walked up to inspect his new "joint" and to get material for his talk on the following day. Max, the "spieler," paused in the midst of his opening, when he saw Mr. Hoover approaching, to inform his little knot of auditors that Hélen the Fat Beauty was such a tremendous attraction that Ballyhoo Bill, known to crowned heads and the governments of municipalities, states, and vast republics, as the highest-priced and most expert side-show lecturer in the world, had been especially engaged at tremendous expense to tell the public about her, and then, without a smile, continued in his set speech. Bill walked away until the opening should be over and the "simps" outside again, when he could go in quietly.

The show was properly appointed. Since the fair Helen was compelled to have a maid, a big, strong "Jane" was on the door. Shelton was in the ticket-box, and the platform talker had nothing to do but make his outside "ballyhoo" and inside lecture; to be the public entertainer and nothing else, as a good ballyhoo man should be. So far, so good. The Higgenstown fair, however, was not a big money stand. There were people on the grounds, to be sure, wandering about in an aimless sort of way, but they seemed to be an unusually stupid lot; and there was not enough movement, enough color, enough noise—especially not enough noise!

"We'll go right in," said Shelton, when he returned. "Helen wants to size you up; and say"—he sank his voice to almost a whisper—"you've got to jolly this big slob. You've got to keep her jollied all the time, or she clouds up and won't work right. She slops tears like squeezin' a sponge. Come over strong with the salve."

"Watch me," invited Bill confidently. "I'll con her till she thinks she's the Queen of Sheba. Comin' in, Max?"

"Not for mine!" declared Max, waving his hand in front of his face in token of absolute separation from all thought of such a visit. "I've had enough. I'm not goin' in again till I say good-by, and then as long as I live I'm not goin' to speak to anybody that weighs over one hundred and sixty pounds!"

The fair Helen was sufficiently enormous to gain even the gravely critical approbation of Mr. Hoover; and had she been of normal weight she might really have been considered rather pretty. Her eyes, usually dull, lighted as they rested upon the exceptionally good-looking Mr. Hoover.

"Is this the party, Charlie?" she asked.

"This is the party," admitted Mr. Shelton. "Mr. Hoover, shake hands with Mrs. Schmitt."

"Not the wife of little Schmitt, I suppose?" said Hoover, remembering with a smile the midget of that name, as he reached forward and took the enormous hand of Helen. At the same time he noted with approbation that her chair, while wide enough, was very low-backed, coming well below Helen's shoulders—an arrangement which, while most uncomfortable for her, increased her apparent bigness. For the same reason the tabouret at her side was diminutive, and an ordinary kitchen chair, also upon the platform, was made two inches smaller than normal in every direction.

"Yes; you know him; the little Polish count," Shelton informed Bill.

"I see," said Bill. "Wasn't it a good game?"

"Naw!" replied Shelton in contempt. "Sometimes we had the wedding as often as twice a day, but we never did pull in more than double as much as the two single shows."

"It's too old a gag," agreed Bill. "Anyhow, a fat freak's no great attraction without a good spiel."

"Do you hear that, Charlie? Do you hear that?" demanded Helen indignantly. "Why, Mr. Hoover, the secretaries of all

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the fairs says I'm the grandest attraction they ever had on their grounds. Of course I don't always draw the *biggest* mob of simps, but I sure do pull the most refined crowds," and she tilted her nose in air.

"That's right, too," hastily assented Mr. Hoover, recognizing his mistake. "I noticed that down at the last stand, the Rodney County Fair. The finest-dressed boobs and Janes on the lot fell for you."

"You bet they did!" assented Helen, a trifle mollified. "I make frien's every place I go, don't I, Charlie? Good looseners that fall for my photographhts, four and five poses, some of them; and perfeckly handsome men, too."

"She's a great masher," declared Shelton, with a wink at Hoover. "I have to watch her for fear she'll elope some of these times."

"Now *Charlie!*" protested Helen, vastly pleased.

"I don't blame you," said Hoover to Shelton, his usually grave face lighting with the confident and attractive smile of the man who knows he can make himself liked. "How well that blue background becomes your complexion, Mrs. Schmitt!" he added, referring to the gathered and puffed baby-blue cambric lining of the screen which protected Helen's platform on three sides from the gaze of those outside the tent.

"Don't call me Mrs. Schmitt," she said. "Of course three or four of 'em was on the level marriages, all right, but I never loved 'im; not for a minute. It was only for business. My heart is still my own. Call me by my maident name—Miss Wenig."

"Say," said Mr. Hoover abruptly, turning to Shelton, "why wouldn't a divorce suit at the next stand, where you're both on the same lot, be a good game? Both shows would get well noised by it."

"No!" protested the fair Helen. "I don't want no notoriety. When I get a divorce it'll be strickly on the quiet. Take it from me, I'm a lady, and that goes!"

"Anybody could see that," admitted Mr. Hoover. "Well, so long, Mrs.—oh, I wasn't to call you Mrs. Schmitt—Miss Wenig."

"Just Helen'll do," she said coyly.

"I'll see you at supper," said Mr. Hoover hastily, and once more he shook hands with her, his own palm feeling infinitesimally small against the enormous palm of Helen.

Her little eyes followed Bill's broad shoulders as he walked out of the tent, and she leaned forward a trifle to Shelton, beckoning him closer with her big pink forefinger.

"Ain't he handsome!" she said.

"Now Helen, cut it!" warned Shelton sternly. "You're always queering the game by fallin' in love. You go off your feed and lose weight, and you Gloomy Gus around till it gives me the Willies. Believe me, Helen, if you're framing it up to start that play right away, I'll slough this Hoover before he begins, and get a Jane ballyhoo."

The huge lower lip of Helen began to shake. "Charlie, I don't see how you can be so mean to me," she protested, sniffling, with two tears trembling upon her lashes and ready to roll down her flawless creamy cheeks. "Just because the feelings that once was between us two is no more, is no reason to bawl me out all the time."

"Oh, prunes!" exclaimed the heartless Shelton; but a moist sob admonished him that he had gone too far, and he hastily reached in his pocket.

"Say, Helen," he said, in an entirely different tone—a light, cheerful tone, even a gay tone—"they got a new candy over at the glucose joint. It's the spun stuff rolled into balls. I brought a sample of it in for you to try, but I forgot it till now," and he handed her a little pasteboard box.

She accepted it with reluctance. Reluctantly she reached in for the ball of red spun taffy. Still sniffling, she put it in her mouth; but as Shelton went out, the sniffles were dying away.

Hoover was waiting for him outside. "Come on," said Bill. "Let Max and the Jane take the door for this opening; I want to talk to you a minute. It's all right with you, ain't it, Max?"

"Go as far as you like," returned Max. "We need a little extra change anyhow, don't we, Puss?"

The raw-boned "Jane"—Miss Abrams—rewarded him with the disdainful glare for which he had played, and Max, laughing lightly, began clapping his hands to warm himself up for the approaching group of "simps."

"Well, what do you think of her?" asked Shelton.

"She's a good enough fat freak, but it all depends on the door talk," stated Bill, out of his experience.

"I know that," admitted Shelton. "Max is pretty good, but if you'll put up a talk for me like you did for the Hee-na show at Rodney, I think we can do a good business."

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'FAT FREAKS IS NEARLY ALWAYS THIN ON THE ROOF. THERE AIN'T ANYTHING TO IT BUT YOU GOT 'EM ALL LASHED TO THE MAST FOR LOOKS."

"I'm just figuring that over," said Hoover. "For one thing, she's got a bigger foot than Fat Cora, or even, I believe, than Big-Foot Jennie."

"Cut that!" hastily objected Shelton. "She won't stand for any talk about that hoof. It's a wonder to me you saw it."

"She'll just have to suffer," announced Bill firmly. "I don't allow no freak to put in on my ballyhoo."

"Don't go too strong," warned Shelton. "This big squash is the first pitch on the trouble circuit."

"Leave her to me," said Bill confidently. Shelton shook his head dubiously, but offered no further objection. "What I wanted to speak to you about, though, was this," Bill went on: "I'm goin' into town, now, and buy some ballyhoo props. If I don't double your gate, I'll pay for the stuff; and if I do, you pay for it."

"How much you goin' to spend?" demanded Shelton.

"Oh, not over a couple of iron men."

"Go to it," said Shelton. "I'll slip you an ace of it now," and he handed him a dollar bill.

III

It was with much regret that Bill went down to the girl show and announced to May that hereafter he would be compelled to take his meals at the Fat Beauty's tent.

"Of course," he said, "I'd rather get my scoffin' here, but if I do I got to kick in a quarter a throw to the Colonel."

"Sure," said May. "There's no use throwin' away your coin. Every time you nail down four of those two-bit pieces it's a caser, and they look real nice stacked up in the old home bank for the cold season."

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"They sure do," said Bill, but he said it very soberly. He suddenly realized that May was making more money than himself, and that she was saving it.

His soberness was still so much upon him that Max rallied him about it when he came back to the Fat Beauty's tent for supper.

"What's the matter, Bill?" he asked. "You look like somebody had rumbled you for your poke."

"They might as well have lifted my leather," replied Bill, moodily reflecting that he did not even carry a pocketbook for which to be "rumbled." "Say, Max, I'm a fierce rum. I've made enough coin in the last four seasons to have the best show on the circuit, and what have I got? Nothin'! I ought to have a century laid by already this season. In place of that, when I want to know how my bank-account stands I just frisk myself and find out how much I got in my kick. If I dig up a finif I'm lucky."

Max shook his head. A "finif," or five-dollar bill, was scarcely "get-away money."

"The way I do, I shill for everything I can but clothes," said Max. "I let booze alone, and if I want beer I bring in a stack-up. It costs more than buyin' by the scuttle, and it ain't as good, but you don't hang around where they sell it and lush down so much it makes you bilious. I salt down my tear-off all through the week, and every meg of it I got left when we pitch at a new stand I send to my wife."

"You married?" asked Bill incredulously.

"Am I married? Sure I'm married. I've got the finest little pal in the business. She's singin' in the six-a-day now, and by next season we're going to have enough to open a M. P. show."

"It's a good graft," agreed Bill, with envious thought of the future moving-picture show. He could see it grinding in the nickels all day long, with Mrs. Max in the ticket window and Max counting up.

The fact that he was not a money-saver had not particularly worried Hoover before, but now it did, since he knew that May had been accumulating property for three or four years and doubtless had a good bank-account. He was growing old, he realized with a shock—twenty-five his last birthday! He went inside, where Shelton and Miss Abrams were preparing supper. A folding table in front of the fair Helen's platform was spread with places for four, of whom Helen, however, was not one. She still sat up there in her big chair, now and then protesting that they were slow; that she was hungry; that they were trying to starve her; that they were going to reduce her weight and cut down her value as an attraction, all of which peevishness Bill immediately stopped by stepping up and sitting in Shelton's chair.

"Honest, I had to get close enough to rubber at that complexion," said he, remembering the necessity of "jollying" Miss Wenig. "I wouldn't believe till I got up close that you didn't have a make-up on."

"There ain't no shams about me," replied Helen, warming right up to the compliment. "Even my very hair is my own. Pure spunned gold, one o' my gen'l'men frien's used to call it," she simpered.

Bill glanced up at the straw-colored roll, and distinctly saw, through its sparse strands, a generous rat of quite a different shade.

"Some class to that," he asserted with proper enthusiasm. "Fat freaks is nearly always thin on the roof. There ain't anything to it but you got 'em all lashed to the mast for looks, any way they take you."

Huge Helen was bridling like a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl, and had she been a cat, she would have purred. Well pleased with himself, Mr. Hoover happened to glance down and caught the eye of Max. That gentleman was grinning until his jaws ached, but he quickly turned his head away, and Bill, in some perplexity, looked back to Helen. She was bestowing upon him a languishing glance.

"Gee!" said Hoover quickly, "I certainly am hungry."

"I don't seem to care nothin' at all for eatin' to-night," asserted Helen, but nevertheless she glanced anxiously toward the cook tent, from which there had been coming, for the past few moments, the loudly hissing sound of frying meat.

A moment later Miss Abrams came in with a huge tray, upon which, smoking hot and surrounded with gravy and potatoes, was an enormous cut of steak. Bill immediately deserted his chair in pleasant anticipation, but, instead of placing the tray upon the folding table, Miss Abrams carried it straight up on the platform and set it upon the tabouret. From across her arm she took an enormous gingham apron, which she fastened about the neck of Fat Helen, and

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then with a fork and a sharp knife she attacked the steak, cutting off a huge bite, which she presented to the lips of that sentimental young lady. The Fat Beauty took the sweet morsel in her mouth with a sigh of content, and at the same time rolled her eyes languishingly toward Mr. Hoover. Moreover, before she accommodated the next tempting morsel, which Miss Abrams already held poised upon the fork, she succumbed to an impulse of rare generosity.

"Give Bill a bite," she directed.

"No, thanks," said Hoover hastily. "I'll wait for the others."

"Give—Bill—a—bite!" insisted Helen, with a playful imitation of a whine—and eventually the almost blushing Bill was compelled to take it.

This time, when he caught the eye of the grinning Max, he understood. He had "overjollied" Helen of Avoirdupois and had paved the way for trouble. He was relieved to hear a new hissing in the cook tent, and walked out to where Shelton was busy with another steak of the same size. Shelton looked at him and grinned.

"Gave you a bite, didn't she?" he asked.

Bill nodded his head sheepishly.

"Well, you're in for it," said Shelton, "but don't try to lemon her right off the reel, or you'll have Old Man Trouble for a twin. Just press the bet. Hand it to her thick and plenty and she'll drop off herself by and by."

"Well, I suppose it's part of the business," sighed Bill philosophically; "but it's tough to be afflicted with this fatal beauty."

Sounds of loud quarreling suddenly broke out in the rear of them, from a small living-tent which had no apparent connection with any show on the grounds.

"Whose top is that?" asked Bill, glad of any change of subject.

"The balloon man's," returned Shelton, in a tone of contempt. "Him and his wife make double ascensions, and they scrap every night. He'll beat her up before the end of the stand. I been on the lot with them two different weeks this season, and it always finished that way."

"He won't do it when I'm around," declared Bill.

"I don't know," said Shelton, shaking his head. "He's a husky all right; but you look like you could handle your mitts to some good, too," and he surveyed Hoover's muscular frame with admiration. "Don't be too busy with 'em, though. I don't want any bruisers with my outfit."

"I'm as peaceable as a slice of pie," declared Bill.

He did not return to the Presence until Shelton went in with the steak, and at supper he contrasted this place most unfavorably with the comfortable good fellowship of the Colonel's. It made a difference to live with a good married family, he reflected. After all, married folks had all the best of it. Miss Abrams, a rather masculine young woman, was not particularly good to look at, and was the most unsociable of company, largely because she hated Helen and her duties with that lady, which were most exacting. The men plunged as earnestly into the occupation of sustaining life as if it were a set task which brooked no interruption, and as soon as he had finished Max looked at his watch and announced that it was time for him to go. He shook hands most unemotionally with Helen and wished her good luck, but she merely mumbled a reply, for now she was entirely through with her supper, and, in spite of her attempts to cast languishing glances at Hoover, her eyes dropped shut every now and then, and her head insisted upon nodding, presenting a curious effect as it billowed up and down upon her many chins. Shelton and Hoover walked out with Max, and on the way to the gate the latter put his hand on Hoover's shoulder.

"Go to it, my boy," said he, with a grin. "You're doing well. You're the star masher all right, all right. Quick work, kid. You'll have Helen writing poetry about you by to-morrow."

"Slough that," begged Bill. "On the level, though, I guess I got myself in Dutch," and he was so seriously concerned that the others bantered him about it all the way to the gate.

"By the way, where do we flop?" asked Bill, as they walked back.

"We sleep in the cook tent," Shelton informed him. "You'll find it all right. I like to be comfortable myself. I carry two cots and good bedding for myself and my spieler. Helen and Miss Abrams sleep on the platform. I have to carry along a mattress seven foot square and a foot thick—keep it on a shelf under the platform. When we go back there now, you and me has got to put up that mattress and rig up the curtain around the platform; but when it's

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lone, the Janes sure have got a decent place .o bunk."

Accepting his new duty with reluctance, Bill walked back into the tent. The fair Helen had already taken what was practically her only exercise of the day, a three-foot walk from the platform to the ground, and was now sound asleep in her chair, for which Bill was duly thankful. She did not wake up until after the two men, with the assistance of Miss Abrams, had lifted the immense mattress from beneath the platform to the top of it, and had hung the curtain all around the platform from the suspended frame. Then, as Shelton accidentally jostled against her chair, Helen lifted her head; but, before she could see him, Bill slipped out and hurried down to the Colonel's tent, where, just by accident, of course, May happened to be outside, looking up toward the Fat Beauty's tent. She was enjoying the pleasant summer evening very much, all by herself, the Colonel and his wife having already started for a stroll.

Bill looked over to the little half-mile track where the Freestones were taking their constitutional, and, as May accepted his tacit invitation for a walk by catching step with him, he turned in the opposite direction from the race-track, toward the sparse little picnic grove on the other side of the fair buildings. May stopped when she saw his direction, and he came back to her; she turned, and without any outward protest he walked tamely down toward the race-track with her. Nothing could have spoken more loudly of the social usage in their strange world than this bit of byplay. Nowhere among show folk, except with a circus, are the proprieties more rigidly observed than among fair and carnival people. The wives of showmen have brought Mother Grundy into the business with them, provided with her most piercing spectacles, and her code is very simple. Whatever goes on "off the lot" is nobody's business, though even there "irregularities" are not to be flaunted; but "on the lot" social recognition is only for those as far above suspicion as Cæsar's wife.

"Max was down to say good-by this afternoon," May said as they turned to the right, past the rickety judge's-stand. "He's a nice boy. He must have a grand wife, too, the way he's always talkin' about her."

"I guess he has," agreed Hoover. "The married ginks has got all the best of it, from what I see."

"Unless they've got all the worst of it," she corrected.

"Well, I'm goin' to take a chance as soon as I get framed up right for it," asserted Bill. "I got to get a stake, though, first."

"The best way to do is to marry one," advised May, with a smile that dimpled both cheeks and her chin. "Max says you've made an awful crush on Helen up there; and she's got money to burn."

"Tie a can to that stuff!" growled Mr. Hoover.

But May was in no mood to "can" it. This was too good an opportunity to be lost, and she teased him unmercifully, until the rather serious-minded Mr. Hoover was goaded almost into desperation—though he very carefully concealed that fact. Later, when the two other dancers came down to the track, May started the torture anew be-

"I NEVER HAD A FOOT THAT BIG. MY FOOT AIN'T OUT O' PUPOTION TO MY SIZE."

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fore them and Mr. and Mrs. Freestone. Laalah and Ameena took to the innocent amusement as a duck takes to water, and when Ballyhoo Bill, who had entered upon the evening with well-developed sentimental intentions, left for "home," he was in precisely the proper mood to bite nails in two; also he hated the Fat Beauty with a hate of amazing energy, and her snore, as he passed around the show top to the cook tent, irritated him almost to the point of brick throwing.

IV

"She is hunt-ting for a hus-band," announced Ballyhoo Bill from the platform of the Fat Girl show, the following noon, at the same time holding up to view an enormous leather shoe-sole. Around his head he wore, in lieu of a hat, a triple fillet of bright, knotted baby ribbon. Down from around his neck there streamed three strands of wide ribbon, purple and green and yellow, both ends of the longest reaching to his feet. Around his waist he wore the gayest ribbon of all, a three-inch-broad band of stunning scarlet tied with a coquettish bow, with an enormous buckle fastened over the bow. From the ticket-box Shelton looked up in thorough appreciation, admiring Bill's stage presence, his husky, penetrating voice, with its sympathetic timbre, and his gaudy make-up. In all the stands at the fair there was none like him, and even before he had said a word the aimless country-folk upon the grounds had set eagerly in his direction.

Mr. Hoover held up that enormous shoe-sole quietly for a full minute, turning from side to side so that stragglers in all directions might see it, and beaming down upon the gathering knot of people with a smile which was irresistible; which invited good fellowship and inspired profound confidence. People came in sight of the shining sign of yellow leather, glanced at the banner with its crude picture of an impossible four-ton fat woman, looked back at the shoe-sole, understood, answered Bill's smile with a grin, and came over to hear what this gayly-bedecked "barker" had to say.

"She is hunt-ting a hus-band," Ballyhoo Bill again announced, "and this is the eggs-zact size of her *toot*-sey. She is young, gent-tlemen; she is beaut-tiful, gent-tlemen; she is rich, gent-tlemen! *Rich!* She has twen-ty thous-sand dollars of good cash money in the bank, a fine two hund-dred-acre farm within an hour's *trol*-ley ride of her na-tive city, fif-ty head of cat-tle, a doz-en hors-ses, a kind heart, and an affec-tionate dispo-si-tion. All of these, gent-tlemen, she offers to the man she mar-ries, ask-king only in return a good, hon-est man, who knows someth-thing about farm-ming. Gent-tlemen, I am going to tell you the truth about Hel-len, without exagg-gertation. This," and, he drew the long purple ribbon from about his neck, 'is the measure of her great-est distance around."

He held the two ends together and spread the loop apart with his hands. His long arms barely stretched it taut. He opened the ribbon, asked the man nearest the platform to hold one end, and drew it out full length. It was an enormous measure, and seemed an impossible one, as was attested by an incredulous laugh.

"It looks like a lie," admitted Bill, "but gent-tlemen *and* la-dies, friends *and* neighbors, if you walk inside that tent we will stretch this ribbon around Beaut-tiful Helen at her great-test cir*cum*-fence, and if it laps by a single inch, you each and all get your money back. Each *and* all! *Rum*-member that!" He took the next size ribbon, the yellow one. "This, la-dies and gent-tlemen—" and he asked assistance to stretch that out also—"is the dis-tance around her fairy-like waist. *In*-side we will measure, and if I have exagg-ertated, you each and all get your money back. Each *and* all. Rum-member that!" He took the next ribbon, the green one. "This, la-dies and gent-tlemen, is the dis-tance around her swarn-like neck—"and he wrapped that ribbon about his chest. From around his head he took the gaudy tricolor fillet and held it up. "This measures the eggs-zact size of her wrist. And this, my friends and neigh-bors," here he unbuckled the frilled scarlet band from about his waist and held it up for inspection, "is her use-ful and nec-ces-sary article of ap-parel, which I will not name to you."

First a snicker and then a shout followed as he turned from side to side, displaying the unbelievable circlet. No fair-ground visitor passed by that laughing group. They all stopped and crowded close, while he told them the manifold attractions and virtues of the would-be blushing bride, and invited candidates for her hand to pass up their names.

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In response to this appeal, two shillabers volunteered as suitors, and Mr. Hoover immediately hurried them inside free, intimating to the rest of the crowd, with many a wink and sly grimace, that Helen would have some extremely embarrassing questions to ask before she found an entirely satisfactory soul-mate.

Then began the "ginger spiel," in which the throng was excitedly urged to hurry! hurry! hurry! lest they miss the fun; and as soon as the first few had entered, loud laughter from within, furnished entirely by the shillabers, in varying voices, added the only needed fillip. Simps and boobs and yaps and rubes, catching the infection of the artificial excitement, pressed in an eager stream past the ticket-window, half daft lest they should miss any of that exquisite hilarity which is based upon the humiliation of others. The huge red circlet dangled before their eyes; the huge yellow shoe-sole urged them onward, and the voices of Hoover, Shelton, and the shillabers lashed them into a frenzy of anxious haste, during which those behind pushed impatiently against those in front and trod upon their heels—while Shelton made change with both hands.

When all had passed, Hoover, with a smile, went on inside, to find the fair Helen looking stonily at the ceiling of the tent and paying no attention to the people in front of her. She did not even glance at Bill.

"Now, la-dies and gent-tlemen," said Hoover, with a slight frown at her, "we are ready to eggs-*zam*ine the mattermonal candidates. Boys, allow me to intaduce Hellen the Beaut-tiful, who weighs eight hunnerd and forty pounds, ready for the market; who is the death of two yearling calves every time she wants a pair of shoes; whose stockings are wove in a coffee-sack machine; who wears a necklace for a bracelet, a belt for a neck-band, and a boiler-hoop for a belt. But her bigness, gent-tlemen, only makes more of her to be loved; and rummember that she is worth twen-ty thoussand dollars in cold cash, a two-hunnerd acre farm, has a kind heart and an affectionate dis-po-sition, and is hunt-ting a husband. Who wants to court Beaut-tiful Helen?"

Helen the Beautiful continued to stare sullenly at the ceiling, and a clammy silence fell upon the throng. Bill looked at Helen sharply. She was doing positively nothing to help the entertainment along, and he felt the "frost" settling down over his efforts. Against this handicap he struggled with all his skill, extracting what fun he could out of the two shillabers and a squeaky-voiced farmer who ventured to inquire about the location of the farm, evidently with at least half-serious intentions. When the crowd had all filed out, Hoover turned to the Fat Beauty savagely.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "These ginks all paid their good coin to get in here, and they'd ought to have a run for their money. Why don't you glad up and hand 'em out a pleasant look, so they'll go outside and ballyhoo for us all over the lot? Are you tryin' to crab your own show?"

"I didn't know you was goin' to pass out that insultin' kind of a ballyhoo," the fair Helen sniffed, "or I never would have stood for it. Lemme see that shoe-sole."

"So that's it!" snapped Bill, and, resolved to take the bull by the horns at once, he called to Shelton to bring in the shoe-sole, which Shelton did most reluctantly.

"Sure," said Bill. "It's all right. Helen ain't goin' to take any grouch at that."

"All right," said Shelton gloomily, and brought it forward from behind the platform screen where he had set it down as he ame in.

The fair Helen looked at that enormous sole for a long, long moment, and then all her chins began to quiver.

"I knowed it," she wailed. "I knowed you was pullin' a rawr gag like that on me. I never had a foot that big. My foot ain't out o' pupotion to my size. Ananother thing, I don't yen for all this con talk about gettin' married. My affections is too sac'ed a thing to kid about, and I didn't think you'd do it, Bill. Not you, Bill!"

"Look here," said Hoover roughly, out of all patience. "You can just can them tender feelings of yourn in business hours. I'm workin' for a livin' the same as you are, and I'll leave it to Shelton if my ballyhoo didn't bring more coin into this gate than you have had any opening at this stand."

"He's on the level about that," agreed Shelton.

"Well, I get my ten per cent. tear-off, and I'm goin' to put up any kind of a spiel that'll bring in the coin, believe me! Not only that, but you got to play in with it! I won't stand for it to talk my arm off tryin'

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to jolly 'em up, and you set there like a stokin' bottle crabbin' the game!"

Shelton, listening in dismay, saw the long-expected happen, saw the fair Helen reach for a handkerchief and give the first preliminary gasp to a streak of fat-woman hysterics, which is positively the very worst variety.

"Don't!" she sobbed. "Bill, I can't stand for it to be bawled out, especially by you, Bill! O-o-o-o-oh!" and she finished with a choking shriek which left Bill as helpless as the babes in the wood.

The action of Shelton was prompt and his emergency measures were sure. He rushed to a little basket concealed beneath the draperies of the platform, and from it drew three golden-brown cream puffs. When the two men left after the storm was over, the fair Helen, between sniffles, was biting into the fine, sweet ooziness of the second cream puff, and contemplating the delicious spot from which each bite was taken.

"I guess I'm the wise gink, all right," said Shelton outside. "I drilled right into town this morning to stack up with them cream puffs. I had a rub that something would come off right after your first opening. It always does."

"Will I have to trim the ballyhoo?" asked Bill.

"Not now," said Shelton. "Let it go as she lays, shoe-sole and all. The worst is over, now. But you take my tip and jolly this big loob. The more sorehead talk you hand her, the more she'll think she's dippy over you."

"I wish she had a brother, so I could knock his block off," declared Bill, savagely.

V

Mr. Hoover was so big, so broad-shouldered, so stalwart, so kind, so "square," so entertaining, so pleasant when he smiled! He was good looking at all times. He was splendid company. Also, he was Bill Hoover. There were a great many other reasons why Miss Riggs found herself waiting for Bill to stroll around every evening after supper; but those given are enough to explain the matter to the average person interested in such affairs. Nevertheless, May, being strictly feminine, fought off any approach to such crude but earnest sentiment as Bill sought to express, with all the wit and skill born of her common sense and her birthright as a daughter of Eve. She knew that Bill was not ready to marry; and love-making without the ultimate design to wed was no part of the prudent May's intentions. He kept her busy warding him off, however, as he grew more eager in the pursuit, since there was no subject, however trivial, that did not give him a text.

He came to her, for instance, on Friday night, with great elation.

"Well, Shelton pulled it across," he told her. "He's got that privilege at the Brockton Carnival, and sent in a cancel on the rum date. So we'll be at the same stand again next week."

"I'm glad of that," she said, with sincere pleasure.

"Glad!" he repeated. "I'm plumb nutty about it. Any place you go, kid, that's the place for your uncle Bill. On the level, May, I never thought any Jane could get me goin' like you've done."

May promptly introduced the subject of the Fat Beauty. That always stopped him, although it invariably sent him home in an ill humor. This time he was positively angry, and May was sorry she had teased him so unmercifully, especially on the eve of "get-away day," which was always a nerve-racking time.

This particular Saturday, when it dawned, was nerve-racking enough, though not just in the way she had in mind, for the carnival folk, when they awoke, found that a light drizzle had soaked all nature until it squshed. The air was raw; tents were damp; and from the ground, inside and out, came a chill moisture which sought out the rheumatism barometer in the bones of half the show people. By the time they had invested themselves in soggy and sticky clothes, they were all looking out upon the world with figurative chips upon their shoulders, and in half the tents quarreling started with breakfast, while from the tent of the balloon man the harsh voices jangled with unintermittent violence all forenoon, adding very much to Mr. Hoover's annoyance in the fact that the fair Helen was upon the verge of tears right up to the moment of the first opening. It was, as Bill expressed it, "a fine day for a murder." Fair visitors were few and dull and uninterested, and money was not only scarce but extremely unsociable.

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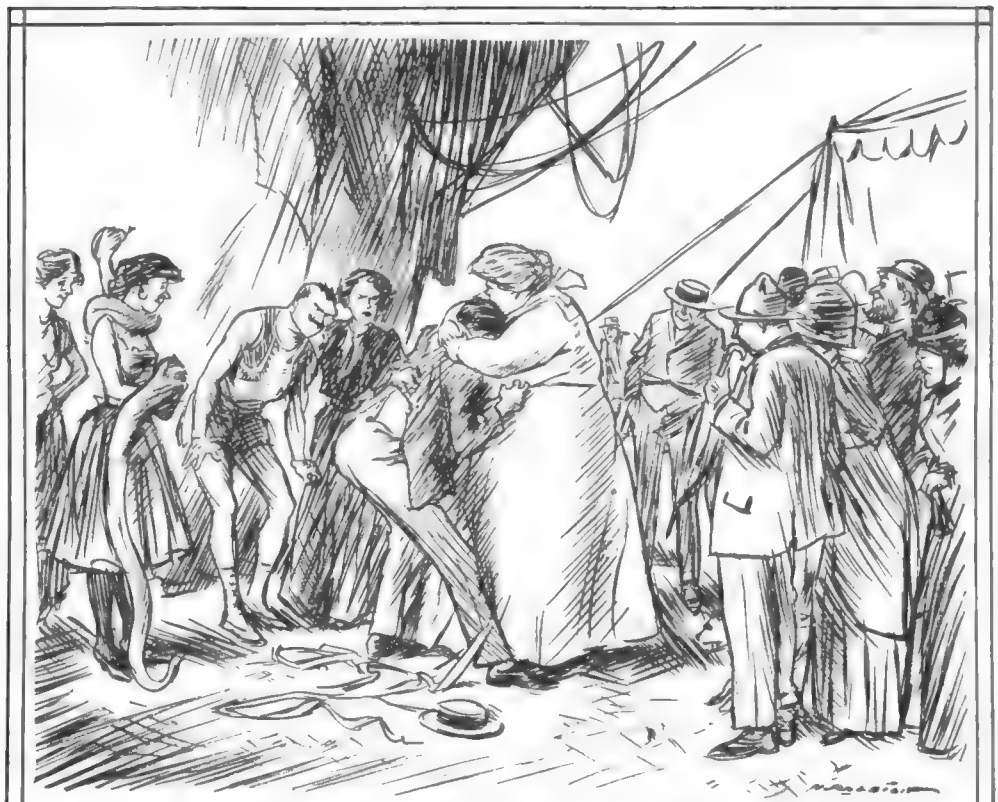

"DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH MY BILL!" SHE BLUBBERED.

The Higgenstown fair, as usual, had not paid expenses, and this year it would be a trifle worse than ever, owing to the bad closing day. Accordingly, the secretary, who was held responsible by the fair association for wind and weather and everything else, was passing along his personal ill temper to everybody on the grounds. He notified Colonel Freestone that twelve-minute shows, including the blow-off, would not be allowed, thus stopping the Colonel's profitable custom of cutting the acts of each of his dancers on Saturdays to "two wiggles and a stamp," as the secretary roughly expressed it. Next he went over to the balloon man, who, with much profanity directed at his wife, was packing up his huge hot-air bag preparatory to departure.

"What are you doin'?" demanded the secretary.

"Makin' ready for the get-away," growled Death-Defying Delando, without looking up.

"You haven't made your ascension today."

"What's more, we won't," declared the balloon man with an oath. "Do you think we're goin' up with this heavy bag? Why, she won't clear the trees!"

"You've got another guess coming to you," the secretary informed him. "It's not raining now, and the people that are here expect a balloon ascension and a parachute drop. You're going to make it!"

"Not on your life!" declared Delando.

"Then you don't get your pay."

"I'll sue for it."

"You'll have a fat chance to get it, with twelve of these sorehead farmers on the jury. I've got your money up there in an envelope right now, waiting for you the minute you come down from this ascension;

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but if you pack up, not a red cent do you draw! We need the money, anyhow."

Daredevil Delando thought it over very carefully. To sue the Higgenstown Fair Association meant more expense and loss of time than the amount of his contract. He straightened up from his packing and glared at his wife.

"Did you mend them tights?" he irascibly demanded, and the secretary walked away.

"No, I didn't," she shrilled, with equal irascibility. "You told me we wasn't goin' up to-day."

"Well, you get 'em out and mend 'em quick!—you hear!" he ordered; "and after this you do what you're told or I'll know the reason why!"

"Doin' what you tell me won't stop me from gettin' a bawlin' out," she declared, already unpacking the oilskin bag in the basket of the balloon; "so I might just as well do as I please."

"You'll shut up your jaw or I'll slap it!"

"You try it, you big stiff, and I'll flatten your map!" interposed a new voice.

The balloon man cast a scowling glare at Mr. Hoover, who had made the interruption, but shrugged his shoulders and said nothing in return. He was busy now tearing at the yellow oiled silk of the big bag, and spreading it out for filling. Hoover, who had been taking a slight constitutional with May between shows, paused a moment to handle any reply, either verbal or physical, which might be made, but, receiving none, walked on with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I been achin' all week to take a fall out of that guy," he declared. "It takes a big bruiser like him to rough-house a little bit of a Jane like that."

May studied the aeronaut's wife with quite feminine dislike. "Maybe he has to," she sagely concluded. "She looks mean enough to sour vinegar."

"Maybe that's right, too," said Hoover, "but I never could stand to see any man beat a woman up. My old man had to get false teeth the first time he done that after I got big."

May, as she had done many times before, surveyed the athletic frame of Mr. Hoover with approval and admiration. "You're liable to get in Dutch with the ache to use them muscles of yours," she admonished him.

"I guess I do go round huntin' it," he admitted with a grin. "Why, all this week I've had a yen to have some fresh mutt pass you the rough word so I could slam his knot off. I tell you, kid, you're about the mustard with me."

"There's the Colonel gettin' ready for a ballyhoo," she said hastily, and hurried away.

VI

It was nearly dusk when the big hot-air balloon was ready to go up, and a dozen willing farmers were holding to the tugging guy-ropes, while Delando, the Daring Demon of the Dewy Dome, sat upon his sandbag-weighted trapeze with a scowl. With the grudging permission of the secretary, he had prepared only for a single ascension, omitting the parachute drop, on the ground that, with the gas-bag as heavy with moisture as it was, it could not possibly carry two, and could scarcely be expected to go high enough with even one passenger to make a parachute drop without positive danger to life; and consequently the balloon was much lighter than usual. The sun suddenly streamed through the clouds which had hidden the sky all day, and the moment it shone upon the balloon the huge yellow sphere perceptibly swelled, showing the expansion of the hot air within it by an extra strong tug, just as Death-Defying Delando gave the word to cast off. He settled himself more firmly in his trapeze for the upward jerk, and the movement split open the mended place in his tights, revealing a gash of a full foot along his thigh. As the balloon rose with a bound which threw flatly upon his face an unfortunate farmer who had held on too long, Delando flopped backward upon his trapeze bar, hanging head downward, so that he could see his wife, who was behind him, and shake his fist at her.

"I'll fix you when I come down!" he screamed, as he ascended toward peaceful heaven.

The balloon shot straight up with unusual velocity as it struck the higher, warming rays of the sun, and the usual chorus of strongly aspirated "Oh's" and "Ah's" from all over the grounds followed the ascent. Delando was in the midst of his contortions upon the trapeze bar, scarcely more than six or eight hundred feet above the

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ground, when a shriek of horror burst from the watchers. The rotted old gas-bag had burst, a full seam from top to bottom ripping open under the unusual pressure which had been put upon it. A huge puff of brown smoke burst from its side; it straightened up like a rag, and a thrilling descent, not upon the program, began. It seemed as if the aeronaut must inevitably be crushed to a shapeless mass, but with quickness born of long experience he grabbed for the valve rope, gave it a jerk, and succeeded in pulling the top of the balloon forward from the straight line it had assumed in the descent. The gaping side of the balloon caught the air, the bag bellied upward, and, assisted by the hot air still within its folds, checked the descent, although not until terrifyingly close to the ground. Even then, had it not been for the tree which shaded the fat girl tent, Delando might have finished his career right there; but the netting of the balloon caught in the branches, swung, and held, and Delando leaped to the earth quite unharmed.

Not a freak on the grounds but had committed that rare breach of ethics—leaving tent during business hours. Even Helen the Fat Beauty, hearing the shrieks of horror, had left her chair and her platform and waddled to the door just in time to see Delando drop before her very eyes. The dancers from the girl show, who had just come out to make a ballyhoo, had also left their platform, and run up to the landing-spot. For just a brief second people had sprung back from the path of the descending object, but the moment it was safe to do so they pressed in, making a small ring, and Delando's wife, in an agony of fear, was the first upon the spot.

Whether Delando was still wrought up over the tear in his tights, or was simply at a nervous tension which demanded some physical outlet, no one could say; but the moment he felt his feet on the ground he jumped for his wife, and, grabbing her by the shoulders, proceeded to shake her violently. Hoover, who had stood upon his platform unmoved, ready for a ballyhoo, caught the laughing gaze of May fixed upon Beautiful Helen and then upon himself, and immediately jumped down, himself needing a physical outlet for nervous strain. Grasping Delando's right arm, he gave it a jerk which released it from the shoulders of the lady aeronaut and whirled Delando about, whereupon Hoover immediately proceeded to plant an extremely knobby fist in the neighborhood of the Demon's right eye.

Judging from the comparative sizes of the two men, that ought to have meant an immediate victory for Mr. Hoover, and a triumphant pose before one particular "Jane." But there was a delay. Delando was no tubercular wreck himself, and was in precisely the mood for an argument of this nature. In consequence, Mr. Hoover found himself with his hands full, and the crowd involuntarily surged back, partly to be out of the road of chance bumps and elbow strokes, and partly with the primordial instinct of allowing the battling beasts space in which to settle the matter of preeminence. Mr. Hoover, enjoying himself to the utmost, was just reaching out to grasp certain victory, however, when Madam Delando, seizing her opportunity, jumped up from behind, clutched both hands in his hair, and hung her weight upon him.

"Hit him, Jerry!" she screamed. "Punch him good, the fresh guy!"

And Jerry did. It was then that the entirely unexpected happened. Another Amazon entered the field, announcing her coming with a scream. The ponderous Helen it was, who, forcing her way, by mere weight, through the assembled pygmies, as if they had been so many flies, projected herself into the very midst of the fray, thrust one tremendous arm between Jerry and Hoover and another between Mrs. Delando and Hoover, and grasped that latter young man in a capacious embrace which almost smothered and lost him from view, except for his flaunting gay ribbons.

"Don't you dare touch my Bill!" she blubbered.

Aghast, even Delando lost his anger and his wife her zeal, and both dropped back to join in the screams of laughter which welled up as Bill, with only his legs free to kick, futilely struggled to be free. Whatever vocal protest he might have offered was reduced to a mere mumble in the mighty bosom which had opened for his shelter.

"Bill!" she cried, and she suddenly thrust him forward that she might inspect his damages. "Did they beat up my poor Bill?"

No such howls of frantic mirth had ever been heard upon the Higgenstown fairgrounds. People stood back and held their sides and laughed, others held their jaws and laughed, and still others stamped upon

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the ground and gasped for breath over the spectacle of the anguished Helen and the embarrassed Bill. That beribboned young man jerked away with an inarticulate shout of raging fury, and sprang once more for Delando, his blood boiling to wreak his humiliation upon some one—any one! But Delando, who had laughed himself weak, merely slipped back into the crowd, still laughing, and Bill turned to confront the circle of hilarious faces which surrounded him.

In that circle his eyes met May's. She was laughing as heartily as any of them. He approached her with his hand held out as if he intended to say something, but May, still shrieking feebly, waved him back, and put up her hand to her jaws. He glared at her a moment and then made a sudden dash into the tent. To strip off the gaudy ribbons with which he was decorated, the belt from his waist and the fillet from his head, was but the work of an instant; he reappeared wearing his hat, suit-case in hand and overcoat on arm, and, without a word to any one, broke through the crowd and strode for the gate.

May, watching him go, suddenly found her laughter dying away, and presently found that it had entirely ceased. She worked her frightened way through the crowd to Shelton, who, with Miss Abrams, was trying to lead his mountain of emotion back into the tent.

"Go after Bill," she urged. "He's got his benny and his kiester, and he's blowed."

Her intercession gave to Helen a fresh opportunity for hysterical triumphs. "So you're the huzzy that's been a-keepin' Bill away from home of evenings!" she charged, and moved toward May prepared to muss up that young woman's coiffure.

May, however, was in no mind for so ridiculous an encounter, and she slipped away, whereupon the fair Helen suddenly announced that she was faint and weak, and that Shelton and Miss Abrams must go in and get her chair immediately—which they promptly did.

The Death-Defying Demon hurried over to May. "I'll go get Bill," he said. "I ain't got any grouch against him. He's all right."

"Thanks," said May weakly, and then, finding herself the observed of too many eyes for comfort, and wondering why that should confuse her, since she was used to facing crowds like this contemptuously, every day, hurried back to the girl show tent and went inside. But she had only a second for self-analysis, for the Colonel promptly dragged her forth.

"Get right up there for a ballyhoo, you!" he angrily ordered. "I'm surprised at your stayin' away so long when there's a crowd all ready to work," and he hurried her up to the platform where he had already placed the other girls, and where the droning Oriental music had already struck up.

In the meantime, Delando, unfettered by "kiester" and "benny—" or suit-case and overcoat—had caught up with Mr. Hoover a short distance away from the grounds.

"Hey, Bill!" he called.

Ballyhoo Bill turned, and, seeing Delando, promptly threw down his luggage and prepared to defend himself.

"Nix on that!" said Delando, waving his hand. "That stuff's off, Bill. Can the rough-house. The scrappin's over. Shelton wants you to come back."

"Oh, he does!" said Bill. "You tell Shelton he's all right, and if he'll murder that fat slob and get a decent freak I'll ballyhoo for him till my voice gives out; but I ain't comin' back to any place she's on the lot, and that settles it! Get me, do you?"

"But say," Delando went on, "that blonde Jane of Freestone's—the blow-off dancer—she wants you to come back too."

Bill considered that message in silence for a moment. "On the level?" he asked.

"On the level," repeated Delando. "She's the one that asked me to come after you."

Bill thought it all over. He could imagine himself appearing diffidently in the presence of the laughing May. He knew that she could not keep her face straight, and the whole scene of his recent humiliation, a vivid picture of the absurd and ridiculous figure he must have cut, came over him as in a vision and flooded him with shame.

"Hell!" he said finally. "I've stood for a beatin' up, many's the time, and for rough calls and bawlin's out, and I guess I can stand it to hear a Jane giggle at me once or twice—especially May! But say, Delando, you hike on ahead, won't you, and tell 'em not to pull it too strong?"

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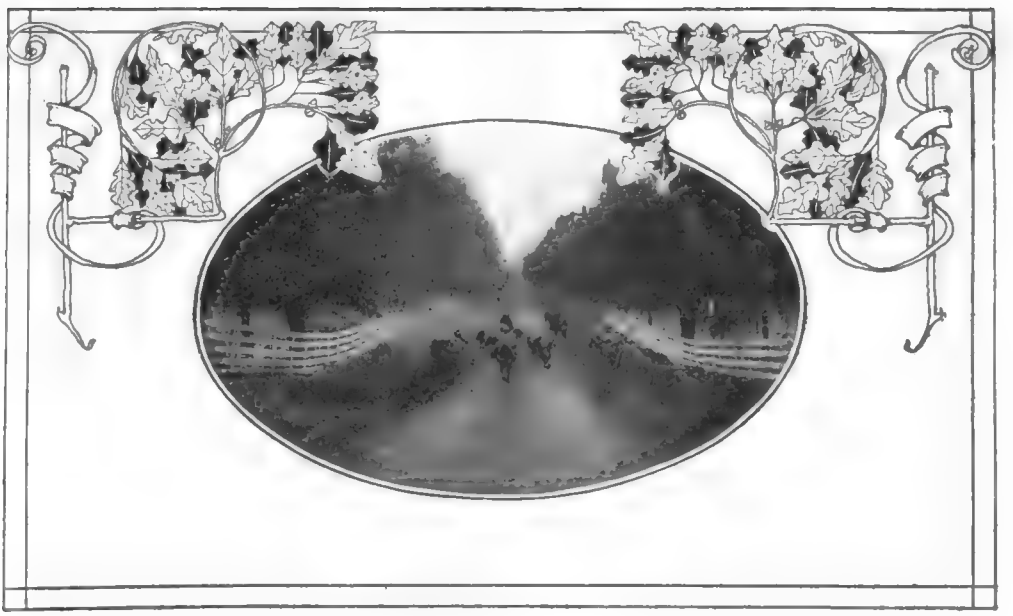

FOUND:

Seventy · Million · Acres

By JOHN L. MATHEWS

Author of "REMAKING THE MISSISSIPPI," "THE CONSERVATION OF WATER," etc.

WHEN I was a small boy —and not so many years ago at that—I took a contract with a neighbor for shoveling sand into a gully to make a filling for his roadway. I started the sand in a heap on the bottom and piled it all on the same spot; but as the peak came toward the top of the gully, I discovered that all the sand I threw on rolled steadily down the sides and apparently accomplished nothing. My neighbor watched me with amusement.

"Sonny," he said, "you started wrong. You should have made a pile at each side first. It's always easier to fill up a hole in the middle than to pile sand on an outside slope."

Somehow or other, although I accepted that statement on faith at the time, it has never yet seemed to figure out right to me. Even then I dimly suspected that my neigh-

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bor was having some fun at my expense; and this opinion is confirmed now, when I see what difficulty our Uncle Sam is finding in filling up the great hole in the middle of his country, after having easily heaped up the population on the outside slopes.

This Big Hole is an amazing area of unoccupied land lying in the most fertile portion of the heart of the nation, adjacent to large and growing cities, close by important manufacturing and commercial centers, exactly where every acre of land ought to be thoroughly and scientifically tilled and adding in the highest degree to the available food-supply. Down both banks of the Mississippi, from the Canada line to the Gulf of Mexico, excluding Iowa, western Illinois, and southern Minnesota and Wisconsin, lies idle land capable of producing good crops; land aggregating in area not less than sixty or seventy million acres.

When the tide of immigration swept westward, it left this land untouched. The hardy pioneers who attacked the hardwood forests of the Appalachians spent their energy in middle Kentucky and stopped before the Mississippi was reached. Those who came over the rich open lands of Indiana and Illinois kept to the prairie and moved on westward through Kansas and Nebraska, northward through Iowa to Minnesota, across northern Missouri—wherever the prairie extended, they went, and began to till. But they passed by the immense forests that covered all of northern Minnesota and Wisconsin, all of southern Missouri, two thirds of Arkansas, all of western Tennessee and Mississippi, and half of Louisiana.

In southern Mississippi this forest was yellow pine, growing in sandy soil; along both banks of the Mississippi as far north as St. Louis it was a magnificent growth of hardwood, in a soil of deep and extraordinarily rich alluvium, exceeded in America by nothing unless it be the richest part of the Everglades; in upland Missouri and Arkansas it was oak forest on rolling, fertile land; in Wisconsin and Minnesota it was partly hardwood, but more largely coniferous forest in a fertile, sandy soil, often swampy but easily drained. All these forest lands, and the swamps that comprised the rest of the Big Hole, were rich in ultimate promise; but the hard necessity of clearing or draining them repelled the early pioneers.

They filled the prairies and the semi-arid regions, reached the Pacific coast, and turned back upon the irrigation projects. When this last phase was reached, the whole country threw up its hands and exclaimed:

"America is full at last! What shall we do now?"

We had forgotten the Big Hole.

Into the forests, meantime, had come the lumbermen, stripping away the northern pine, the hardwoods, and, last of all, the yellow pine. They are to-day clearing scores of square miles every year, leaving their slashings strewn upon the ground, the stumps standing, often a mass of half-burned timber littering the region where they have slaughtered the trees. But in some places they have cleaned up the slash and left the land in fair state for tilling.

After the lumbermen came the levee-builders and the swamp-drainers. The Yazoo Delta developed slowly into immense cotton plantations producing staple unequaled in the world. The St. Francis region along the Mississippi gradually began to develop into small truck-farms. But over a very large part of Louisiana wet lands, over two thirds of Arkansas, over seventeen million acres of Missouri, over much of Minnesota, primeval or second-growth timber stands, and over much other land the slashings lie waiting to be burned.

That is the Big Hole, roughly sketched in. While Americans have been going to Canada, to Alaska, to the Isle of Pines, this great valley has held open to them an opportunity of peculiar value. And more: the settlement of it has become an economic necessity for the nation. Idle land, strewn with wreckage, the soil washed away by rains, untilled, unproductive—it is a hindrance to the development of the states which contain it. On the edge or in the midst of it lie Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Jackson, Vicksburg, and a host of other large and small cities which are active manufacturing and commercial centers. Population is concentrating in these cities, and from them goes abroad a very large proportion of our export manufactured goods. Rents in them steadily increase, food costs steadily more, population becomes denser, labor is too abundant, work is too scarce, the number of unnecessary consumers grows greater every year. Yet all about these cities, where surplus labor should be settled upon the land, where abundant supplies of cheap food should be

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WHEN THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION SWEPT WESTWARD, IT PASSED BY THIS ROLLING LAND IN THE ARKANSAS OZARKS.

GROWING CORN AND CANTALOUP IN THE BIG HOLE—WHERE WASTE SOIL IS BEING SAVED, AND WASTE CONSUMERS ARE TURNED INTO PRODUCERS.

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IN THE ARKANSAS HILLS, SHOWING THE OAK WOODS OPEN AND FREE LIKE AN ENGLISH PARK.

produced, where rural settlement should keep pace with municipal concentration, lies this economic void, this non-productive Big Hole.

And at last every state which contains a part of it has been aroused to the necessity of filling it.

Nearly every state in the Central West has created an immigration bureau, put a "good mixer" and a publicity agent at the head of it, and begun a campaign to obtain settlers upon its land. These departments have organized official exploring tours through unpopulated regions, to which large groups of newspaper men have been invited. They have created dairy departments, bought fine cattle wholesale, and given the farmers opportunity to get the best stock, guaranteed by the state dairyman, on the easiest terms. They have surveyed and listed vacant lands and established a price for them. They have sent delegates to Ellis Island, and even abroad, to beguile the immigrants—dividing their work so as to give efficient cooperation both to the railroad immigration service and to private proprietors seeking to colonize their land.

Louisiana, for instance, has her immigration department cooperating in the establishment of a French colony in the southwestern part of the state, where there is an enormous area of unsettled land. A large tract of swampy but very rich grassy plain has been reserved for farms and is being drained. One thousand families of the best type of French peasant are being brought over as fast as the land is ready to receive them. A hundred families are already there. No element which could be introduced would care more scrupulously for the soil, produce better yields, or make a more reliable citizenship than this; and the fact that these people remain together will enable them to retain as a community those virtues which make them valuable to the nation.

This type of colonization is, in fact, one of the most important measures under the movement for the conservation of our resources. Two elements are involved—the men who should be upon the soil, and the soil which should be intelligently tilled. And the men to be considered in this Big Hole problem are of three sorts:

First, the backwoodsmen, generally of old

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American stock, which has petered out in an earlier advance into the wilderness—the type which Miss Berry's school in Georgia, previously described in an issue of this magazine, helps to conserve.

Second, the foreign immigrants who come here and hew their homes out of the forest. Many whole towns have thus been planted on the cheap lands by the railroads. The immigrants are helped by favoring rates, taught by traveling exhibits, and encouraged by traveling railway men. Their boys are given scholarships in the agricultural schools. A fair farmer is valued at $300 a year by the railroads; a very good one may be worth $1,000 to it.

Third, the city men, surplus consumers, who need to be transferred to a producing system, and yet have no knowledge, no means, no training, and no system which will enable them to make the transfer.

The city man presents a different problem from the immigrant. He is a product of the highest commercial and social organization. Everything about him is systematically ordered. There is Jim Smith, for example, a drummer in the dry-goods trade, forty years old, with a wife and three children. He has just lately been impressed with his own unimportance and inefficiency—he might drop out of his business any day and not be missed. He is a surplus consumer who produces nothing, a part of the over-organized distributing system, which is out of relation with the producing system.

Jim lives in a pigeonhole with a gas stove, folding doors, a dummy fireplace, a built-in sideboard, a tile bath, and hot and cold water night and day; the ice-box has an outside door, the milk comes automatically. He drops his wages into a slot every thirty days, and the city machine continues to grind out for him a monotonous, high-tension life.

We have made this system for the city, to relieve the working man of his burdens and to facilitate his concentration upon his daily task. Take Jim out of it and set him up for himself, and you confront him instantly with a number of new problems for whose solution he has no equipment. As the children grow up, and the cost of supporting his family increases without any corresponding increase of income, Jim begins to see his faulty relation to the system. He has not added a cent to his savings ac-

A TYPICAL OZARK VINEYARD. THIS IS LAND WHICH WAS ONCE CONSIDERED ALMOST WORTHLESS.

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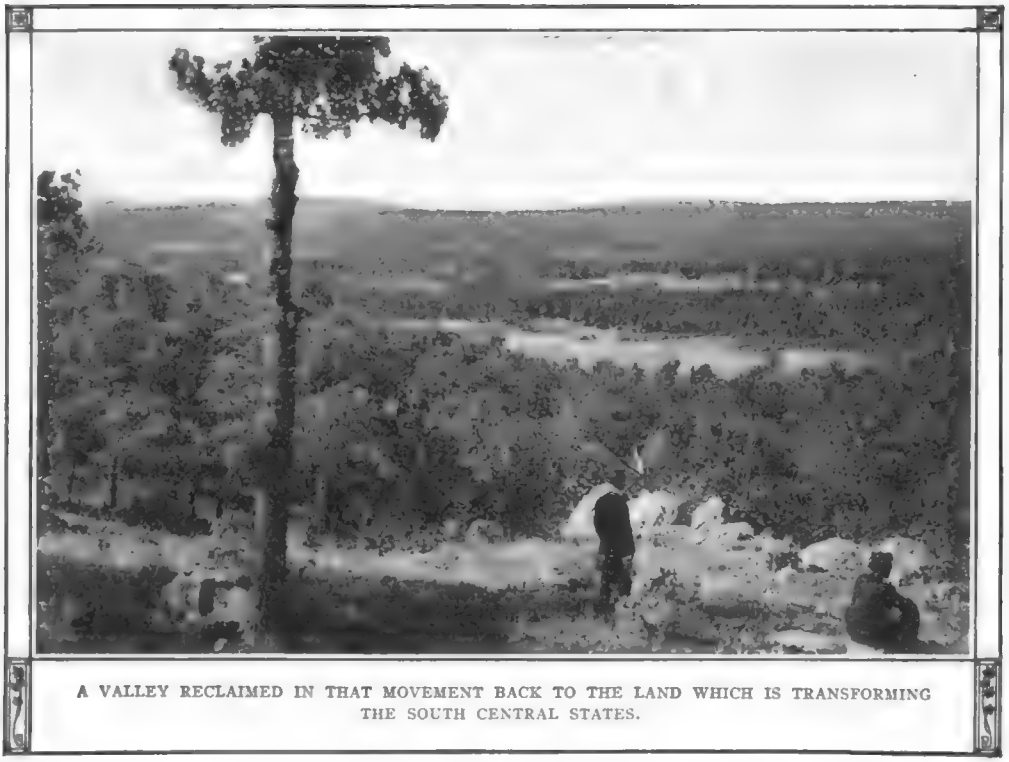

A VALLEY RECLAIMED IN THAT MOVEMENT BACK TO THE LAND WHICH IS TRANSFORMING THE SOUTH CENTRAL STATES.

count for four or five years. He pays his insurance with increasing difficulty. His work palls upon him. He begins to think longingly of getting out on the land, of getting a home of his own, of producing something, of making a place for his wife and his children which will not eternally drag rent out of his monthly salary.

"Mary," he says at last, "I've a notion that we ought to go out on a farm, somewhere, and work for ourselves."

Mary's face lights up, for she has been harboring the same idea. "Oh, Jim!" she says; "do you suppose we could? I've been wishing we could, for ever so long. It would be so good for the children."

Then they begin on the old problem—how to do it. To stop paying rent, to do something better than they are doing, to own a bit of ground for their feet to rest on, to care better for their children, in short, to become independent Americans and perhaps make something grow—moved by this ambition, every day scores of Jim Smiths buy a few acres of drained swamp, of irrigated land, of abandoned farm, and undertake to fight it out along that line. Often they are swindled by a fake land company. Often they win through to success. Some just fail.

Our Jim Smith, having an abiding faith in the Federal Government, writes to the Department of Agriculture. He finds that to set himself and his family up on a forty-acre farm, with house and stock, will require at least $2,000. For that price, if he could pay down $500 and have as much more left to carry him through the first year, he could buy a cleared farm of forty acres or so almost anywhere between the Canada line and the Gulf of Mexico. It would probably be remote from the railroad, in a poorly developed country, and the neighbors would not always be desirable; but if he selected it with care, he could get on those terms a very fair establishment, with a small house and barn. Jim, however, has not the money; so he must go bravely out pioneering in land that is left.

So next he writes to the Land Office and, discovering that there are still a million acres of land open to homesteading in the Big Hole, he goes down to Arkansas, locates a tract, decides it will make good, sells out in the city, borrows what money he can, moves his family into the Ozark oak

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woods, and begins to clear his land. To fell trees, to build a house, to plow land, to cook on a wood fire (and to chop wood for it), to go without every accustomed convenience, to regulate his own working hours, and out of them and in colossal ignorance to produce a living from the soil—that is his task. A log cabin has replaced the easily managed flat; corn-bread and bacon are the principal articles of food; and thus Jim begins with his wife that hard pioneering toil which has made the greatest of Americans and has slaughtered thousands of others.

Not only men but women attempt this. A stenographer in the immigration department of one of the railroads centering in St. Louis, who had written many letters about farm lands, finally decided to go out and try some for herself. Taking her mother along, she went down into Arkansas and settled upon a homestead of government land, 160 acres, quite heavily forested, but promising to become an excellent piece of land when cleared and developed. With what little money she had, she cleared part of this, and had a cabin built. Here she and her mother lived, the two of them endeavoring to do as much as possible of the work of developing their farm.

The strong antipathy on the part of backwoods people against city folks manifested itself at once. Instead of the chivalry one would find in some parts of the South, there was evident, among the men of the neighborhood, that spirit of intense hostility to women which in the Tennessee and Kentucky mountain country forces the women to wait upon the men and to eat at a separate table. And even the women in these Arkansas woods refused to assist this city woman in farm or home work. They shunned her and left her isolated in the wilderness. More than this, they went out of their way to be unpleasant to her and to hinder her; and at last actual overt acts against her safety and her mother's indicated that the enmity was growing.

After a time the mother died. The young woman, who had a great deal of determination, resolved to keep on alone. She went to the city, and bought a rifle and a large supply of ammunition. Then she spent an hour a day beside the public highway practising shooting at a mark, and let it be known in the neighborhood that she did not propose to allow trespassers or maraud-

IN THE HEART OF THE OZARKS—FORTY MILES FROM A RAILROAD.
GOVERNOR HADLEY SPEAKING TO THE MOUNTAINEERS.

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ers anywhere on her place without shooting at them. Whether it was their instinctive fear of a woman with a gun in her hands, who might shoot straighter than she meant to, or whether it was her display of nerve and this adoption of their own methods of self-defense, she never knew. At any rate, the natives became her friends forthwith, and there was no work on the farm for which she had not abundant help. She cleared her farm and holds it to-day—as fine a piece of ground as one can get from Uncle Sam.

Another couple who went down into Arkansas and took up a homestead were a man and his wife, both actors, neither drawing a large salary, neither having any savings, and with middle age fast getting away from them. They also took a timbered piece, had a part of it cleared and planted, and established themselves on it in a log house. Then, while the woman ran the place, worked on it herself, and called upon the neighbors for help through the winter, the man went back on the road during the cold season and earned what he could to help carry them through the next year. They, too, made good. And instead of the prospect of the Actors' Home or of poverty when their days on the stage should be done, they are accumulating prosperity by raising truck on the land that Uncle Sam will deed to them when their five years are up.

These are typical experiences of the city family successfully going back to the land. The struggle is heroic and fine—but should be needless. We have heard much of the magnificent result of the pioneering life, but little of the economic waste involved in it—an aspect that deserves consideration; for the development of the public land by Jim Smith and his fellows is a problem involving the nation, and the prosperity of the nation requires that we cease wasting years of these men's lives. We should not ask them to spend years of hardship in the struggle, alone and unaided, to become our needed producers. Instead, we should place them in a system which will lift the hardships from them, give them the skilled assistance that will enable them to produce large crops, adding at once to the national welfare—in short, we should personally conduct them, by the employment of our national experience, through their preliminary stages to successful establishment.

Many attempts have been made to solve this problem, and none, I think, is more promising than that launched last year, called the "Farm Homes Association, Incorporated." This is a society composed of men from all over the United States, devoted to solving the problems with which Jim Smith is confronted. It does not actually put Jim on a farm. It is a propagandist society. Its purpose is to show capital how to make money while helping Jim. It calls upon the lumbermen who own slashings, the insurance companies that have money to invest, and upon other sources of capital, to buy the land, lend Jim the capital needed, and to provide him a certain system of training, all worked out and furnished free by the society.

Briefly, the plan is this: All through the Big Hole, and through other states, tracts of land will be selected and listed which can be obtained reasonably cheap, are fertile, can be reclaimed or developed by scientific agriculture, and are sufficient in area for the intended colony. Preferably, thirty to forty acre tracts, surrounding a central farm of one hundred and sixty acres, will constitute a colony. To develop this, the owners will employ an agricultural scientist, who will examine and map the soils of each farm, discover what is the best crop to be produced from each division, the proper fertilizer, and the proper rotation. These elements will be entered upon a blue print of each forty acres, and a copy given to the farmer.

These farms will then be opened, and upon each will be placed a family. As a general proposition, a payment of fifty dollars or so will be required to give each family a responsibility toward the land and to hold them during the discouraging period of reaction which sometimes follows the first-crop season. In addition to the land, each family will be provided with house, barn, and chicken-shed, built according to their own desires; with stock, tools, fencing, and the other essentials for beginning work. Upon the central farm will be the silo, the big machinery, the creamery, and all the things which are necessarily cooperative, including the lecture hall and schoolhouse. The superintendent will be a trained agriculturist and his companion an able farmer. With their help, by the aid of lectures, example, assistance in selecting seeds, and general direction, Jim Smith will be able to fence, plow, fertilize, plant, and harvest

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MOUTH OF THE GASCONADE—ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS OF THE BIG HOLE.

IN THE WHITE RIVER COUNTRY, ARKANSAS, THE BOTTOMS ARE SETTLED, BUT THE ROLLING UPLANDS ARE STILL UNTOUCHED.

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his fields with growing confidence and success. He will have many neighbors with whom to compare experiences—possibly all beginners like himself. He will have expert advice, assistance, and cooperation in marketing his crop.

The land will cost him from five to twenty dollars an acre, the buildings perhaps $500, or more; the whole investment will be under $2,000. Out of the first crop he will have nothing to pay on his debt. Then, beginning with the second year and running for ten years, he will pay one tenth of the investment each year, with interest at five or six per cent.—surely a light burden. As he grows experienced, he should get practically the whole living of his family, and from $1,500 to $3,000 a year, out of such a farm. There are five-acre farms in Missouri which produce every year that amount.

When this plan was announced in the papers of the nation in May, 1910, there was an immediate and unexpected response. In two days three hundred applications from city families were received for farms on this plan. Since then they have poured in, and many colonies are now being prepared for. Thirty-two of the original applicants were chosen for the first colony. Some of the men are now on the land, working for good wages, clearing the stumps away and erecting the houses; and in a short time this piece of land, 1,440 acres, in Stoddard County, Missouri, will be entirely settled.

Who are these applicants? The people you see every day: Drummers, like Jim Smith; doctors; dentists; street-railway men; one or two lawyers; store and office clerks— nearly all married men, trying to get back to the land. In this first colony, financed by an Eastern corporation, each will pay $800 for forty acres of the richest raw bottom-land in Missouri, worth, when cultivated, easily $100 an acre. For each a house costing $500, a barn, and fences will be erected; and each will have a total investment slightly over $1,800 when he goes on the land.

It will, in fact, shape up like this:

40 acres of land at $20,	$800
House, barn, and shed,	600
Implements, fences, clearing,	200
Capital first year	200
	$1,800

Up in the heart of the Ozarks news of the new movement reached the ears of Columbus Bradford, pioneer. "Columbus is a dreamin' sort of boy," said his father. Though the "boy" is fifty years old, he was still young enough to realize the opportunity for helping others that was offered him. Posting off to St. Louis, the headquarters of the new society (literally posting, for he must travel thirty-five miles on the post-stage to reach the railroad), he captured the second colony from the overflowing list and is establishing Unit Number Two of the Farm Homes Association on the crest of the Ozarks above Big Piney River.

Columbus Bradford is worth a word for himself at this point in our narrative. Coming down from Spring Creek Valley of Big Piney, in the very heart of the Missouri Ozarks, he went to college and then into the ministry; but the old love for the uplands called him strongly, and he returned to Big Piney's banks. This is the very heart and center of the loveliest unsettled region left in the Big Hole—a rolling country of fertile soil, watered by clear, sweet springs, many of which flow four or five million gallons a day; covered with oak forest open and free as an English park, and carpeted beneath the trees with grass which makes it a fine grazing land. Yet, fertile as it is, favored by climate, beautiful to the eye, it is the hardest land in the Big Hole to reduce to subjection; for it is filled with soft, disintegrating rock, and requires to be cleared of the toughest, heaviest timber standing in the central country, before it can be planted.

Out of this oak land, Bradford hewed his own farm. Into it, in a dozen years, he had already, by his own effort, before the Farm Homes Association was organized, brought half a score of city families—Jim Smith families, seeking the land. With unfaltering courage and good-will he helped them to clear, showed them how to plow, taught them what to plant, and so built up on Spring Creek uplands, thirty miles from a railroad, the nucleus of a fine colony. Now the Farm Homes Association and abundant capital have come to his aid. He has secured the necessary 1,600 acres of suitable land at less than ten dollars an acre; the forty-acre tracts have all been allotted, and the money has been provided to employ the agriculturist, erect the buildings, and carry the purchasers; and thirty-two men are now preparing to move up to Brad-

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ford's neighborhood and become producers.

The eyes of many land-owning companies will be upon this little colony of Bradford's, and upon that in Stoddard County. In other states other units are being rapidly worked out. If the first succeed fairly well, they will be the forerunners of many more. Here are but two colonies, each of thirty-two families, representing about two hundred people. In the Big Hole there is room for two million such families on small farms of unused land. These are all non-producing consumers, to be turned directly into skilled producers. As their numbers swell, and as their neighbors imitate their methods, their influence will begin to be felt upon the national food stringency.

Even without the aid of a helping society, within the year ten thousand families have gone, in Jim Smith's way, into the Ozark country, and as many more into Mississippi and Louisiana. In Mississippi, the state has set before them a remarkable example of soil conservation, which many of them are emulating. A few years ago the state agricultural school bought one hundred and sixty acres of typical sandy land covered with stumps and branches—what is called a "pine slashing." It was waste and idle land, such as Mississippi has to-day in millions of acres of her area. The students of the agricultural school cleared away the slashings, spread fertilizer—seven dollars' worth to the acre—plowed, harrowed, and then planted string-beans for a winter crop. The land cost two dollars an acre. The winter crop sold in Chicago for eighty-five dollars an acre. When it was harvested, they pulled some stumps, spread fertilizer again—two dollars to the acre—and planted sweet potatoes for a summer crop. These, sold in New Orleans, produced eighty dollars an acre—a total of $165 per acre in a year from two dollars' worth of land and nine dollars' worth of fertilizer. Three crops instead of two can usually be produced in southern Mississippi, and the truck market and the express railway service guarantee excellent returns.

Arkansas offers many widely differing opportunities. In the southeast, along the Ouachita, she has rich cotton and corn land, recently cleared of forest. In the northwest she has apple lands—high, grassy uplands which return easily $300 an acre every year in fruit. In the east she has the swamp lands along the Mississippi, producing, as they are cleared and drained, fabulous yields of cotton, corn, alfalfa, and other crops. And in the eastern center of the state she has developed the greatest marvel of recent years, the rice belt of the Grand Prairie. Ten years ago any man who had paid ten dollars an acre for this grassy swamp between the White River and the Arkansas would have been considered crazy. If he had suggested growing rice on it, they would have put him in jail for safe keeping. Yet to-day this is the richest and most productive rice land in the world; producing rice even cheaper than the Japanese can grow it.

In the fertile Texan rice belt thirty-five bushels an acre is a good yield. Louisiana scarcely does better. Arkansas as a state averages seventy-two bushels, and I have seen fields which produced one hundred and even one hundred and sixteen bushels to the acre. This is grown by artesian-well irrigation and by pump irrigation from the rich underground water-supply seeping down from the Ozarks; and, through the stimulus of state and railway immigration service, city colonists are being brought to this land in large numbers and educated in the new sort of farming. Rice now sells in Texas for two cents a pound and is retailed in Chicago for ten cents. This Arkansas rice, carried by barge load upon the inland waters, can some day be delivered in Chicago wholesale for three cents and retailed for five.

This is the real significance of the filling of the Big Hole: to transform the waste consumers in the city into producers; to save the waste soil in the country; to restore, in a degree, the balance between the two forces of production and consumption. It is worth national attention and national support. It will never attain complete success until the national government shall so regulate immigration that the newcomers, instead of being dropped into New York to increase the trouble and congestion, are required to be ticketed direct from their European home to some fit land in the interior, where they are needed; and until the states officially recognize and support some such movement as the Farm Homes Association for the distribution of city people upon the land.

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FACING the RAILWAY FACTS

by Richard Washburn Child

Editor's Note: *The following article is not offered to you with any pretense that it is easy to read and full of sugar-coated, alluring exposition. But it is of very great importance, and it ought to allure you by virtue of the information it contains, information of high popular value. We have worked very hard to find the right author and then to get a clear, sound presentation of the vital facts underlying the railway problem. Mr. Child has worked equally hard to produce the result we wanted. You ought to be willing to do some work yourself in the way of reading. You will never get a clear understanding of the situation otherwise; and an infinite lot of the drudgery was done for you before this clear and able study was placed in these pages.*

HERE is a problem that sits at home with you.

Cold business speaks about it in these words: "The art of jiu-jitsu is founded on the principle that it is possible to cause one's antagonist to exert strength to his own damage. The nation must guard against self-inflicted injury in its regulation of the railways. Listen to me. Knowledge alone will save the consumer of transportation from insufficient, empty regulation on the one hand, and hasty destructive steps on the other."

Cold business sense is right.

The great misfortune attending all the past history of legislation has been that the party most in interest has possessed the least intelligence. The consumer—the man who sees in the cost of almost every article in his home a percentage due to transportation—will have the final say. But the consumer is just awakening to his interest in the matter. He is just beginning to realize that the possibility of evil exists for three reasons. Here they are: Railroad manipulators know *all* the facts. Shippers, investors, and wage-earners know part of the facts. Consumers of transportation know almost *none* of the facts.

Says cold business sense: "Awaken the consumers of transportation—those who pay the final bill. At the outset call attention to the kind of power the consumer possesses. Say why railroads can be regulated."

Much profound legal philosophy has been spent in determining this right to regulate. Many fictions have been raised. Courts have said that the right is founded on "the semi-public nature of the business." Lawyers have emerged from meditation with the theory that public utilities may be regulated because they are engaged "in a business in which the state, if it chose, might engage."

These reasons are not resting on the bot-

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tom. Any great activity of universal public interest, not adapted to monopoly and not regulated by competition, calls for control. *The real reason for regulation is necessity.* And the whole question is this: How great is the *necessity* for regulation? Even the doctrine of the courts on this subject, phrased however it may be, is at the bottom a doctrine of the yielding of the rights of *property* to the rights of *men.* In the last analysis it is not a question of economics or law; its true interpretation is found in the often-quoted example of the man who claims ownership of the one water-hole in the desert. Does he exact from other men an exorbitant price for water? Ah—then how many other men? How thirsty are they? These are the questions we ask.

To begin this way is to clear the air. There is no hypocrisy left. Having seen why public control of the railroad business is *possible,* we can ask whether public control is *necessary* and what manner of control is wise.

Cold business dictates to the court of last resort—to you—a choice of four ways in which you may have the transportation business done:

1. Private parties may own and operate railroads without government regulation.
2. Private parties may be induced to own and operate railroads under government regulation.
3. The government may own the railroads and reward private parties to operate them.
4. The government may own and operate the railroads.

WE ALL BELIEVE IN REGULATION

No one is left to defend an absence of regulation. The past history of our unregulated railroads leads men by the nose to the belief that public control must be exercised. The old-fashioned stock-watering, enormous profits, monopoly, favoritism to big shippers, trust-mothering, and the ghosts of men and policies long dead have been paraded before an unfortunate reading public in ghastly array—with a trail of smell behind. Surely, it is not the ancient wrong upon which sensible men base their insistent demand for new measures. The mass of antiquated railway scandal will not be used here for the purpose of making people lay aside the magazine to say: "Well, I'm dumfounded." A dumfounded man is a poor thinker. We have our eyes, not on the wrong way of yesterday, but upon the right way of to-morrow. Even the railway interests believe now in regulation. Such a belief rests on the simple ground that economic laws have failed, and will fail, to check modern monopolies. No policy leads straighter to ultimate revolution and the ruin of railway investments than that which *resists* the evolution of public control.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP STILL FAR OFF

But, on the other hand, whatever we may believe about its wisdom, government ownership is still a long way off. Probably the majority of consumers feel that the railroad business, using property which is worth $13,711,000,000, employing directly a million and a half of workers and indirectly supporting a tenth of the population, is not a business at this moment to be handled alone by the representatives of our political parties as they come and go. For the purposes of this article, government ownership need be discussed no further.

Let us assume, then, that regulation of private ownership is the question with which we deal.

It is necessary to induce private interests to carry on the business.

Nearly all the trouble in railway regulation arises right here. Back to this point can be traced all the follies and inefficiencies of our legislation. We forget that the situation is not one calling for feelings in the bones, but for hard business sense. The whole idea for us—the consumers—*who must have the business done,* is to induce men to assume the risks and responsibilities for the *smallest possible reward* they will take to do the business *well.* We have no intention of paying any more than is necessary for our transportation bill; we do not want to pay too little. In order that our transportation system may meet and encourage the growth of our industries; place homes and factory chimneys and fields of ripening harvest where no homes or factory chimneys or fields of ripening harvest existed before, we are willing to pay liberally. Indeed, the accusation that the people want something for nothing is nonsense; such a view is as radical and libelous as those "anti-corporation agitations" of which

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we have recently heard so much complaint.

Railroad presidents are talking and writing much just now; only the hardest-headed among them have avoided a radical and sentimental appeal. Though many of their roads are more prosperous than they have been for years, the presidents have asked for higher rates. It has been possible just now for them to talk of wage increases. They may also, with truth, point out that higher returns are demanded by new investors, though they should add that higher returns are asked in cases of other classes of investment as well. It has seemed wise to the railroads to forestall any possible public demand for a review of the rate question. For the roads to have lost a campaign for higher rates is to have won a campaign against lower rates.

"We have developed the country," they say. "We have covered the territories through which we go with silver dollars."

This is all comedy. The real question is: "Could the same thing be accomplished at less expense to the country?"

No one believes that the ordinary railroad investor receives an undue profit.

No one believes in a policy so narrow as to cause a restraint upon railroad growth.

ARE RATES TOO HIGH? LET'S ALL GUESS

The consumer, however, asks for three things: The first is a bill that he can understand. The second is a guarantee that this national transportation bill shall not, in the future, be excessive. The third is that the investors' confidence in the railroad business shall be maintained, not by higher tariffs, but rather by higher planes of doing business.

Let us see about these aims. The principal difficulty with their accomplishment lies in the fact that you can not treat all railroads alike. They are not alike. Some have prospered from no virtue of their own, but others have suffered from no fault of their own. After twenty years of attempted regulation, we know, comparatively, almost nothing about our railroads, and have taken only the most elementary steps to find out.

One thing, however, the consumer *knows*. He knows that he has taken the bill to Congress and said: "This is too high." It was a guess. Congress has taken the bill to its Interstate Commerce Commission and asked: "Is this too high?" And the gentlemen on the Interstate Commerce Commission would have to say, if they were frank: "We only wish we knew, but we propose to guess at it, anyhow." They are still guessing.

It is educated guessing, however. In the case of their recent refusal to grant a general advance in rates, it was a shrewd, careful guess. And it was applied broadly. To some roads, therefore, it may have done injustice. But the roads presented a solid front, and they stood together and asked for favor collectively; they invited a broad decision.

RATE REGULATION—LOCKING THE BARN

By the new law passed last year, the burden of proof of necessity to raise rates was on the carriers. They had every advantage to prove their case. It was a period when anti-railroad agitation had subsided. The press of the country was more nearly neutral than it has ever been; the carriers themselves had full opportunity, both before the Commission and before the people, to submit the evidence they wished. And the decision was against them. This decision was not based on heat or prejudice. It rests on the simple ground that the railroads failed to prove their case.

With this decision the Interstate Commerce Commission under its new powers took the first broad action which it has ever taken. Heretofore, and until the passage of the new law, the Commission could investigate rates only upon complaint by the shipper; now it may investigate on its own account and fix new rates. Before the new law, it had no power to suspend rates; now, as may be seen in the recent case, it may do so.

But it is still a guessing body. It must be, by its limitations. It lacks the power to determine the value of railroad property. It lacks the power and the time to reach the heart of our railroad problem. The heart of this problem is not found by passing judgment on thousands of separate railway tariffs and listening to the detailed complaints of hundreds of single shippers. Open the reports of the Commission's cases. Read the decisions. Does this look like efficient public control of railroads?

Rate regulation alone is not a solution. Except for the decision in the "general rate advance case" to which we have just re-

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ferred, rate regulation has been directed at this or that specific rate and occasionally has given relief to single localities as it gives relief to single shippers. Besides being capable of doing harm by constant, endless tinkering, which prevents development, this method of rate regulation is ineffective to relieve the roads from the burden of the financier, the pillaging pool and syndicate, the devices of the holding company, and the concealment of real profits. We can not hope to go far by rate regulation alone. It is a process of "locking the barn after the horse has been stolen." It has led us today to the point where any retribution we might wish to bestow for past abuses would fall on innocent heads. Were we to attempt to lower rates sweepingly, our violence would do damage to ourselves, temporarily prevent legitimate railroad financing, and cramp that expansion of transportation facilities which we must have.

This situation represents the twenty-year accomplishments of a great republic in regulating railroads.

Any business man knows what facts are lacking. He knows what questions are still unanswered. Any business man would say in a second: "Why talk about rates? You ask whether this bill is unreasonable. Well, tell me the profits of the business and then —tell me whether the business is managed with economy. For you consumers are charged not only with profits but with the expense—*those two elements need analysis!* So far as I can see, you have never done much to analyze either."

REGULATION WRONG END TO

There it is. Good old common sense. It begins to be clear that we have begun the wrong end around. We have attempted to regulate rates, we have attempted to regulate our national transportation bill, by regulating a thousand tariffs; and we know as little of the real profits and the real expense accounts of railroads as when we started. *We lack information.*

This article is written for one single purpose. It is written to point out the importance of a business-sense analysis of our whole bill—the bill we pay, the bill presented by the average American road.

What are the profits? We ask this first question, not because we wish to attack legitimate profits, but because its answer is one of the factors that determine the reasonableness of our national transportation bill. The reasonableness of that bill will determine how we must exercise our right to control.

Avoid mixing up the question of reasonable transportation bill with that of reasonable rates. A reasonable transportation bill is definable; a "reasonable rate," after twenty years of discussion, is still a mysterious, half-real thing.

A rate is reasonable, railroad officials say, which is based in part on the cost of service, in part on the risk of shipment, in part on the relation it bears to the rates of yesterday and the rates on other things, and principally on the value of service to the shipper.

LET'S TALK ABOUT THE WHOLE BILL

To discuss at length the virtues of these bases for single reasonable rates is not necessary. As far as specific rates are concerned, it is well that they are based on such grounds. If you care to go into this study, you will find that "what the traffic will bear," in regard to any specific rate, is not the ugly phrase it seems. Mr. Ripley, of the Santa Fé, emphasized this phrase in regard to specific rates, and shocked many editorial writers of the press. But there was needed only a study of the intricate rate-making problem, with which we need not concern ourselves here, to show that he was right.

Wise traffic managers are rare. Few of them are adepts at the science and art of rate-making. Most of them aim at "getting the income," and adjust rates in a process of experimenting toward that end. But the rates made by a wise traffic manager, rather than those of a government body, are the kind of rates that develop the country.

After all, when the railroads talk about "reasonable rates," one rate here, another there, they are tolling us away from the real question. So long as they can keep us chasing after the reasonableness of single rates, as for years the Interstate Commerce Commission has been chasing, we shall never see any railroad regulation worth the name. There are millions of these single rates. And it is infinitely better for the railroads, with their hundreds of traffic men, to make them, if we can allow them to do it, than for us to try to solve the railroad problem

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through them. We can not cure the measles spot by spot.

The thing that really interests us—the consumers—is the whole bill for transportation. We ask about the reasonableness of our contribution to the whole of the business done. That, above all other matters, is the consumer's concern.

In the past twelve months, a great advance has been made in the railroad problem; for the railroads themselves have come to a point where even they talk about this transportation bill—as a whole bill—like a grocer's bill—like a tailor's bill. This means that the railroad question no longer hangs upon specific rates in which the shipper is interested, but upon the bill made up of the two elements—the expense of railroads and their profits.

The railroads have begun to talk about their profits. The particular form of profits they want to talk about is *dividends*. They have told the consumer about the investor. They have said that the investor in railway securities does not receive an undue profit on his investment.

Why, this is comedy, too! But it leads us directly into the heart of the problem.

Of course the investor does not receive undue profits! The thousands of little bondholders and stock investors who put their savings into railway investments, put them in to yield three or four or five or six per cent. They hope that, if the railroad increases its earning power, they will receive something more. The investment is moderate and safe, but it is ridiculous to suppose that the "investors" make fortunes in the railroad business.

NO, THE "INVESTOR" ISN'T "IT"

If the return to "investors"—the widows and orphans—represented all the profits that are charged up in our national transportation bill, we could be satisfied that the railroad business was not extortionate. We might be anxious lest the small profits received by the average investor should discourage further investment—investment that we need so much.

Nevertheless, let us review what the railroads have said about the investors' dividends—not to deny what they have said, but to affirm it and get it out of the way.

They say that the present capitalization of railroads does not exceed their "reproductive" value. Of course, reproductive value includes all those kinds of property which, instead of depreciating as time has gone on, have increased in value—doubled once, twice, and many times. This unearned increment is not only in fact, but probably *by law*, a part of the property now, and a part which can earn a return, just as if it were a part of the real investment.

There are plenty of persons, however, who think the railroads should not earn profits on unearned increment, or on gifts from the people.

Suppose a railroad paid $500 for, or took as a gift, a site for a station at X——. X—— grows to be a big, prosperous town. The station is in the section of highest real-estate values. The site, without any well-defined effort upon the part of the railroad, is now worth $50,000. "Of course," you may say "'the public should not have to pay a return to this $50,000 of value, which represents no investment."

"UNEARNED INCREMENT"—WHOM DOES IT BELONG TO?

Wait a moment. The railroad helped to build the town. But let that go. We have allowed the railroad, just as we have allowed the real-estate company or the druggist who owns the valuable corner, to count on this increased value. We have never raised this question before. The increased value of the station site has been distributed among the stockholders. They rely on it. *Perhaps this value took the place of dividends not paid, in those lean years when the railroad would have liked to raise its rates to obtain a fair income, and did not.* Furthermore, suppose a competing railroad comes in and has to spend $50,000 for its station site. Of course, a return will be allowed this new railroad on the $50,000. Must rates be lower on the old railroad because it has been long years in building up the business? Surely it is too late and too unfair to deprive the roads of "unearned increment." *We should raise the question as to the future.* Applied to the *past*, it is repulsive to justice.

So, then, the railroads point out that their capitalization averages some $60,000 a mile. They say that the average mile, considering the present price of their land and the proper legal fees and construction charges and financial discounts and the other *intangible* investments, can not be re-

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produced for less than $60,000. If we admit this, they take the next step in their reasoning, triumphantly. "Now," they say, "on our capitalization last year, we paid in dividends and interest an average of only five or six per cent. Where can you find a business man or an industry content to make so small a profit as that?"

With this resounding question, have they taken the nation's breath away?

Would it be unfair to say that this, too, is comedy?

WHERE DID LAST YEAR'S PROFITS GO?

The large profits in railroads—even in the case of the Union Pacific, which pays ten per cent. in dividends and makes nearly fifty per cent. on the business it transacts—*have never gone out in the form of dividends*. To consider dividends and interest payments as the measure of railroad profits is to worship at Delusion's own shrine.

Do you believe that the "investor," whom you are asked to treat kindly, has taken the bulk of the railroads' profits?

Then you forget the intricate, devious, complicated manipulations of the "financier."

When we look at our transportation bill and try to reckon out the real profits of the railroads, it is idle to enter into any discussion with the investors in railroad stocks. If we cut their profits in half, we should only cut our national transportation bill about three and a half per cent. Out of every dollar we pay in rates to make up this national transportation bill, only a little over seven cents goes to investors in the form of dividends. We agree with the eminent railroad presidents and counsel and publicity agents and the financiers, that an investor of this kind must be protected. Indeed, the ordinary investors and the consumers have a common cause. Both would be glad if more profits went to the investors. Both would be glad if less leaked away elsewhere.

Where, then, is this "elsewhere?"

Let us see where last year's profits that were *not* paid in the form of dividends went.

Why not begin with a simple little story that will show one place where profits which do not appear in dividends may be found? It is an unusual case, which will illustrate a common practise.

Somewhere in this country there is a railroad forty miles long. It is owned by one man. He has invested in this road most of his personal fortune—all the stockholders are in his family. He "owns" the road, free and clear. He *is* the road.

Last year the investment might have paid, as usual, about thirty per cent. That is to say, when the man had spent enough money to keep the road in perfect running order and provide a safe surplus for protection, there might have been enough left to allow him to declare a dividend of thirty per cent. But, though he was not watched by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the state authorities had their sleepy eyes on him. Not for worlds would he have declared a dividend of thirty per cent!

What could he do?

This is what he did do. He spent—under the head of operation and maintenance on his books, and by abnormal additions to surplus—all but ten per cent. of his profit in *improving his property*. A child can see that this amounted to taking the *exorbitant part of his profits*—the money unduly exacted from his public—for investment in new railroad property. Instead of buying a steam-yacht for himself, he bought more railroad. If it were fair for him to make not more than ten per cent., he was really investing the money of the public. Was it less of a profit because he did not pay it out in dividends?

THE POOR CONSUMER!

If to-day he has an investment of a million dollars and he repeats this process for ten years more, at the end of that time, as any one can see, he will have taken, at ten per cent. a year, a total of a million dollars in dividends. Anything else? Yes. He has put two million dollars back into his property. He has added these two millions to the million dollars he originally invested. In other words, two millions out of the three which he now owns were really an investment made by the consumers.

How do they come out in the end?

Well, at the end of this period there may be an attempt to regulate this man's rates. What will he say? This: "Take a valuation of my property." That is the phrase—"Take a valuation." Then he will continue in this way: "There are at least three million dollars there. They belong to me. The Constitution of the United States guarantees me a fair return on the value of

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my property—on *three million dollars*. And here I have only been taking ten per cent. of a single million dollars."

He will pause a moment and then use another phrase with which we are familiar: "There is *no* water in my capitalization!" He will add: "On the contrary, I ought to be capitalized for three times my present capitalization. I will issue that capitalization to myself to-morrow. I haven't been getting *enough* profit! *Gentlemen, I must raise my rates!*"

THE MAGIC OF THE FINE STEEL PEN

This example is enough to show that dividends do *not* tell the story of profits. It is enough to show how the consumers of transportation may be making investment in railway property which will never pay them a return. *On the contrary, that new property will demand, finally, a payment of return from them.*

The unnoticed profits in the railroad business—mark this well!—are:

1. Increased value of railway land—unearned increment—against which capitalization is issued ultimately. Of this we have already spoken.

2. Increased value created by turning part of the profit back into the property. Of this we will now speak.

Stated simply, there are plenty of our roads that are charging us, in our national transportation bill, *for additions to their property.*

These additions, added here, slid in there, insinuated in some other place, are found in the books under the head of "Expense and Maintenance." Or sometimes in the more obvious form of surplus, stored up and reinvested. In the first form, the concealment is wholly a bit of magic, done by the railroad accountant's fine-pointed pen. A classification of accounts prescribed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, though it controls the *names* of expenditures on the property, can not control the *amounts* of expenditures. In the second form, the profits are held in an unnecessarily large fund, the inflated surplus.

Give this process a name. Call it "fattening the road for market."

Does any one suppose that the "investors" will always see the lion's share of benefit which the roads get from being fattened for market? Does any one suppose that the "investors" know any more about the fattening of the property than do the consumers of transportation? Does any one suppose that the "insiders," the dominant Wall Street financier and the board of directors who are controlled by him, will not take the profit out of the transaction in the ebb and flow of the stock quotations?

And now let us inspect the maintenance charges of some of the roads to see whether or not railroad properties are, in fact, being fattened.

In 1906, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul spent between eleven and twelve millions on maintenance. In 1908—the year of the "panic," too—this amount had increased to more than thirteen millions. For nine months, ending March, 1910, the maintenance expenditures were going at the rate of more than fourteen millions.

An inspection of the maintenance of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific shows a fifty per cent. increase in maintenance of way and structures, and a thirty per cent. increase in maintenance of equipment.

Digging a little deeper, we can find in the record of this road a specific example of betterment and addition charged to maintenance which, with others, will serve to illustrate the method of fattening property, applied in detail. Railroad ties "treated" have a life double that of "untreated" ties. In 1908, the road, in renewing old ties, used less than one million "treated" ties; in 1909 it used nearly two million.

HOW PROFITS ARE TURNED INTO FAT

The St. Louis & San Francisco, in the five years following 1905, increased its expense of up-keep of locomotives forty per cent. The Southern Pacific, for the three years 1906-7-8, laid in new steel rails an average of 359 miles per year; in 1909 this number had increased to 541. Rail renewal is usually something more than up-keep. Heavier, more expensive rails are laid, so that the expenditure is less in the nature of maintenance and more in the nature of betterment.

Another example is furnished by the Santa Fé. This road built a cement tube throughout the longest tunnel on its line. It cost $700,000. It was charged to maintenance.

Now the fat which is being accumulated, as we have pointed out, may have been

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added through these charges to operating expense, or it may lie undistributed in the surplus. When this surplus becomes ungainly, it may be turned from cash into property: indeed, this latter is the form in which it is usually found.

These accounting terms are not confusing, as they may seem. A proper surplus is only a reserve which has for its reason of existence the necessity of taking the property through a rainy day. It provides for the lean years. Sometime the road might have difficulty in earning its accustomed dividends; the surplus is there to provide a resource. No criticism can be directed at a surplus which is meant to perform this function.

But there is a well-marked increase in the surplus of our railroads. Does it go beyond the proper purpose of a surplus? Then it is fat. It has been, or will be, reinvested in additions to property.

So there are two ways in which profits, without attracting much attention, may go toward fattening a road. The first way is through excessive maintenance; the second is by an excessive surplus which may be used to buy new property.

Much has been made of the fact that good up-keep and even additions to railroad property, paid for out of earnings, are a benefit to the consumer of transportation. If the roads made these betterments and additions out of *reasonable* earnings, this would be true. But if they are expenditures of a part of *unreasonable* profits, then they are additions and betterments belonging, in all justice, not to the road, but to the consumer. They are the consumer's investment. They should *not* be capitalized. They should not be used, above all, to swell the "investment" upon which the railroads demand a fair return.

THE NEW STYLE OF MANIPULATION

The truth of the matter is that the old-fashioned practise of financial manipulation has been replaced by a new practise.

The *old way* was to issue watered stock. This was sold to investors. Then, by increasing our national transportation bill, the consumers were made to give the stock an increasing earning power and an increasing value.

The *new way*, in a day of prosperity, is to build up the property out of earnings and then demand a larger earning power, and finally a right to an increased capitalization.

In either case, the *consumer*, when he pays the transportation bill, is making the investment. In the case of over-watered stock, he has been called upon to pay enough to give it earning power. In the case of fattened property, he has been asked to furnish, not only a reasonable return, but also the fat. And, having furnished the fat, he is asked to pay a return on it.

Who, then, benefits because of this fat? Is it the "investors"? Since some one is to have the benefit, it would be comforting to believe that the investor would always be the man.

THE LITTLE INVESTORS' IGNORANCE

Unfortunately, however, the government of railroads and the ownership are not one. The thousands of little investors are strangers to their property. They do not even understand the annual report.

They buy on rumor; they sell on fright. They wonder why they, instead of some Wall Street house, were not holding stock just at the time when the melon was cut. Hosts of them do not know why their stock certificate reads "$100 par" and sells at $77 1-2 or $106 3-4. When a road is running into trouble, they are the ones who are left holding the depreciated securities.

But the investor, as well as the consumer, is now beginning to see that a fattened road is a temptation to the "insider," the controlling financier, and his board of directors. The temptation is to capitalize the fat.

Did this fat come from rates unreasonably high? If so, does it not represent the public's investment in the road? But, if capitalized, will it not demand a return? Does it not represent a new burden on the consumer?

The consumer believes that it does.

The consumer, however, does not believe this policy of road-fattening is chargeable to the investor; he believes that it is chargeable to the financier.

He sees that a new fashion of manipulation has come in, almost unnoticed.

What opens the door to such manipulation? The failure of directors to represent the rank and file of stockholders. A lack of publicity. The device of the holding company. The game of the Stock Exchange.

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The fattened condition of a road is the temptation which results in such affairs as the Chicago & Alton "deal." This was merely a form of capitalizing—and, incidentally, overcapitalizing—the fattened earning power of a railroad. First the transportation bill was raised; then the earning power increased; then the property was fattened; then the fattened property was recapitalized; then the public was asked to pay a new bill, based on a fair return to the new value.

THE FINANCIER IS THE KEY

This is not stock-watering. In stock-watering the promoters take a profit in a lump beforehand. The modern way of taking *lumps of profit* is not stock-watering, to be sure. But the controlling group of manipulators capitalize the fat either directly or by some one of the hundred devices open to him who has imagination enough to play with holding companies. *In which case, instead of some courageous promoter's taking lump profits at the beginning of a period of railroad development, some manipulator takes a lump at the end of a period.**

It is the financier.

The consumer of transportation must not overlook him in an analysis of the undue charges on the national transportation bill. He is a type of financier who does not contribute to the art of railroading and the development of the country in the way that some of the old-fashioned pioneers contributed. No longer is he a builder of railroads, who controls the board of directors because he *is* the railroad. To-day he is a juggler of railroad accounts and holding companies, exercising control through directors who, because of a system of patronage, follow him or his syndicate at every whistle.

*Perhaps the best example of this "fattening" process is the new Pennsylvania Terminal in New York. Almost every dollar expended was for an "improvement," yet we find this in the annual report: "The total cost of this extension [the new terminal] to December 31st, 1910, including real estate not permanently required for its use, and conservatively estimated to be worth between seven and eight millions of dollars, and not yet disposed of, is $112,065,415.52, of which $47,000,000.00 has been charged against Net Income and Profit and Loss, and, as explained in previous reports, $10,000,000.00 has been borne by the Pennsylvania Company and charged against its Profit and Loss Account."

This does not apply to all roads. *But it is the key to the new era of American railroad finance.*

The holding company has been mentioned. It is a device for manipulation. It is one of the modern plans for privileged control which have taken a large part of the machinery of transportation out of the hands of the investors. The Atlantic Coast Line Company of Connecticut, representing in 1907 only five millions of actual investment, controlled a system of railroads of 11,000 miles, which had a total capitalization of over $700,000,000!

Twenty-five millions of especially privileged preferred stock of the holding company, the Rock Island, controlled $138,699,792 of its own stock and $145,000,000 of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad, which controlled the Chicago & Alton and the St. Louis & San Francisco.

It is in just such transactions as these that the fat is capitalized and new burdens are thrown on the consumers. It is in just such transactions that we may often find nothing that is illegal and much that is wrong. The situation is this: a group of men seize the opportunity which we, the consumers, have left open to them.

GIVING SEVEN CENTS FOR FOUR

If this be true, and we let the past be forgotten, can any one accuse the consumer of being an agitator if he insists upon safeguarding the future? Can any one deny that the consumer, and the investor as well, have an interest in removing the American railroads from the possibility of falling into the hands of financiers who take out of the railroad business more than they put in?

The time is ripe. The railroads are prosperous. The fat in them has not all been capitalized. Last year the proposed increase of $35,000,000 in railroad wages was a cloud which lost its thunder when it was found that the net operating revenues of our roads had increased $55,000,000, leaving a balance of prosperity of $20,000,000. Furthermore, we are told by some of the presidents of the various systems that they have forborne either to capitalize their improvements or to ask the consumers, who paid for these extensions and betterments, to pay a return on the added value of the properties. But others show a different intention. There is every sign of a *coming*

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temptation to capitalize this fat. It was not many months ago that we first learned that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul had issued $100,000,000 of stock, which paid seven per cent., in exchange for $100,000,000 of bonds of the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound, which bore interest of only four per cent.

WE WANT DIRECTORS, NOT GAMBLERS

If, then, our national transportation business is diverting some of its benefits not only from the consumer but from the investor as well, what are the remedies of the investors and the consumers?

The first is a demand for a higher sense of duty on the part of boards of directors—a higher duty to the consumers, a higher duty toward the investors.

The present governing board of a railroad is not responsible. It is ridiculously free from legal liability for actions which prejudice the rights of stockholders and the public.

It is not to be thought that a seat on a board of railroad directors implies dishonesty or even weakness. But this may be confidently affirmed: The average director is not an intelligent officer, contributing either industry or brains, nor does he even represent the true investors in the business. On the other hand, he is too often a representative of an "interest," often of the financier, whose will he does faithfully in exchange for tips, friendship, and patronage. In schemes of finance, the director is all zeal; as a contributor to the scientific management and progress of the real business of the railroad, he nods at one end of a mahogany table. This table is usually nearer Wall Street than the freight yards.

Fortunately, there is one thing for which we can, without much difficulty, make the directors collectively and individually responsible.

This is publicity.

Here is the *first* aim to be attained—*publicity*. The opportunity of the objectionable manipulator—the juggler with corporation forms and finance—lies in the suppression of the facts. He knows something which the investors and the consumers do not know. It is not so much the wisdom and ability and shrewdness of the insiders that we have to fear, as the ignorance of the outsiders. There is too much "confidential information" in the railway business.

The *second* aim to be attained follows when the first is accomplished. It is *the removal of railroad securities from the hands of the gambling element.*

If boards of railroad directors were charged at their peril to furnish constant and detailed information, much of the opportunity for stock speculation and exploitation would be removed. Wall Street would lose much of the unwholesome influence it has had on our railroads. A system of reporting the facts and condition of the companies and their property should be established. Two things about this publicity are essential:

First, it should be constant, which means reports at frequent intervals. Secondly, it should be in a form for every one's understanding. The responsibility for these reports should be placed upon the directors.

Publicity of this kind would not injure railway investments; it would make them desirable. Railway security values would become more stable. They would be withdrawn from the game of the market.

The *third* aim also is advanced by publicity. This aim is *the determination of railway values.*

What is the value of a railroad? What is the value that the consumer must look upon as the investment which may earn a fair profit?

WHAT IS THE VALUE OF A RAILROAD?

Some of the answers to this question are astonishing. We must discard these answers. The value of railroad property is not the par value of securities issued against it. The printing on a share of stock does not determine that.

Nor is the value of railway property determined for us by the earning power or the market quotations, since the higher the bill the railroad renders us, the higher may its earning power be.

Nor is the value the reproductive or physical value of the property, since property has no value that does not arise from the *use* to which the property may be put.

The true value of railroad property is determined by *its use in the railroad business when that business is transacted at high efficiency and the product is equitably divided between the community and the business.*

Is this complicated? It is not. The val-

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uation of anything by the community is based on its use to serve or produce.

The community recognizes the use of railroad property devoted to transportation.

It recognizes the distinction between efficient and inefficient use, and asks for the former.

The efficient use of railroad property begets a product—transportation of the most efficient kind—and this is sold.

When the community is satisfied that the product is sold at a fair price, then there is established an agreement as to the value of the product. From this arises an agreement as to the value of the property which produces the product.

That is all.

In the last analysis, true railway valuation is determined by public opinion.

In the last analysis, too, the first valuation to be made is that of the product. Indeed, the doctrine about which our courts and lawyers have talked from the beginning seems to some of us ridiculous. The courts have always talked about the right of persons and corporations under public regulation "to earn a fair return on the value of their property." They want to value the property first and the product of that property afterward! This may amuse our grandchildren.

Property is really valued only by its use —by its product!

THE FIRST STEP—PUBLICITY!

Between the nation and private parties operating the railroads, the valuation of railway property depends upon the consumer's judgment of what the railways are worth to us.

The first step toward valuation is publicity—compulsory publicity, at this moment, when we are unable to get any full measure of voluntary publicity. For sound public opinion and stability of the business, publicity is needed, and to the railroad officials, who do not seem to believe in "turning themselves inside out," we can only say that suspicion is probably a greater enemy than knowledge. Indeed, the worst of the feeling against the railroads arises from their reluctance to disclose. The average man begins to feel that "they have few things to desire and many things to fear."

The ends to be attained by publicity alone are not all. There should be a public control of the intercorporate relations of railroads—a public oversight of consolidation.

If there is any one thing upon which popular opinion has been wrong, it has been the subject of keeping competition in a business which is naturally a monopoly.

The public has not yet divested itself of the notion that competition, in some way, saves something. We even find the President saying a word against agreements tending to suppress competition between two parallel and competing roads. But competition in the railroad business means *waste;* even from the point of view of the consumer of transportation it means waste.

LOW RATES WORSE THAN HIGH RATES

It is not hard to see this.

The consumers—the public—want a service done; they are willing to pay for it, including in what they pay a return to the money and brains that produce the service. They ask the Short Line Railroad to do this service. This company makes a vast investment, and that investment is *nailed down* in that locality. Compared with the business done, the investment of a railroad is very large. And it is *immovable.* The consumer, to keep the railroad business in shape to do service, must and ought to be ready to pay for a decent living for this *immovable* investment. Indeed, that is the only way the people can induce the money to go into the business.

Now suppose a company is formed called the Black Acre Railway. It makes an investment like the Short Line's. It competes for a part or all of the *same* business. *The investment of brains and money* is now duplicated. The public must either support two sets of immovable investments or fail to support them. That is, if the two businesses are fairly financed, the public must yield more to pay the living of *both* investments or not enough to pay the living. Either rates must be higher, or the condition of one or the other or both of the two roads must be rendered such that they can not provide the growing service needed and a return to the brains and money.

In practise, this is what happens—temporarily the rates will be lower. This will please the short-sighted statesman or shipper or citizen. But temporarily, while competition lasts, the shipper with the big block of business can play one competing road

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against the other to obtain favors that make his rates, compared with other shippers', disproportionately low. *Competition invites the rebate practise.* Legislate against rebates, and you have favors to big shippers appearing openly in the published tariffs or hidden behind refrigerating charges, or charges for use of private tap lines. No one except the favored shipper will be pleased at this effect, and the harm to the morals and welfare of the business is a public crime.

To be sure, temporary competition will tend to lower rates.

But rates that are too low are, from the public's point of view, even worse than rates that are too high. Rates that are too low wreck the railroads. Where the public can regulate, competition, especially competition which is attended by extremely large fixed investment, is waste.

If the Sherman anti-trust act, which was not aimed at the railroads, is applied to railways and is effective to prevent consolidation, it is a contribution to *waste.* For it milks the business at one end or the other. The public can not eat their cake and have it.

On the other hand, consolidation is economy. Regulation and the stimulation of efficiency are the safeguards against evils resulting from consolidation. There are *no* safeguards against the waste of railroad competition. For this *waste,* so far as it exists, public opinion must blame itself, and as soon as possible provide a safe means to foster honest consolidation and properly prevent those intercorporate relationships hitherto so common, in which the money of investors, who supposed they were investing in the railroad business, *has been used by the dominant "interests" of one road to gain a speculative control over another.*

There is still another end toward which we must move. This end is the control of new issues of securities. Attendant upon this is the prevention of the abuses of undesirable stock-watering. But even more important is the prevention of the capitalization of fat which represents profits stored up or tucked away from time to time in the form of additions to railway property.

To accomplish these necessary steps, the consumer must ask that the government establish, besides the Interstate Commerce Commission, which deals with rates, another body to deal with what is nearer the heart of the railway problem—corporation publicity and finance. In short, we need a federal commission to force on directors responsibility for accurate information, to permit the proper consolidation of railroad properties, *and to control the issue of securities.*

A PUBLICITY COMMISSION

There is nothing difficult involved in this proposal. It is businesslike. To those who object to a multiplicity of commissions, it can readily be answered that it is more important to raise the finance of railroads into the daylight and question transportation bills *as a whole* than to spend another twenty years pottering around with special railroad rates on false hair from Topeka, Kansas, to Newton, Massachusetts, or a tariff on shoe-buttons from Paris, Maine, to Paris, Kentucky. It is more important than asking an overworked Commerce Commission to determine scientifically the fair rate between any two places when even the traffic man on the railroad has to guess at it. This does not mean that the Commerce Commission has no useful place; it means rather that a new commission beginning at the right end of the railroad question—the business man's end—has a much larger place.

Finally—what have the railroads to fear in the proposal for such a commission? For the investor—for the "widow and orphan"—its existence would be a safeguard.

Between the public and the manipulating financier, the choice of dangers is not finely balanced. At least, there are some of us who still believe that the public is less radical than Wall Street.

Honest investment need not fear the consumer. He is an individual with patience beyond belief; he is the common-sensed little individual who can see that a liberal policy toward the railroads is his own economy. If the truth were known, he cares more sincerely for the prosperity and expansion of American transportation than the railroad's press-agent who is making so much fuss about it.

In the June Number, Mr. Child will conclude his discussion of the railway problem with a study of the **Wastes in the Railway Business.**

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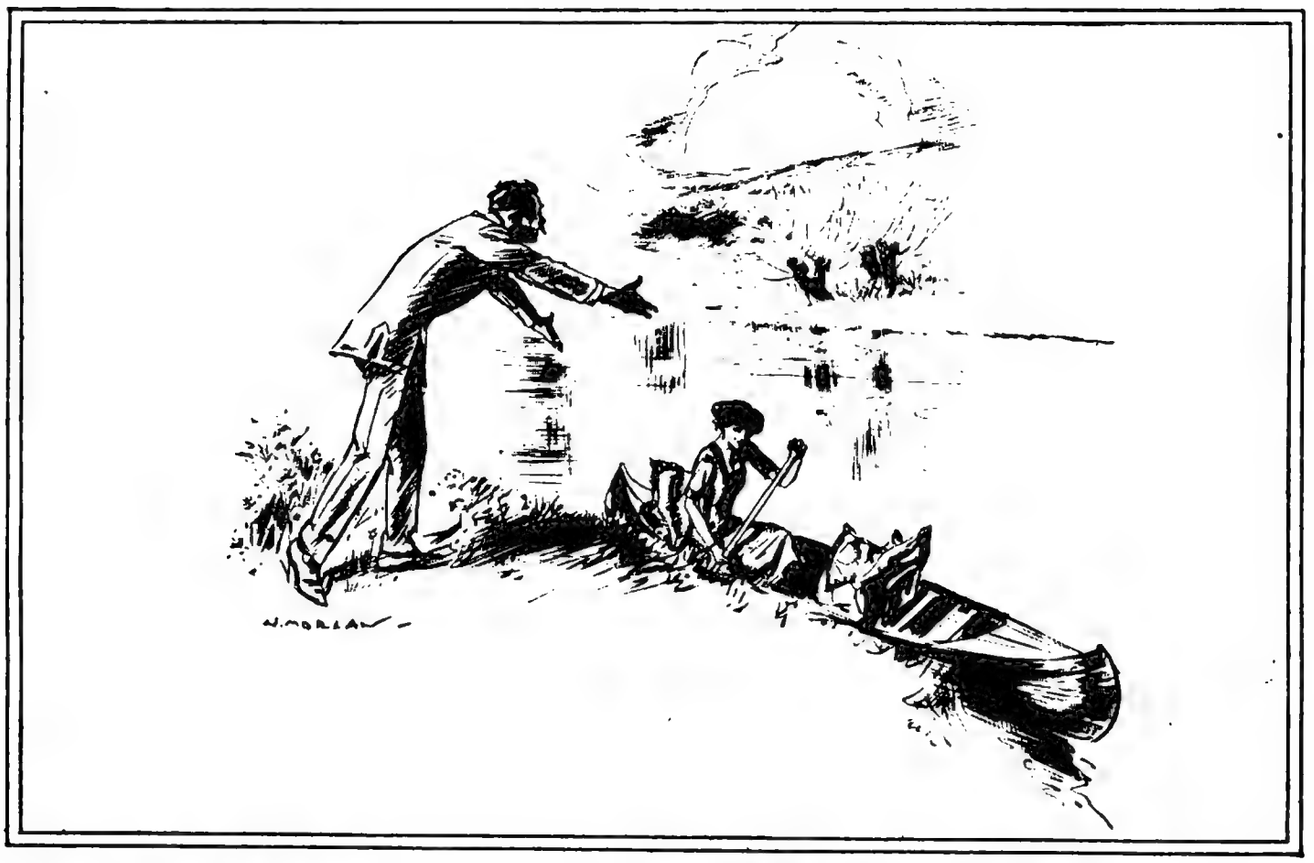

FIRE of SPRING

by Harold Kellock

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALLACE MORGAN

THE little rustic summer-house stood under two elm-trees on a wide sweep of lawn of fresh spring green, which sloped down to an old canal that wound its way among the hills like a highway of molten silver. From the house one could catch glimpses of this waterway, while to the left one looked upon an apple orchard in which the first pink and white blossoms were beginning to show, and to the right, through a line of maples budding crimson, upon a white Colonial mansion with broad pillars. In this picture the gray hills, crowned with fleecy clouds, made a peaceful background.

The summer-house was furnished as a study. Book-shelves were fitted into three of its four walls, and in one corner stood a large desk of smoked walnut at which a man sat writing busily. He was a young man, tall and uncommonly well set-up, with features perhaps a trifle too regular and refined, and curly brown hair. He wore white flannel trousers and a soft white flannel shirt. Several open volumes were strewn about the desk, to one or another of which he occasionally referred in the course of his graphic labors. Above his head two blackthorn shillalahs hung crossed on the wall.

On the opposite side of the enclosure, seated among the cushions of a light reed couch, a girl sat and gazed with her great black eyes alternately at the man and at a robin, the first robin of spring, hopping gayly on the lawn. She was clad in a one-piece morn-

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ing frock of brown, cut low at the throat and high at the ankles; her hands clasped one of her knees, which was crossed over the other, and she swung one brown-slippered foot with a nervous, impatient movement that swayed her whole lithe body. Presently she left off looking at the man and stared, instead, with a delicious frown, at the huge dictionary in a stand beside the desk. She was gazing so when the man looked over at her.

"Ever since I got home last night I have noticed that my little girl is restless," he said. "A penny for her thoughts!"

Her eyes flashed at him half defiantly. "They are wicked thoughts," she said.

The man laid down his pen and looked at her with some concern. "You are not unhappy, Felise?" he said.

She shook her head. "Just restless, and bad."

He looked out at the robin and back at her. "Little bird!" he said softly.

She stared at him seriously for a minute, and then spoke hastily, in some embarrassment. "Last night—when you came—if you had found me with a lover—would you have killed him?"

He looked into her eyes. Her glance fled, came fluttering back to him like a tame bird, and darted off again.

"No," he said, slowly. "I could not kill him."

"But you are strong," she cried, with a note of impatience. "Would you have beaten me? What would you do?"

"I suppose if you wanted him," he said thoughtfully, "and he was a true man, I should let you go, even though it broke my heart."

"But wouldn't you beat me if I were very bad?" she asked, pleadingly.

"No," he replied; "I could not strike you."

He put down his pen, walked over, and sat beside her, taking her two slender hands. "What is the trouble, dear?" he said. "What can I get for you?"

"Oh, I am very bad," she cried, with a little sob. "I want a lover who will do mad things because he loves me; who will get drunk and beat me and make me crawl to him, out of the dust in which he flings me, and clasp his knees. I am hungry for love that will be wild and bitter and cruel. You—you give me everything I want. You are always right. But I am sick of the taste of honey. Being married to you is like being married to a god."

"Where is your ring?" he asked abruptly, staring at her naked fingers.

"I left it off," she replied, looking up at him defiantly. "I did not feel like a wife to-day. Oh, I am bad, bad," she continued, almost hysterically. "I am not fit to live with you. Why, every day you were away I paddled down the canal to flirt with a handsome, big man—just because I was restless, and wicked."

"Flirt?" he queried. "How?"

"I *looked* at him," she said, gazing uneasily away from him at the floor. "He wasn't *very* responsive. But I'll make him smile at me. I'll get him now."

She stood up, trembling a little, and he released her hands.

"Come, little girl," he said, rising. "I'll call it a holiday. Let's take a walk in the woods together and talk things over. It's too early for violets, I'm afraid, but we may find some arbutus and pale hepatica and gay little Dutchman's-breeches. And later I shall read to you something romantic—let's see," his eyes swept the shelves and he picked a white, slender volume. "The very thing!—the tale of Aucassin and Nicolette."

Pausing in the doorway, she looked back at him dolefully. "If you read me anything out of a book, I should scream," she said. "I am too wicked to walk with you. I shall go down the canal."

She turned and ran, graceful as a doe, down the lawn. Restraining an almost overwhelming impulse to rush after her and bring her back in his arms, he stood watching until a fringe of bushes near the canal bank hid her from sight. Outside, the scarlet-breasted robin was still hopping about. "It is the spring," said the man, watching the bird. And presently he turned back to his desk and, with a glance at the shillalahs, took up his pen.

"The Irishman of old [he wrote] consumed the blackthorn berry as a food; he believed that a brazen bar heated white-hot over a blackthorn fire and applied to the human tongue was an infallible test for witches; and of the blackthorn root he made his shillalah, which was at once his sword and Bible and court of law. It is said that the Irishman no longer cultivates the blackthorn berry; he no longer believes in the magic of the blackthorn fire, and a recent writer on Ireland averred that there were

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to-day probably not a thousand blackthorn cudgels in the whole Isle. If these things be true, the Irish race is marked for destruction. If the Irishman has forgotten his magic, his literature is a dead thing. If he no longer has his collection of cudgels in the chimney-corner, he is no longer distinctively a fighting man. And if he is no longer a fighting man, something picturesque and violent and splendid has gone from the world.

"And yet it was but yesterday that the shillalah stroke was ringing from end to end of the Emerald Isle, and the son of Erin was willing to fight with a good-natured ferocity because he disliked the cut of his neighbor's religion or of his coat. The wild Irishman of Carleton's tales is only a century old. Carleton's story of the exploits of one Kelly, the shillalah champion of his native village, hero of a thousand duels and general mêlées——"

He flung down his pen impatiently, leaving the sentence incomplete, and rose and stared toward the canal. Presently he sighed deeply, and, quitting the summer-house, strode away moodily toward the hills. . . .

Michael Kelly sat on the little porch of his grocery shop, staring out across the canal toward a great willow tree all plumed with gold, on the opposite bank. In this position he was wont to sit every pleasant afternoon, placidly smoking his "Uncle Jake five-cent straight" (a Connecticut product from stock held in high repute among coal bargemen) and thinking of nothing whatever. For Michael was not a thinking man; perhaps you would call him a stupid man. Young though he was, the fire of ambition burned not in him. It contented him to own his grocery, though canal traffic grew steadily smaller, and business, even eked out by an occasional canoe tourist or a pedestrian and stray orders from the little town that drowsed in the valley with its back to the canal, was very light. He was contented with his stodgy wife and his two stodgy children and with his own atrocious five-cent cigars. He was content to attend each Sunday the little Roman Catholic chapel in the village, though Father Donnelly, the pastor, preached almost invariably on controversial religious topics Michael did not understand. Still under thirty, his life was like that of the canal, which was very old. No tides or currents vexed his days. He basked placidly between fixed banks which he never cared to overrun.

But if Michael was a stupid man, his appearance belied it. Broad-chested and tall (his sedentary life had not yet endowed him with a paunch), with flowing brown mustache, dressed in clean white canvas trousers and a canvas jacket, cut military fashion, with a standing collar, and buttoned close at the throat, he looked like a sergeant in some dashing regiment rather than a grocer. Back in the days before his marriage, when Michael had been an attendant in a boat club on Gravesend Bay, a retired English army officer who was a member of the club had taught him to wear these clothes, which are the coolest and neatest for summer. His stodgy wife took great pride in his appearance in them. She spent much time washing and starching and ironing them, and this interest of hers comprised her whole appreciation of the esthetic.

On this particular afternoon, Michael was worried, if worry could have any place in his slow, bovine nature. He let his fresh cigar die in his fingers and stared with a slight frown across the canal at the willow tree. Undoubtedly he felt "queer." He had become a prey to some internal commotion, psychical as well as spiritual, and in no way to be attributed to any gastric lapse following his hearty dinner of corned beef and cabbage. In fact, the feeling antedated the dinner, having begun when he got up in the morning and detected himself singing a wild song that he had never heard before. With the stodgy wife he had discussed at the meal this "queerness," which he had described particularly as a "tickling, rasping feeling" under the floating ribs on his left side. "There's something bubbling all over inside me," he added, "like a bottle of soda that might go pop any minute." And the stodgy wife had promised to brew him some camomile tea.

Michael's sensations of effervescence were not properly comparable to a bottle of soda-pop. He resembled rather a sober cart-horse, seized with a sudden memory of wild pampas life, who kicks in the dashboard and starts on a mad dash down the amazed street. Michael was burning with a violent ardor. He felt supremely discontented and supremely happy. He was translated tem-

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porarily from a canal-side grocer into a wild and reckless Celt. He sprang up from his seat and began pacing restlessly up and down the little porch.

Two very young men in a canoe tied up at the bank and came to inquire if they could purchase some milk and crackers. He waved them into the shop with a lordly air that amazed them. Then he continued his eager walk, peering along the canal as if he expected some wonderful adventure to burst upon him. . . .

She came down the canal paddling her slender mahogany canoe. He had not noticed her on those other days, but now it seemed to him it was for her he had been waiting. She was his adventure. He paused in his walk and stared, leaning forward, with parted lips, at the graceful play of her arms, the movement of her shoulders, her slender throat, and the fine poise of her head. Her face was turned downward and shadowed by her black hair. As he gazed, his heart drummed a tattoo against his ribs.

Directly in front of him she turned the prow of the canoe toward him and deliberately lifted her face and smiled. Her great black eyes seemed to beckon him. He stared into their depths and felt the muscles of his arms twitch for her. With a cry he rushed to the canal side and held out his arms.

She had turned the canoe back, and now she threw at him, over her shoulders, a glance half fearful and half alluring. "I want you!" he said, in an alien voice that was almost a sob. With that she began to paddle away.

"Stop!" he cried. And again she turned her head, and her eyes dared him to follow.

Just behind him the young men's canoe was moored to the bank. He rushed at this, unloosed the rope, and seized the paddle. The young woman, with another glance back, plied her blade more vigorously. One sweep of his arm whirled his canoe out into the middle of the canal, in pursuit.

Hearing some commotion, the two young men ran out of the store and stared at this mad grocer making off with their craft. They cried out at him, following along the

"I AM HUNGRY FOR LOVE THAT WILL BE WILD AND BITTER AND CRUEL. I AM SICK OF THE TASTE OF HONEY."

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towpath. From the store porch the stodgy wife watched, with a countenance of vague amazement, the double chase.

Michael was not an expert at handling a canoe. His blade splashed through the water in broad semicircles, so that his craft dashed alternately toward either bank and tilted at a precarious angle to port or starboard. Ahead, the girl's boat shot forward smoothly on even keel. She gained steadily. At every few strokes she glanced back to note her progress, her eyes sparkling with excitement. Her glances spurred the pursuer to greater efforts. Instinctively he began to imitate her long, clean strokes. His canoe went forward more steadily. He was holding his own—by sheer strength of muscle was gaining. The rise and fall of the girl's shoulders ahead filled him with an ecstatic rage. He did not hear the two young men shouting along the bank in pursuit. He had forgotten them. He had forgotten his stodgy wife and his two stodgy children and his whole life of grocerdom.

Once, when the girl glanced back, one of his knees slipped, and his unstable craft nearly capsized. The girl laughed and shot her canoe ahead with greater energy. With an effort he recovered his balance, and made after. "I'll catch you yet!" he cried. Her laugh had something of fear in it as well as merriment. It reminded him vaguely of the call of some bird. The gap between the two canoes grew steadily smaller.

Presently she turned her canoe sharply toward a little landing-place backed by thick alder bushes. She leaped out gracefully, looped the boat's painter over a spile, and ran up the bank, waving her hand at him as though in farewell.

With two great strokes he swept up to the landing-place close behind her and jumped ashore, kicking the canoe out behind him. The two young men in pursuit were on the opposite bank, and thither, presently, the craft drifted, and was recovered by them.

Through the bushes, Michael could see his quarry running up a broad stretch of lawn. Darting through a break in the alders, he rushed in pursuit. She ran with the quick, eager stride of a boy, her skirt swishing about her slender ankles, her arms swinging close to her sides. It was a short sprint, up a rise of ground. Michael, panting for breath, was gaining when she rushed into a rustic summer-house.

She found the summer-house empty, and scanned the lawn with some anxiety as her pursuer came dashing at the door.

When he entered, she stood huddled in the opposite corner, near the desk, her two hands pressed against the side of her chin. Her eyes, staring at him, were very wide. They were like little black pools, and in them he read wonder and dismay. Her breath came in short, sobbing gasps, and her breast rose and fell convulsively. Her gaze pinned him there in the doorway for a minute, while he stared at her and the hot blood pounded through his body. Then he sprang over and caught her in his arms.

She turned away from him, as he leaped, but did not cry out. Wriggling like a mad thing in his strong embrace, she strove to shield her lips from his kisses, and now her face was buried against his shoulder, now against his chest. First her slender neck was bent under his eyes, and then the splendid mass of her black hair. The man, imprisoning her with his right arm, tried with his left hand to lift her face to his.

Suddenly she yielded and her face shot up. Just below his lips came a little blur of scarlet and pearls. He bent down to it—and as he did so felt his wrists twisted intolerably with an unexpected pressure from behind that drew him back, staggering, to the other side of the chamber. A tall young man clad in white flannels stepped between him and the girl.

"What does this mean?" demanded the newcomer, looking from Michael to the girl, who was pinning up a great strand of hair that had fallen over her eyes.

"It means," said the Irishman, recovering himself, "that she wants me and I want her, and unless you make yourself scarce you'll be getting a broken head."

"She wants you?" repeated the man slowly.

"Faith, she's not quite sure about it," said Michael, with a smile, glancing over the man's shoulder at her. "But I'm by way of proving it. I know her sly ways." And then he added in a harder voice: "Will you go peaceably now or must I kick you into the canal? What in St. Patrick's name d'you mean by stepping in here?"

"I am her husband," said the man soberly.

"Husband!" Michael laughed harshly. "Husband be hanged! And she with no ring! But, husband or not, she smiled at me and called me with her eyes, the dear,

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and I'll get her if I have to chase a mile beyond the end of the world and fight every man I meet between."

"Is this true?" asked the man gravely, turning to the girl.

"It is true that I smiled at him and called him with my eyes," she answered, meeting his glance squarely. "I told you I was——"

But the young man, holding up his hand sternly, shut her off, and his eye wandered to the two blackthorn shillalahs crossed on the wall behind the desk. A suggestion of a smile played about his lips. Michael meanwhile had thrown off his white coat, revealing his stalwart trunk clad in a tight-fitting, sleeveless jersey of dark blue with the insignia of the yacht club sewed upon it. "Come, take your licking!" he cried.

"One minute!" cried the young man sharply. "Are you an Irishman?"

"Straight from the sod," responded Michael, glaring at him.

"Will you fight for her with these?" asked the man, pointing to the shillalahs.

Michael laughed like a boy. "Sure!"

"If you win," said the man, climbing up on the desk to get the cudgels, "I will let you have her."

"I'll take her," amended the grocer.

"And if I win—"

"You impudent young strip!" cried Michael gayly. "I'll beat you up as easy as eating sugar cookies."

The young man, with great politeness, gave Michael the choice of the weapons, and the Irishman, with equal grace, picked up one of the blackthorns and bowed.

"We'll fight out on the lawn here," said the man. "There's ample space, and the footing is excellent." He loosened his shirt at the throat and rolled up his sleeves. Thunder was rumbling across from the hills, and the westering sun was vanishing behind a billowing mountain of cloud.

They faced each other on the sward, their cudgels held each against each in the air, forming a St. Andrew's Cross. This attitude of formality, which Michael had assumed instinctively, has been the correct preliminary position of polite duelists in glen and mountain on the Emerald Isle since the first blackthorn was cut for a weapon. The young man, wondering at Michael's alacrity in taking this pose, asked if he had fought with a shillalah before. "Divil a bit," replied the Irishman gayly, "but I feel as if it had grown in my hand."

He stepped back and whirled a great blow at the other's head. The cudgel whistled through empty air, for the young man dodged, quick as lightning, and came up smiling quietly. Gripping his club more tightly, the Irishman rained blow after blow at his opponent, now at the left side, now at the right, and again at the head. But to Michael's astonishment, none of his blows went home. Wherever the Irishman's shillalah descended, the other's met it and warded off the stroke. The clubs rang together with an irregular tattoo that sounded as if some giant woodpecker had gone mad in one of the elms.

The girl, leaning from a window of the summer-house, her lips parted, her eyes glowing with excitement, watched the contest—the huge Irishman, his arms swinging like flails and the great muscles in them squirming like serpents, and his more slender antagonist, who seemed fragile by comparison, agile and alert, warding off the terrific rain of blows with deft parries. His small wrists must have been like steel wire. He worked like a fine, sentient machine.

They moved in a circle, the younger man giving way slowly. Once the Irishman feinted at the other's head, and brought his club around in a stinging back-stroke that grazed his opponent's right side. It was his first hit. The young man staggered for an instant, and then resumed his cautious defense. Again, by a feint, the big man hit the other a glancing stroke on the left shoulder. A good thump on the left ribs followed, gashing the younger man's shirt and leaving a scarlet welt on the exposed skin. But an attempt to repeat this blow was warded off by the palm of the young man's left hand. He remained calm and cool. The Irishman was breathing hard, but his terrible attack showed no sign of relaxing. Black clouds were gathering now close at hand, and the thunder growled sharply.

All this time the young man had made no offensive move. He simply parried the other's attacks. In his wild rushes the Irishman occasionally exposed himself to a blow, but the young man made no attempt to take advantage of these openings. He kept glancing wistfully toward the girl, as if he were awaiting some signal from her; but her eyes did not meet his glances.

Presently, in dodging one of the Irishman's vicious swings at his head, the young

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man turned his ankle and slipped down upon one knee. In an instant the other's club whirled down at his head in a stroke that would crack the skull as if it were an egg. The girl gave a fearful cry and put her hand over her heart. Like a flash the young man flung himself backward and rolled over on the grass, so that the blow missed his head but tore a great gash in his chest. Before his opponent could swing again, the young man leaped to his feet, his torn shirt crimson with blood. He looked at the girl. Her cry had apparently been the signal he awaited. A strange light flared in his cool gray eyes, and over his lips flitted an elusive smile.

Warding off two cruel swings, he stepped forward and took the offensive. His shillalah played about the big man's head and shoulders, darting swiftly as a snake's tongue. The Irishman gasped. He warded off a side-swipe at his head, and the next instant a swift upstroke caught him cleanly on the side of the jaw. His knees bent under him, his club dropped to the ground. He flung his hands aloft with an expression of odd bewilderment and fell heavily upon the sward. A slender thread of blood trickled from his chin across his throat.

The girl scrambled from the window and ran forward with outstretched arms. "My husband! My husband!" she cried. Her voice was low and tremulous.

"Go to your room," said the young man sternly, as one would speak to a naughty child. "Go to your room and watch until you see him leave. Then come here to me."

"But you're hurt?"—she stood looking at him timidly, twisting together her outstretched hands.

"A scratch," he said, more kindly. "I do not need you. Go."

Suddenly she snatched his hand and bent over it and kissed it quickly, with a little sob. Then she ran swiftly across the lawn and vanished within the house. As she did so, the shower broke in a sharp rattle of rain. . . .

When Michael opened his eyes he lay on the floor of the summer-house, and the young man, who had donned a white flannel jacket, was bending over him, cool and immaculate. He held in his hand a glass containing brandy. His figure swam unsteadily before the Irishman's vision, for the world was still hazy and uncertain.

"Drink some of this," said the young man. "It will make you feel better."

Michael gulped the drink and sat up, passing his hand across his eyes. He stared in bewilderment about the chamber, at the books on the shelves, the desk with its papers and volumes in disarray. Then his wondering gaze returned to the immaculate young man, who sat upon a chair regarding him with an air of speculative amusement. The blow on the chin had been like a wet sponge swept across the slate of Michael's memory. All that remained to him of his brief adventure in reversion was some blurred outlines and fragmentary pictures that meant nothing whatever. He was filled, moreover, with a vague feeling of humiliation and shame.

"Where am I, sir?" he asked respectfully.

The sincerity of his expression caused the young man to look at him with astonishment. "Don't you remember?"

"No," said Michael, shaking his head. "I feel—I must have hurt my chin." He felt the place, which was slightly swollen.

"Odd!" remarked the young man. "Do you ever drink and get into fights?"

Michael turned his slow, bovine gaze upon the young man with an expression of complete amazement. "Never!" he said. "So help me God, sir, I haven't been in drink since I got married, six years in June."

"Who are you?" asked the young man.

"Michael Kelly is my name, sir," said the Irishman. "I keep the canal grocery behind Lindenville."

The young man looked at him with keen speculation. "It may be a strange case of atavism," he murmured to himself.

Michael rose to his feet unsteadily. The spring shower had whirled itself away, and a rainbow spanned the eastern sky. The robin, his scarlet jacket brightly washed, feasted on the bediamonded lawn.

"I'll be going now, sir," said Michael. "I think I came here for something, but I disremember what it was."

The young man smiled and picked up the shillalah the Irishman had used in the combat. "Perhaps it was this," he said. "At any rate, take it as a souvenir."

"Thank you, sir," said Michael, taking the cudgel awkwardly by the knotted end, as if it were a walking-stick. In an instant he withdrew his hand and stared at it. "Why, there's blood on the stick!" he cried.

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THE GIRL, LEANING FROM A WINDOW OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE, HER LIPS PARTED, HER EYES GLOWING, WATCHED THE CONTEST.

"That's part of the charm," said the young man, laughing. "It's a magic stick. If your wife ever ceases to love you, let some one hit you a blow with it, and you win her back again."

Staring incredulously, Michael stammered his thanks again and set off down the lawn with the shillalah under his arm. He turned into the narrow pathway along the canal, now puddled with the rain, and splashed along back toward the grocery. When he reached the willow tree by the bank he cooeed and the stodgy wife came across for him in the flat-bottomed rowboat they used as a ferry.

At sight of her his sense of shame and humiliation returned more keenly. He felt that she would expect an explanation of some sort from him, but he could not, for the life of him, recall what the explanation should compass. As the boat reached the bank and he stepped in, he dared not look at his wife for very shame. But she poled him across before she spoke a word.

"Your feet'll be wet, Mike," she said, as she tied the craft at the bank. "'There's clean socks for you on the bed up-stairs."

While he was changing his socks, trying vainly to puzzle out the vague memory of his adventure, the stodgy wife came into the room, and presently, with an air of curious embarrassment, she led him into an adjoining chamber, where the two children slept placidly, their tiny fists doubled under chubby cheeks.

"They're yours and mine, Mike," she said. "D'you love them, I wonder?"

A great tenderness welled up within him. "Faith, I love them better than all the world save my Nora," he said, and drew his wife to him and kissed her.

She clung to him for a minute, and then went out and brought him his camomile tea. So reassured was she that it appeared to her that the other woman she poignantly remembered could have no reality whatever.

And at that instant, back in the little summer-house, the girl whose image had vexed Nora's mind as a thing of wonder and pain, lay laughing and sobbing in her husband's arms.

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Under THE PROPHET *In Utah*

The · National · Menace · of A · Political · Priestcraft

BY · FRANK · J · CANNON

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Editor's Note.—In this instalment of his narrative, ex-Senator Cannon describes the solemn scenes of his father's death, and the establishment of the Smith dynasty that followed. He then begins his exposure of the conditions that prevail to-day in Utah—the continued practise of polygamy by the Prophets themselves, the celebration of new polygamous marriages, and the Church's self-protection through control of the state law. The Mormon hierarchy's breach of covenant in the nomination of Apostle Reed Smoot for the United States Senate is revealed; and the conspiracy between the Prophets and the trusts, by which Smoot was protected in his seat, is uncovered in all its treachery.

CHAPTER XI

(*Continued*)

THROUGHOUT all the miserable incidents of Snow's presidency, I had a vague hope that they would prove merely temporary, and peculiar to his term of office. He was now in his eighty-sixth year. My father was next in succession for the Presidency, and he was seventy-three. He had remained personally faithful to every pledge that he had made to the nation, and, though he had been powerless to prevent the breaches of covenant that had followed the sovereignty of statehood, I knew that he had opposed some of them, and been a willing party to none. It is true that he had become a director of the Union Pacific Railway, and was close to the leading financiers of the East; but his Union Pacific connection had come from the fact that he had been one of the builders of the road which had afterward merged in the Oregon Short Line; and his financial relations had been those of a financier and not a politician.

In all the years that I had been working with him, I had never known him to have any purpose that was not communistic in its final aspect, and designed for the good of his people.

Up to his seventieth year, he had shown no ill result of his early hardships. Living the abstemious life of the orthodox Mor-

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mon, to whom wine, tobacco, and even tea and coffee are prohibited, he had seemed inexhaustibly robust and untiring. But almost from the day of President Snow's accession to office—deprived of the sustaining consciousness of the responsibilities of leadership—his physical strength gave signs of breaking. In the fall of 1900 he made a trip to the Sandwich Islands to recuperate, and to assist at the fiftieth anniversary of the Mormon mission that he had founded there; but the Utah winter proved too rigorous for him on his return, and in March, 1901, he was taken to California—to Monterey. In April the word came to me in New York that he was sinking.

"SEALED" TO ETERNITY

I found him in a cottage overlooking the beautiful Bay of Monterey and its wooded slope; and the doctors in attendance told me that he had been kept alive only by the determination to see me before he died. There was no hope. He had still a clear mind, but with ominous lapses into unconsciousness that foreboded the end; and in these intervals of coma, as we wheeled him to and fro on the veranda in an invalid chair—in an attempt to refresh him with the motion of the sea air—he would swing his right hand upward, with an old pulpit gesture, and say: "Priesthood! Priesthood!" as if in that word he expressed the ruling thought of his life, the inspiration that had sustained his power, the obligation that had governed him in his direction of his people.

On the afternoon of the eleventh of April, he was lying in a stupor on a couch before an open window, with the sound of the surf in the quiet room. One of the doctors entered, looked at him intently, and said to me: "I can do nothing more here—and my patients need me in San Francisco. He can't last long. He'll probably never recover consciousness. If there's anything imperative—anything you *must* say to him—any word you wish to have from him—you could perhaps rouse him."

I said "No." We had never intruded upon any mood of his silence during his masterful life; and I felt a jealous rebellion against the idea that we should intrude now upon this last, helpless silence of unconsciousness. The doctor left us. I summoned the other members of the family from the veranda to the bedside. He lay motionless and placid, scarcely breathing, his eyes closed, his hands folded. In accordance with the rites of the Church, we laid our hands on his head, while my eldest brother said the prayer of filial blessing that "sealed" the dying man to eternity.

In the silence that followed the last "Amen" of the prayer, he opened his eyes, and said in a steady, strong voice: "You thought I was passing away?"

We replied that we had seen he was very weak.

With a glance at the door through which the physician had departed, he said resolutely: "I shall go when my Father calls me—and not till then. I shall know the moment, and I will not struggle against His command. Lift me up. Carry me out on the balcony. I want to see the water once more. And I want to talk with you."

To me, it was the last struggle of the unconquerable will that had silently, composedly, cheerfully fought and overcome every obstacle that had opposed the purposes of his manhood for half a century. He would not yield even to death at the dictation of man. He would go when he was ready—when his mind had accepted the inevitable as the decree of God.

We sat around his couch on the veranda, and for two hours he talked to us as clearly and as forcibly as ever. He spoke of the Church and of its mission in the world, with all the hope of a religious altruist. From the humblest beginnings, it had grown to the greatest power. From the depths of persecution, it had risen to win favor from the wisest among men. It had abolished poverty for hundreds of thousands, by its sound communal system. In its religious solidarity, it had become a guardian and administrator of equal justice within all the sphere of its influence. It was full of the most splendid possibilities of good for mankind.

THE PASSING OF THE ELDER CANNON

With his eyes fixed on the sea—facing eternity as calmly as he faced that great symbol of eternity—he voiced the sincerity of his life and the hope that had animated his statesmanship. In an exaltation of spirituality that made the moment one of the sublime experiences of my life, he adjured us all to hold true to our covenants.

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I do not write of his personal words of love and admonition to the members of his family. I wish to express only the aspects that may be of public interest, in his last aspirations—for these were the aspirations of the Mormon leaders of the older generation, whom he represented, and they are the aspirations of all the wise among the Mormons to-day, whatever may be the folly and the treachery of their Prophets.

Ten hours later, he was dead.

THE RISE OF THE SMITHS

I can not pretend that I had any true apprehension, then, of what his loss meant to the community. I had no clearer vision of events than others. I felt that I had no longer any tie to connect me closely with the government of the Church, and I was willing to stand aside from its affairs, believing that the momentum of progress imparted to it would carry it forward. The nation had cleared the path for it. Its faith, put into practise as a social gospel, had been freed of the offensive things that had antagonized the world. My father's last messages of hope remained with me as a cheering prophecy.

At his funeral in the great tabernacle, President Snow put forward a favorite son, Leroy, to read an official statement in which the President took occasion to deny that my father had dictated the recent policies of the Church: those policies, he said, had been solely the President's. (He is welcome to the credit of them!) Joseph F. Smith showed more generosity of emotion, now that his path of succession was clear of the superior in authority whom he had so long regarded enviously; and he spoke of my father, both privately and in public, in a way that won me to him.

The shock of grief had perhaps "mellowed" me. I felt more tolerant of these men, since I was no longer necessarily engaged in opposing them. When President Snow died (October, 1901), I shared only the general interest in the way Joseph F. Smith set about asserting his family's title to rulership of the "Kingdom of God on Earth"; for, in effect, he notified the world that his branch of the Smith family had been designated by divine revelation to rule in the affairs of all men, by an appointment that had never been revoked.

He has since made his cousin, John Henry Smith, his First Councillor; and he has inducted his son Hyrum into the apostolate by "revelation." This latter act roused the jealousy of the mother of his son Joseph F. Smith, Jr., and the amused gossip of the Mormons predicted another revelation that should give Joseph, Jr., similar promotion. The revelation came.

So many others have also come that the Smith family is to-day represented in the hierarchy by Joseph F. Smith, President, "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator to all the world"; John Smith (a brother), presiding Patriarch over the whole human race; John Henry Smith (a cousin), apostle and First Councillor to the President; Hyrum Smith and Joseph F. Smith, Jr. (sons), apostles; George A. Smith (son of John Henry), apostle; David S. Smith (son of Joseph, Jr.), councillor to the presiding bishop of the Church and in line of succession to the bishopric; and Bathsheba W. Smith, president of the Relief Societies.* As Joseph F. Smith has still thirty other sons—and at least four wives who are not represented in the apostolate—there may yet be a quorum of Smiths to succeed endlessly to the Presidency and make the Smith family a perpetual dynasty in Utah.

It is one of the fascinating contradictions of Mormonism that many of the sincere people—who smilingly predicted the divine interposition by which this family succession was founded—accept its rule devoutly. "The Lord," they will tell you, "will look after the Church. If these men are good enough for God, they are good enough for me. I do not have to save the Kingdom." And they continue paying their devotion (and their tithes) to a family autocracy whose imposition would have provoked a rebellion in any other community in the civilized world!

It is "the will of the Lord!"

CHAPTER XII

THE CONSPIRACY COMPLETED

THE Smiths were no sooner firm in power than rumors began to circulate of a general recrudescence of plural marriage, and I heard reports of political plots by which the Prophets were to reestablish their autocracy in worldly affairs in the name of God. I

*She has died since this was written.

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sought to close my mind against such accusations, for I remembered how often my father had been misjudged, and I felt that nothing but the most direct evidence should be permitted to convince me of a recession by the Church authorities from the miraculous opportunity of progress that was now open to their leadership. Such direct evidence came, in part, in the state elections of 1902.

The Utah Democrats renominated William H. King for Congress; Senator Joseph L. Rawlins was their candidate to succeed himself in the United States Senate. The Republicans nominated President Smith's friend, Joseph Howell, for Congress; and there began to spread a rumor that Apostle Reed Smoot was to become a Republican candidate for the senatorship, under an old promise given him by President Snow, and now endorsed by President Smith. I had been made state chairman of the Democratic party; and with the growing report of Apostle Smoot's candidacy, I observed a gradual cessation of political activity on the part of those prominent Democrats who were close to the Church leaders.

"HANDS OFF"—TO THE CHURCH

Now, our party was not making war on the Church nor on any of its proper missions in the world. Our candidates were capable and popular men, against whom no just ecclesiastical antagonism could be raised. We were asking no favors from the Church. And we were determined to have no opposition from the Church without a protest and an understanding.

For this reason—after consulting confidentially with the leaders of our party—I undertook to make a personal visit to President Smith's office and demand that the Church authorities should keep their hands out of politics. But even while I discussed the matter with our party leaders, I was afraid that some of them might betray our concerted purpose to Church headquarters. And my fear was well grounded. When I went to the offices of the Presidency, the authorities—for the first, last, and only time—refused to see me; and the secretary betrayed a knowledge of my mission by telling me that I should hear from some one of the hierarchy later.

Two or three days afterward, Apostle M. F. Cowley came to me with word that my call had been considered and that he had been deputed to talk with me. We appointed a time for conference in my rooms at Democratic headquarters, where we spent the larger part of a day in consultation. And since the argument between us covered the whole ground of Apostle Smoot's candidacy, I wish to give an account of that interview, as a brief exposition of some of the present-day aspects of the Church's interference in politics.

Apostle Cowley and I had been boyhood friends. He had been one of the older students at the school that I had attended as a child; and I knew the integrity and directness of his character. He was a stocky, strong man, with a wholesome sort of face, brown with the sunburn of his missionary travels in Canada and in Mexico. (He had been, in fact, solemnizing plural marriages in these polygamous refuges—as we found out later.)

As soon as it was clearly understood between us that I represented the Democratic state committee and he represented the Church authorities, I asked for an explanation of Apostle Smoot's candidacy.

Cowley began by admitting the candidacy, which President Smith had endorsed (he said) in spite of the opposition of some of the apostles. He argued that Apostle Smoot was only exercising his right of American citizenship in aspiring to the senatorship; and he explained that the Church authorities did not see why the Church should be drawn into the campaign.

SMOOT—"THE LORD'S ANOINTED"

But, as I pointed out to him, the Church had already drawn itself in. It had held a solemn conclave of its hierarchy to authorize an apostle's candidacy. The opponents of Church rule would circulate the fact; in any close campaign, the apostle's friends would use the fact upon the faithful; and the Church would be compelled to support its apostle in an assumed necessity of defending itself.

He retreated upon the favorite argument of the ecclesiasts: that an apostle did not relinquish his citizenship because of his Church rank; that to be effective, the very political freedom which we demanded must apply to all men, in or out of the Church. He asked naively: "What did we get statehood for—and amnesty—and

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our political rights—if we're not to enjoy them?"

The answer to that was obvious: The Mormon Church is so constructed that the apostle carries with him the power of the Church wherever he appears. The whole people recognize in him the personified authority of the Church; and if an apostle were allowed to make a political campaign without a denunciation from the other Church authorities, it would be known that he had been selected for political office by "the mouthpiece of the Almighty." I cited the case of Apostle Moses Thatcher as proof that the Church *did* exercise power openly to negative an apostle's ambition. If it failed now to rebuke Smoot, this very failure would be an affirmative use of its power in his behalf; all Mormons who did not wish to raise their hands against "the Lord's anointed" would have to support Smoot's legislative ticket, regardless of their political convictions; and all Gentiles and independent Mormons would have to fight the intrusion of the Church into open political activities.

Cowley replied that "the brethren"—meaning the hierarchy—believed that a Mormon should have as many political rights as a Catholic; and he asked me if I would object to seeing a Catholic in the Senate.

CATHOLICS VS. MORMONS IN THE SENATE

"Of course not. There are, and have been, many such. But suppose," I argued, "that the Pope were to select one of his Italian cardinals to come to this country and be naturalized in some State of this Union that was under the sole rule of the Roman Catholic Church; and suppose that—still holding his princedom in the Catholic Church and exercising the plenary authority conferred on him by the Pope—suppose he were to appear before the Senate in his robes of office, with his credentials as a senator from his Church-ruled State—all of this being a matter of public knowledge—do you think the Senate would seat him? Certainly not. Yet the cases are exactly analogous. We were but lately alien and proscribed. We were admitted into the Union on a covenant that forbade Church interference in politics. It is the whole teaching of the Church that a Prophet wears his prophetic authority constantly as a robe of office. The case of Moses Thatcher is proof to the world that the Church appoints and disappoints at its pleasure. I don't believe that Smoot, if elected, will be allowed to hold his seat; and if he *is* allowed to hold it, a greater trouble than his exclusion will surely follow. For with the princes of the Mormon Church holding high place in the national councils—and using the power of the Church to maintain themselves there—we are assuring for ourselves an indefinite future of the most bitter controversy."

"WILL OF THE LORD" IN THE SMOOT CAMPAIGN

When Cowley had no more arguments to offer, he said: "Well, the Prophet has spoken. That's enough for me. I submit cheerfully when the will of the Lord comes to me through His appointed servants. The matter has been decided, and it does not lie in your power—or any one else's—to withstand the purposes of the Almighty." He rose and put his hand on my shoulder, affectionately. "Your father is gone, Frank. I loved him very dearly. I hope that you are not going to be found warring against the Lord's anointed."

"Mat," I replied, "you have already pointed out that Apostle Smoot appears in politics only as an American citizen. For the purposes of this fight—and to avoid the consequences that you fear—I'll regard him as a politician merely, and fight him as such."

"But you know, Frank," he remonstrated, "he has been consecrated to the apostleship, and I'm afraid that you'll overstep the bounds."

"Mat," I assured him, "I'll watch carefully, and, unless he makes his lightning changes too fast, I'll aim my shots only when he's in his political clothes. If the change is too indefinite, blame yourselves and not us. The whole teaching of the Church is that an apostle must be regarded as an apostle at all times; but the whole teaching of politics is that all men should appear upon equal terms— in this country. That's why we insist that no apostle should become a candidate for public office."

Cowley took his departure with evident relief. He had discharged his ambassadorial duty—and given me the warning which he had been authorized to deliver—without a rupture of our personal friendship. And

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I saw him go, for my part, in a sorrowful certainty that the Church had thrown off all disguise and proposed to show the world, by the election of an apostle to the United States Senate, that the "Kingdom of God" was established in Utah to rule in all the affairs of men. I knew that if Smoot were excluded from the Senate, his exclusion would be argued a proof that the wicked and unregenerate nation was still devilishly persecuting God's anointed servants, to its own destruction; and if he were permitted to take his seat, that this fact would be cited to the faithful as proof that the Prophets had been called to save the nation from the destruction that threatened it!

Of course, throughout the campaign that followed, the Church's newspapers and many of its political workers kept protesting publicly that the election of the Republican legislative ticket did not mean the election of Apostle Smoot to the Senate. But by means of the authoritative whisper of ecclesiasts—carried by visiting apostles to presidents of stakes, from them to the bishops, and from the bishops to the presiding officers of subsidiary organizations—the inspired order was given to the faithful that they must vote for the legislators who could be relied upon to do the will of the Lord by voting for the Lord's anointed prophet, Apostle Reed Smoot. This message was delivered to the sacred Sunday prayer circles. Even Senator Rawlins's mother received it, from one of the ecclesiastical authorities of her ward, who instructed her to vote against the election of her own son; and it was "at the peril of her immortal soul" that she disobeyed the injunction. Long before election day, every Mormon knew that he had been called upon by the Almighty to sacrifice his individual conviction in politics to protect his "assailed Church."

CHURCH VICTORY

The profound effectiveness of that appeal needs no further proof than the issue of the election. King and Rawlins, the popular leaders of the Democracy in a State that had but recently been overwhelmingly Democratic—after a campaign in which they studiously avoided an attack upon the Church—were overwhelmingly defeated. The Republican legislative ticket was carried. Apostle Smoot was elected to the United States Senate; and on January 21, 1903, Governor Wells issued to him a certificate of election.

Five days later, a number of prominent citizens signed a protest to President Roosevelt and the Senate against allowing Apostle Smoot to take his seat. And the grounds of the protest, briefly stated, were these: The Mormon priesthood claimed supreme authority in politics, and such authority was exercised by the First Presidency and the twelve apostles, of whom Smoot was one. They had not only *not* abandoned the practice of political dictation, but they had not abandoned the belief in polygamy and polygamous cohabitation; they connived at and encouraged its practise, sought to pass laws that should nullify the statutes against the practise, and protected and honored the violators of those statutes.

THE PROTEST AGAINST SMOOT

And they had done all these things despite the public sentiment of the civilized world, in violation of the pledges given in procuring amnesty and in obtaining the return of the escheated Church property, contrary to the promises given by the representatives of the Church and of the territory in their plea for statehood, contrary to the pledges required by the Enabling Act and given in the state constitution, and contrary to the laws of the state itself.

These charges were supported by innumerable citations from the published doctrines of the Church, and from the published speeches and sermons of the Prophets. Evidence was offered of the continuance of polygamous cohabitation (since 1890) by President Smith, all but three or four of the apostles, the entire presidency of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion, and many others. New polygamy was specifically charged against three apostles, and against the son of a fourth. A second protest, signed by John L. Leilich, repeated these grounds of objection to Apostle Smoot, and charged further that Apostle Smoot was himself a polygamist; but no attempt was made to prove this latter charge.

Upon the filing of the protest, there was a storm of anger at Church headquarters; and the ecclesiastical newspapers railed with the bitterness of anxious apprehension. Throughout Utah it seemed to be the popular belief that Apostle Smoot would be ex-

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cluded—on the issue of whether a responsible representative of a Church that was protecting and encouraging lawbreaking should be allowed a seat in the highest body of the nation's lawmakers. But the issue against him was not to be heard until twelve months after his election, and every agent and influence of the Church was set to work at once to nullify the effect of the protest.

Every financial institution, East or West, to which the Church could appeal, was solicited to demand a favorable hearing of the Smoot case from the senators of its state. Every political and business interest that could be reached was moved to protect the threatened apostle. The sugar trust magnates and their senators were enlisted. The mercantile correspondents of the Church were urged to write letters to their congressmen and to their senators, and to use their power at home to check the anti-Mormon newspapers. The Utah representative of a powerful mercantile institution that had vital business relations with the Church confessed to me that he had been called East to consult with the head of his company, who had been asked to use his influence for Smoot.

"I could not advise our president," he said, "to send the letter that was demanded of him. And yet I couldn't take the responsibility of injuring the company by advising him to refuse the Church request. You know, if we *had* refused it, pointblank, they would have destroyed every interest we had within the domain of their power. I should have been ruined financially. All our stockholders would have suffered. They would never have forgiven me."

CHURCH THUMBSCREWS ON BUSINESS

The president of the company failed to send the letter. His failure became known, through Church espionage and the report of the Church's friends in the Senate. Pressure was brought to bear upon him; and, with the aid of his Utah representative, he compromised on a letter that did partial violence to his conscience and partially endangered his business relations with the Church.

Both these men were aware that the Church had broken its covenants to the country, and that Apostle Smoot could not be either a loyal citizen of the nation or a free representative of the people of his state. "I did not like the compromise we made," my friend told me. "I feel humiliated whenever I think of it. But I tried to do the best I could under the circumstances."

The results of this pressure of political and business interests upon Washington showed gradually in the tone of the political newspapers throughout the whole country. It showed in the growing confidence expressed by the organs of the Church authorities in Utah. It showed in the cheerful predictions of the Prophets that the Lord would overrule in Apostle Smoot's behalf. It showed in Smoot's exercise of an autocratic leadership in the political affairs of the state.

PARTNERS: CHURCH AND SUGAR TRUST

He was allowed to take his oath of office as senator on March 5, 1903; the protests against him were referred to the Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections for a hearing January 27, 1904; and a contest began that lasted from January, 1904, to February, 1907. During those years was completed that business and political conspiracy between financial "privilege" and religious absolutism of which this narrative has described the beginning and the growth.

It is almost impossible to expose the progression of incident by which the end of that conspiracy was approached—since it was necessarily approached in the darkest secrecy. But several indications of the method and the progress *did* show, here and there, on the surface of events; and these indications are powerfully significant.

As early as 1901 it had become known that Apostle Smoot was negotiating a sale, to the sugar trust, of the Church's sugar holdings. On May 13, 1902,* the president of the trust reported to the trust's executive committee that he had agreed to buy a one-half interest in the consolidation of the Mormon factories of La Grande, Logan, and Ogden. (The following day, May 14, 1902, is given by Apostle Smoot as the day on which he obtained President Joseph F. Smith's permission to become a candidate for the senatorship.) On June 24, 1902, the sugar trust's executive committee was informed of the trust's purchase of one-half the capital stock of these three Church-owned sugar

*See a synopsis of the minutes of the trust's executive committee, published in *Hampton's Magazine*, January, 1910.

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companies. On July 5, 1902, the three companies were consolidated under the name of the Amalgamated Sugar Company, with David Eccles, polygamist, trustee of Church bonds, and protégé of Joseph F. Smith, as president; and the sugar trust took half the stock in exchange for its holdings in the three original companies.

Similarly, in this same year, the old Church-owned Utah Sugar Company increased its stock in order to buy the Garland sugar factory, and the sugar trust, it is understood, was concerned in the purchase. In 1903, 1904, and 1905, the Idaho Sugar Company, the Fremont Sugar Company, and the West Idaho Sugar Company were incorporated; and in 1906 all these companies were amalgamated in the present Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, of which Joseph F. Smith is president, T. R. Cutler, a Mormon, is vice-president, Horace G. Whitney, the general manager of the Church's *Deseret News*, is secretary and treasurer, and other Church officials are directors. Of the stock of this company the sugar trust holds fifty-one per cent; so that between 1902 and 1906 a partnership in the manufacture of beet sugar was effected between the Church and the trust; and Apostle Smoot became a sugar trust senator, and argued and voted as such.

PARTNERS: THE CHURCH AND THE "HARRIMAN" INTERESTS

Furthermore, it was at this same period that the Church sold the street railway of Salt Lake City and its electric power company to the "Harriman interests" under peculiar circumstances—a matter of which I have written in an earlier chapter. The Church owners of this Utah Light and Railway Company, through the Church's control of the City Council, had attempted to obtain a hundred-year franchise from the city on terms that were outrageously unjust to the citizens; and finally, on June 5, 1905, a franchise was obtained for fifty years for the company of which Smith was president.

On August 3, 1905, another city ordinance was passed, consolidating all former franchises then held by the Utah Light and Power Company, but originally granted to D. F. Walker, the Salt Lake and Ogden Gas and Electric Light Company, the Pioneer Power Company, and the Utah Power Company; and this ordinance extended the franchises to July 1, 1955. The properties were bonded for $6,300,000, but it was understood that they were worth not more than $4,000,000. They were sold to "the Harriman interests" for $10,000,000.

The equipment of the Salt Lake City street railway was worse than valueless, and the new company had to remove the rails and discard the rolling-stock. But the ten millions were well invested in this public utility trust, for the company had a monopoly of the street railway service and electric power and gas supply of Salt Lake City; and its franchises left it free to extort whatever it could from the people of the whole countryside, by virtue of a partnership with the Church authorities whereby extortion was given the protection of "God's anointed Prophets."

Joseph F. Smith, of course, was already a director of Harriman's Union Pacific Railroad, a position to which he had been elected after his accession to the First Presidency. And he was so elected not because of his railroad holdings—for he came to the Presidency a poor man—and not because of his ability or experience as a financier or a railroad builder, for he had not had any such experience and he had not shown any such ability. He was elected because of the partnership between the Church leaders and the Union Pacific Railroad—a partnership that was doubtless used in defense of Apostle Smoot's seat in the Senate, just as the power of the sugar trust was used, and the influence of the whole financial confederation in politics.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SMOOT EXPOSURE

JUST before the subpœnas were issued in the Smoot investigation, I met John R. Winder (then First Councillor to President Smith) on the street in Salt Lake City, and he expressed the hope that when I went "to Washington on the Smoot case," I would not "betray" my "brethren." I assured him that I was not going to Washington as a witness in the Smoot case; that the men whom he should warn were at Church headquarters. He replied with indignant alarm: "I don't see what 'the brethren' have to do with *this!*"

But when the subpœnas arrived for Smith and the hierarchy, alarm and indigna-

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tion assumed a new complexion. The authorities, for themselves, and through the mouths of such men as Brigham H. Roberts, began to boast of how they were about to "carry the gospel to the benighted nation" and preach it from the witness-stand in Washington. The Mormon communities resounded with fervent praises to God that He had, through His servant, Apostle Smoot, given the opportunity to His living oracles to speak to an unrighteous people! And when the senators decided that they would not summon polygamous wives and their children *en bloc* to Washington to testify (because it was not desired to "make war on women and children"), some of Joseph F. Smith's several wives even complained feelingly that they "were not allowed to testify for Papa."

THE PROPHETS CONFESS TO POLYGAMY

The first oracular disclosure made by the Prophets on the witness-stand came as a shock even to Utah. They testified that they had resumed polygamous cohabitation to an extent unsuspected by either Gentiles or Mormons. President Joseph F. Smith admitted that he had had eleven children borne to him by his five wives since pledging himself to obey the "revealed" manifesto of 1890 forbidding polygamous relations. Apostle Francis Marion Lyman, who was next in succession to the Presidency, made a similar admission of guilt, though in a lesser degree. So did John Henry Smith and Charles W. Penrose, apostles. So did Brigham H. Roberts and George Reynolds, presidents of Seventies. So did a score of others among the lesser authorities. And they confessed that they were living in polygamy in violation of their pledges to the nation and the terms of their amnesty, against the laws and the constitution of the state, and contrary to the "revelation of God" by which the doctrine of polygamy had been withdrawn from practise in the Church.

President Joseph F. Smith admitted that he was violating the law of the state. He was asked: "Is there not a revelation that you shall abide by the law of the state and of the land?" He answered "Yes, sir." He was asked: "And if that is a revelation, are you not violating the laws of God?" He answered: "I have admitted that, Mr. Senator, a great many times here."

Apostle Francis Marion Lyman was asked: "You say that you, an apostle of your Church, expecting to succeed (if you survive Mr. Smith) to the office in which you will be the person to be the medium of divine revelations, are living, and are known to your people to live, in disobedience of the law of the land and the law of God?" Apostle Lyman answered: "Yes, sir." The others pleaded guilty to the same charge.

But this was not the worst. There had been new polygamous marriages. Bishop Charles E. Merrill, the son of an apostle, testified that his father had married him to a plural wife in 1891, and that he had been living with both wives ever since. A Mrs. Clara Kennedy testified that she had been married to a polygamist in 1896, in Juarez, Mexico, by Apostle Brigham Young, Jr., in the home of the president of the stake. There was testimony to show that Apostle George Teasdale had taken a plural wife six years after the "manifesto" forbidding polygamy, and that Benjamin Cluff, Jr., president of the Church university, had taken a plural wife in 1899. Some ten other less notorious cases were exposed—including those of M. W. Merrill, an apostle, and J. M. Tanner, superintendent of Church schools. It was testified that Apostle John W. Taylor had taken two plural wives within four years, and that Apostle M. F. Cowley had taken one; and both these men had fled from the country in order to escape a summons to appear before the Senate committee.

PRESIDENT SMITH'S TWISTED TESTIMONY

President Joseph F. Smith, in his attempts to justify his own polygamy, gave some very involved and contradictory testimony. He said that he adhered to both the divine revelation commanding polygamy and the divine revelation "suspending" the command. He said he believed that the principle of plural marriage was still as "correct a principle" as when first revealed, but that the "law commanding it" had been suspended by President Woodruff's manifesto. He said that he accepted President Woodruff's manifesto as a revelation from God, but he objected to having it called "a law of the Church;" he insisted that it was only "a rule of the Church." He admitted that the manifesto forbidding polygamy had never been printed among the other revelations in the Church's book of "Doctrine and

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Covenants," in which the original revelation commanding polygamy was still printed without note or qualification of any kind. He admitted that this anti-polygamy manifesto was not printed in any of the other doctrinal works which the Mormon missionaries took with them when they were sent out to preach the Mormon faith. He claimed that the manifesto was circulated in pamphlet form, but he subsequently admitted that the pamphlet did not "state in terms" that the manifesto was a "revelation." He finally pleaded that the manifesto had been omitted from the book of "Doctrine and Covenants" by an "oversight," and he promised to have it included in the next edition!*

HOW MORMONS MUZZLE THE LAW

In short, it was shown by the testimony given and the evidence introduced, not only that the Church authorities persisted in living in polygamy, not only that polygamous marriages were being contracted, but that the Church still adhered to the doctrine of polygamy and taught it as a law of God.

President Joseph F. Smith denied the right of Congress to regulate his "private conduct" as a polygamist. "It is the law of my state, to which I am amenable," he said, "and if the officers of the law have not done their duty toward me I can not blame them. I think they have some respect for me."

A mass of testimony showed why the officers of the law did not do their duty. During the anti-polygamy agitation of 1899 (which ended in the refusal of Congress to seat Brigham H. Roberts) a number of prosecutions of polygamists had been attempted. In many instances the county attorney had refused to prosecute even upon sworn information. Wherever prosecutions were had, the fines imposed were nominal; these were in some cases never paid, and in other cases paid by popular subscription. It was testified that in Boxelder County subscription lists had been circulated to collect money for the fines, but that the fines were never paid, though the subscriptions had been collected. All the prosecutions had been dropped, at last. It was pleaded that there was a strong Gentile sentiment against these prosecutions, because of the hope that no new polygamous marriages were being contracted; but it was shown also that the Church authorities controlled the enforcement of the law by their influence in the election of the agents of the law.

The Church controlled, too, the making of the law. For example, testimony was given to show that in 1896 the Church authorities had appointed a committee of six elders to examine all bills introduced into the Utah legislature and decide which were "proper" to be passed. In the neighboring state of Idaho, the legislature, in 1904, unanimously and without discussion passed a resolution for a new state constitution that should omit the anti-polygamy test-oath clauses objectionable to the Mormons; and in this connection it was testified that the state chairman of both political parties in Idaho always went to Salt Lake City, before a campaign, to consult with the Church authorities; that every request of the authorities made to the Idaho political leaders was granted; that six of the twenty-one counties in Idaho were "absolutely controlled" by Mormons, and the "balance of power" in six counties more was held by Mormons; and that it was "impossible for any man or party to go against the Mormon Church in Idaho." Apostle John Henry Smith testified that one third of the population of Idaho was Mormon, and one fourth of the population of Wyoming, and that there were large settlements in Nevada, Colorado, California, Arizona, and the surrounding states and territories.

OBEDIENCE—A MORMON'S WHOLE DUTY.

A striking example of the power of the Church as against the power of the nation was given to the Senate committee by John Nicholson, chief recorder of the temple in Salt Lake City. He had failed to produce some of the temple marriage records for which the committee had called. He was asked whether he would bring the books, on the order of the Senate of the United States, if the First Presidency of the Church forbade him to bring them. He answered: "I would not." He was asked: "And if the Senate should send the sergeant-at-arms of the Senate and arrest you and order you to

*He did not keep his promise. The manifesto was not added to the book of revelations until some time later, after considerable protest in Utah.

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bring them [the records] with you, you would still refuse to bring them, unless the First Presidency asked you to?" He answered, "Yes, sir."

It was shown that classes of instruction in the Mormon religion had been forced upon teachers in a number of public schools in Utah by the orders of the First Presidency. (These orders were withdrawn after the exposure before the committee.) Church control had gone so far in Brigham City, Boxelder County, Utah, that in a dispute between the City Council and the electric lighting company of the city, the local ecclesiastical council interfered. In the same city, two young men built a dancing pavilion that competed with the Church-owned opera-house; the ecclesiastical council "counseled" them to remove the pavilion and dispose of "the material in its construction;" they were threatened that they would be "dropped" if they did not obey this "counsel"; and they compromised by agreeing to pay twenty-five per cent. of the net earnings of their pavilion into the Church's "stake treasury."

WHAT PRESIDENT SMITH IS PRESIDENT OF

In Monroe ward, Sevier County, Utah, in 1901, a Mormon woman named Cora Birdsall had a dispute with a man named James E. Leavitt about a title to land. Leavitt went into the bishop's court and got a decision against her. She wrote to President Joseph F. Smith for permission either to appeal the case direct to him or "to go to law" in the matter; and Smith advised her "to follow the order provided of the Lord to govern in your case." The dispute was taken through the ecclesiastical courts and decided against her. She refused to deed the land to Leavitt, and she was excommunicated by order of the High Council of the Sevier Stake of Zion. She became insane as a result of this punishment, and her mother appealed to the stake president to grant her some mitigation.

He wrote, in reply: "Her only relief will be in complying with President Smith's wishes. You say she has never broken a rule of the Church. You forget that she has done so by failing to abide by the decision of the mouthpiece of God." She finally gave up a deed to the disputed land and was rebaptized in 1904. (Letters of the First Presidency were, however, introduced to show that it had been the policy of the Presidency—particularly in President Woodruff's day—*not* to interfere in disputes involving titles to land.)

It was testified that a Mormon merchant was expelled from the Church, ostensibly for apostasy, but really because he engaged in the manufacture of salt "against the interests of the President of the Church and some of his associates"; that a Mormon Church official was deposed "for distributing, at a school election, a ticket different from that prescribed by the Church authorities"—and so on, interminably.

Witness after witness swore to the incidents of Church interference in politics which this narrative has already related in detail. But no attempt was made to show the Church's partnership with the "interests"; and the power of the Church in business circles was left to be inferred from President Smith's testimony that he was then president of the Zion's Cooperative Mercantile Institution, the State Bank of Utah, the Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company, the Utah Sugar Company, the Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company, the Utah Light and Power Company, the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railroad Company, the Saltair Beach Company, the Idaho Sugar Company, the Inland Crystal Salt Company, the Salt Lake Knitting Company, and the Salt Lake Dramatic Association; and that he was a director of the Union Pacific Railway Company, vice-president of the Bullion-Beck and Champion Mining Company, and editor of the *Improvement Era* and the *Juvenile Instructor*.

MORMON PROPHETS GUILTY OF TREASON

It was shown that Utah had not been admitted to statehood until the Federal government had exacted, from the Church authorities and the representatives of the people of Utah, every sort of pledge that polygamy had been forever abandoned and polygamous relations discontinued by "revelation from God"; that statehood had not been granted until solemn promise had been given and provision made that there should be "no union of church and state" and no church should "dominate the state or interfere with its functions"; and that the Church's escheated property had been restored upon condition that such property should be used only for the relief of the

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poor of the Church, for the education of its children, and for the building and repair of houses of worship "in which the rightfulness of the practise of polygamy" should not be "inculcated."

Therefore the testimony given before the Senate committee by these members of the Mormon hierarchy showed that they had not only broken their covenants and violated their oaths, but that they had been guilty of treason. What was the remedy? Jeremiah M. Wilson, a lawyer employed by the Church authorities in 1888 to argue before a Congressional committee in behalf of the admission of Utah to statehood, had pointed out the remedy in these words:

"It is idle to say that such a compact may be made, and then, when the considerations have been mutually received—statehood on the one side and the pledge not to do a particular thing on the other—either party can violate it without remedy to the other. But you ask me what is the remedy, and I answer that there are plenty of remedies in your own hands.

"Suppose they violate this compact; suppose that after they put this into the constitution, and thereby induce you to grant them the high privilege and political right of statehood, they should turn right around and exercise the bad faith which is attributed to them here—what would you do? You could shut the doors of the Senate and House of Representatives against them; you could deny them a voice in the councils of this nation, because they have acted in bad faith and violated their solemn agreement by which they succeeded in getting themselves into the condition of statehood. You could deny them the Federal judiciary; you could deny them the right to use the mails—that indispensable thing in the matter of trade and commerce of this country."

This argument by Mr. Wilson in 1888 was recalled by the counsel for the protestants in the investigation. It was recalled with the qualification that though Congress might not have the power to undo the sovereignty of the state of Utah, it could deal with Senator Smoot. And it was further argued: "The chief charge against Senator Smoot is that he encourages, countenances, and connives at the defiant violation of law. He is an integral part of a hierarchy; he is an integral part of a quorum of twelve, who constitute the backbone of the Church. . . . He, as one of that quorum of twelve apostles, encourages, connives at, and countenances defiance of law."

On June 11, 1906, a majority of the committee made a report to the Senate declaring that Apostle Smoot was not entitled to his seat in the Senate. They found that he was one of a "self-perpetuating body of fifteen men, uniting in themselves authority in both Church and state," who "so exercise this authority as to encourage a belief in polygamy as a divine institution, and by both precept and example encourage among their followers the practise of polygamy and polygamous cohabitation"; that the Church authorities had "endeavored to suppress, and succeeded in suppressing, a great deal of testimony by which the fact of plural marriages contracted by those who were high in the councils of the Church might have been established beyond the shadow of a doubt"; and that "aside from this it was shown by the testimony that a majority of those who give law to the Mormon Church are now, and have been for years, living in open, notorious and shameless polygamous cohabitation."

TWO OPINIONS OF SMOOT

Concerning President Woodruff's anti-polygamy manifesto of 1890, the majority of the committee reported that "this manifesto in no way declares the principle of polygamy to be wrong or abrogates it as a doctrine of the Mormon Church, but simply suspends the practise of polygamy, to be resumed at some more convenient season, either with or without another revelation." They found that Apostle Smoot was responsible for the conduct of the organization to which he belonged; that he had countenanced and encouraged polygamy "by repeated acts and in a number of instances, as a member of the quorum of the twelve apostles"; and that he was "no more entitled to a seat in the Senate than he would be if he were associating in polygamous cohabitation with a plurality of wives."

The report continued: "The First Presidency and the twelve apostles exercise a controlling influence over the action of the members of the Church in secular affairs as well as in spiritual matters"; and "contrary to the principles of the common law under which we live, and the constitution of the State of Utah, the First Presidency and twelve apostles dominate the affairs of the

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State and constantly interfere in the performance of its functions. But it is in political affairs that the domination of the First Presidency and the twelve apostles is most efficacious and most injurious to the interests of the State. . . . Notwithstanding the plain provision of the constitution of Utah, the proof offered on the investigation demonstrates beyond the possibility of doubt that the hierarchy at the head of the Mormon Church has, for years past, formed a perfect union between the Mormon Church and the State of Utah, and that the Church, through its head, dominates the affairs of the State in things both great and small." And the report concluded: "The said Reed Smoot comes here, not as the accredited representative of the State of Utah in the Senate of the United States, but as the choice of the hierarchy which controls the Church and has usurped the functions of the State in Utah. It follows, as a necessary conclusion from these facts, that Mr. Smoot is not entitled to a seat in the Senate as a Senator from the State of Utah."

On the same day a minority report was presented by Senators J. B. Foraker, Albert J. Beveridge, William P. Dillingham, A. J. Hopkins, and P. C. Knox. They found that Reed Smoot possessed "all the qualifications prescribed by the Constitution to make him eligible to a seat in the Senate"; that "the regularity of his election" by the Utah legislature had not been questioned; that his private character was "irreproachable"; and that "so far as mere belief and membership in the Mormon Church are concerned, he is fully within his rights and privileges under the guaranty of religious freedom given by the Constitution of the United States." Having thus summarily excluded all the large and troublesome points of the investigation, these senators decided that there remained "but two grounds on which the right or title of Reed Smoot to his seat in the Senate" was contested. The first was whether he had taken a certain "endowment oath" by which "he obligated himself to make his allegiance to the Church paramount to his allegiance to the United States"; and the second was whether "by reason of his official relation to the Church" he was "responsible for polygamous cohabitation" among the Mormons.

As to the first charge, the minority found that the testimony upon the point was "limited in amount, vague and indefinite in character and utterly unreliable, because of the disreputable character of the witnesses"—oddly overlooking the fact that one of these witnesses had been called *for* Apostle Smoot; that no attempt had been made to impeach the character of this witness; that the other witnesses had been denounced, by a Mormon bishop named Daniel Connolly, as "traitors who had broken their oaths to the Church" by betraying the secrets of the "endowment oath"; and that all the Smoot witnesses who denied the anti-patriotic obligation of the oath refused, suspiciously enough, to tell what obligation *was* imposed on those who took part in the ceremony.

The charge that Smoot, as an apostle of the Church, had been responsible for polygamous cohabitation was as easily disposed of by the minority report. He had himself, on oath, "positively denied" that he had "ever advised any person to violate the law either against polygamy or against polygamous cohabitation," and no witness had been produced to testify that Apostle Smoot had ever given "any such advice" or defended "such acts." True, it was admitted that he had "silently acquiesced" in the continuance of polygamous cohabitation by polygamists who had married before 1890; but it was contended that to understand this acquiescence it was "necessary to recall some historical facts, among which are some that indicate that the United States government is not free from responsibility for these violations of the law."

In short, although Reed Smoot was one of a confessed band of lawbreaking traitors, he was of "irreproachable" private character. Although the band had been guilty of every treachery, none of the band had admitted that Smoot had encouraged them in their villainies. He had only "silently acquiesced"—and in this he had been no guiltier than the intimidated bystanders and the gagged victims of the outrages. Although the gang had stolen the machinery of elections and used it to print a senatorial certificate for Smoot, there was nothing to show that the form of the certificate was not correct. Moreover, the band operated in politics as a religious organization, and the Constitution of the United States protects a man in his right of religious freedom!

The next instalment of **"Under the Prophet in Utah"** will appear in the June Number.

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Photograph by Moffett Studio.

LOUISE GUNNING
IN
"THE BALKAN
PRINCESS."

The PLAYERS

THE catholicity of the theatre is very wonderful. Its horizon is bounded only by imagination and human emotion. It soars from the commonplace details of every-day living to the splendor of tragedy that changes the universe, and floats back without effort to the sordid underworld. It frolics like a rough child in uncouth horse-play as easily as it sweeps to the mountain peaks of poetry. It uses the real no more than the fanciful, and chooses time and place at its own will.

Now the measure of the technical excellence of a play is its power to accomplish its purpose; and it can do that only by thoroughly encompassing us with its illusion. But the measure of the real value of

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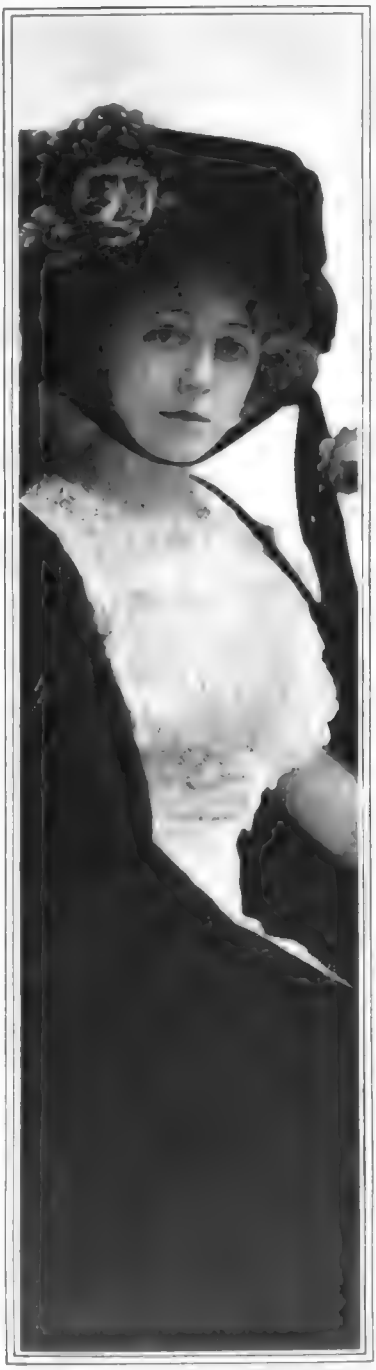

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

IZETTA JEWEL AS *LÉONIE BOUQUET* IN "SIRE."

a play—to those who see it, not to the manager—is determined by a different standard.

That one could see Maeterlinck's "Mary Magdalene" one night and "The Deep Purple" the next, and enjoy them both, doesn't seem strange at all, because that kind of experience is so familiar. But a psychologist and a philosopher could make ever so many wise deductions from this possibility. Perhaps they might end up with a paraphrase of the pagan poet's idea that each of us has in himself all of heaven and hell.

Measured solely by the rule of technical excellence, "The Deep Purple" is a remarkably good play, a better play than the Maeterlinck drama; but it has no intrinsic value whatever beyond that of entertaining, of providing a certain amount of pleasurable excitation. There isn't any question about its being entertaining. From the beginning to the end it marches, and in double-quick time. One can leave one's intellect at home and miss it not at all, so far as enjoying the melodrama is concerned. In fact, that is a wise course.

"The Deep Purple" revolves about crime—one of the most interesting things in the world, because it is one of the most real and the most mysterious. On the stage the provoking mystery is always laid bare and explained to the last detail. We know all about it, from the inception to the culmination. The things we never know in real life, and can only guess at, are revealed in the most circumstantial fashion. For "The Deep Purple" the particular form of villainy selected by the authors, Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner, is what is known as "the badger game"—one of the most sordid, despicable, and cowardly in the whole gamut. The procedure is simple. A woman lures a man into a situation where they are "discovered" by a supposed husband, who threatens them with death, but is willing to compromise for money. Usually the victim selected is one who doesn't dare risk exposure.

In this play the woman employed is also a victim; she herself is deceived by the crooks who planned the scheme, one of whom she thinks she loves. The whole preliminary procedure is carried on, before the fascinated eyes of the audience, in the boarding-house of *'Frisco Kate*, a reformed thief. A Western "hold-up man," fleeing for his life, refuses, with the fine scorn of a self-respecting murderer, to join in the plot;

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and he is most enthusiastically applauded for his nobility of character. The chosen victim is a young mining engineer; and so swift is the action, so cleverly, so adroitly are the scenes handled, that one never stops to think that about the last person an intelligent crook would select is just this type of man, who is used to carrying a gun and protecting himself.

The melodrama has exactly the same fascination that what we used to call "dime novels" had for boys. In fact, it is the dime novel translated into the language of the modern theatre. It follows the formula slavishly. The heroine is beautiful and works toward the undoing of the hero, who rightly believes her innocent despite the conclusive, damning evidence. The villain and assistant villain are blacker than any dye ever manufactured. The Western murderer is endowed with a certain criminal majesty, and the reformed thief is a true woman at heart. The hero meets every situation with a resourcefulness and *sang-froid* more than equal to any emergency, and in the end vice is punished and virtue rewarded. Of course, it is all claptrap, but it is presented in such effective situations, with such clever dialogue, that the audiences do not stop to think of its sordid cheapness. And that is why Broadway gloated over the melodrama—and laughed at itself afterward.

It really is a remarkable achievement for the authors to make this counterfeit material pass as genuine. But the actors deserve as much credit as they—maybe even more. For were the players less skilful, less sincere, the drama would become a travesty. Richard Bennett is admirable as the young engineer, his sense of repression almost fooling people into believing that character a big one, while Jameson Lee Finney perfectly visualizes the cunning and cowardice of the badger worker. W. J. Ferguson, as "Pop" Clark, a sanctimonious old rogue, is truly comic—presenting a type that has served melodrama since its invention. And a really big hit was made by Emmett Corrigan as the Western hold-up man, while Ada Dwyer, as the reformed thief, adds another character success to her long list.

Edward Sheldon, who belongs to the Harvard school of playwrights that Professor Baker has been training, gives promise of becoming the foremost American dramatist, and of occupying a higher place than any of

Photograph by White, New York.

HAZEL DAWN AS *CLAUDINE*, THE LEADING RÔLE IN "THE PINK LADY."

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Photograph by White, New York.

HENRY MILLER, AS *RICHARD CRAIG*, IN HIS LATEST SUCCESS, "THE HAVOC."

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Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, NOW PLAYING IN "THE DAWN OF TO-MORROW."

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his predecessors. Surely none other at his age—he is only twenty-five—has done such remarkable work. It is extraordinary, not only in the expression of a natural dramatic instinct and in a grasp of technical laws, but in his capacity for getting a real idea and working it out. In all, he has written something like thirty-five plays. Of these, three have been produced, and each has been successful, financially as well as artistically.

It is true that Mrs. Fiske had much to do with the success of the first, "Salvation Nell—" and in other ways than as its star. But though the value of the play was chiefly pictorial, it had an idea worth while. Then came "The Nigger," produced last season at the New Theatre; and this, despite its glaring faults, was a big play, both for the drama in it and for its presentation of the negro problem.

This season saw Mr. Sheldon's latest play, "The Boss," leap into a success far greater than that of the earlier two, and deservedly, because it shows he has made a long stride forward as a dramatist, though not as a thinker. It is a wonderful character study of one of the most interesting, most significant factors in American life—the man who has come up from the slum to a position of wealth and power, and who has brought with him the view-point of the conqueror of the slum. Because of its insight and fidelity to life, the New York critics unanimously named the man from whom Mr. Sheldon drew the character—so clearly does he shine through the changed environment. The position occupied by the supposed original is, however, far more important than that of Mr. Sheldon's *Michael R. Regan.*

In the play, *Regan* has fought his way to wealth and power by using his fists, by the keenness of his mind, his knowledge of human nature, and his utter unscrupulousness. He is the born leader, and, like all real leaders, he is capable of relentless cruelty in accomplishing his ends. Coming from the docks of a lake port, he has risen, through the saloon, to business and political leadership. He speaks the picturesque language of the docks, with a bare suggestion of Irish brogue. He has real power, great shrewdness, a genuine courage, rich humor—and one can't help liking him.

Very much of the success of "The Boss" is due to Holbrook Blinn, who plays the rôle with such intelligent sympathy and understanding that, while the play is in progress, it is utterly impossible to dissociate the actor and the character. Blinn *is Regan*—and that is about as high praise as can be given. The mastery of significant gestures to convey particular ideas, the perfection of the dialect, the clarity with which the working of *Regan's* mind is revealed, apparently without the least effort on the player's part, and, above all, the authority with which he presents the boss, stamp the characterization as one of the best the modern stage has known. I doubt if a player ever more completely expressed the concept of an author. I was sure long ago that Holbrook Blinn was a great actor. That was when he realized *Napoleon* in "The Duchess of Dantzig." I have seen many actors essay *Napoleon*, and they all failed, it seemed to me, except Mr. Blinn—failed as signally as he triumphed.

In the first act of "The Boss," *Regan*, by means crooked but legal, traps the first citizen of the town, who is lawful and upright by nature, in a crime, and the fine, beautiful, delicately nurtured daughter of the leading citizen consents to marry the product of the slum in order to save her father, with the condition that her wifehood shall end at the church door. The remaining acts show, in a series of highly interesting and frequently exciting situations, the process of adjustment between husband and wife. One is amazed at the ingenuity of the author in inventing "business" and domestic incidents that show *Regan* as he really is, and at the same time make the story advance.

Two of these situations stand out with particular prominence. *Regan* has a strike on his hands, and one of the half-starved men comes to him with an ultimatum. *Regan* beats him into insensibility with his own fists, cursing him horribly the while. *Mrs. Regan* comes to the striker's rescue, and, by a sudden but perfectly understandable shift in emotion, she turns *Regan's* hatred for the striker into sympathy for the man and his starving family; and he thrusts a great roll of bills into his victim's pocket. This apparent inconsistency disgusts *Mrs. Regan;* whereupon her husband reproachfully asks: "What's the matter with you? Ain't you got no heart?"

There is a touch of true greatness in that scene and in the one with the *Archbishop*, a boyhood friend of *Regan's*, in which the relationship between the friends and that between communicant and priest are marvel-

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VERA MCCORD IN "THE ZEBRA."

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W. J. FERGUSON AS "*POP*" *CLARK* IN "THE DEEP PURPLE."

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ously balanced. *Regan* tries to deceive the churchman, even pretending to be a cry-baby —and here Mr. Sheldon's powerful sense of truth came near alienating the affections of the audience from his hero—only to have *Mrs. Regan* lay bare her husband's crookedness. The Boss starts to defy the priest, but the majesty of the Church overcomes him. Frank Sheridan, as *Archbishop Sullivan*, gave a superb performance.

No, you can't help liking *Regan*, and when he says: "Times is changed; maybe there is something in this being straight, after all. I'd like to give it a try," you realize that he has been largely a victim of conditions. And everybody is glad when things are straightened out as they should be—when the wife realizes that there is something fine and worthwhile in her husband and that she loves him. It is a difficult rôle that is given to Emily Stevens, as the wife, and she plays it with much intelligence and in a human way. She has some very fine moments; but to many people her mannerisms are irritating, especially those that suggest her aunt, Mrs. Fiske, with whom she played for years.

The New Theatre was highly praised for the production of "The Piper," a poetic drama by Josephine Preston Peabody, based upon the old story of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. It was written originally for Otis Skinner, who feared it was too artistic to be popular. The author submitted it in competition for the Stratford prize offered for the best drama written by an English or American author, and won it. The play had its first presentation in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford.

Competent critics have warmly praised "The Piper" as a poem, and many even liked it as a play; and the New Theatre production was very beautiful. Yet ever so many highly intelligent people, who went there prepared to enjoy it, found themselves bored. There are charming and interesting scenes, and the children were quite irresistible, but as a play "The Piper" seemed to lack a consistent and universal appeal. The real dramatic moments seemed out of harmony with the poetic spirit. There was a clash between the objective and the subjective.

No woman on the stage could play *The Piper* more beautifully than Edith Wynne Matthison; none reads blank verse with more poetic feeling; none has greater power as an actress, nor greater mastery of her art. But no woman could play *The Piper* and make it anything more than a poetic abstraction. All the histrionic art in the world can not make a man of a woman; it can not give the illusion of masculine virility, of physical strength. There was no escaping the fact that in the New Theatre production a woman was masquerading as a youth, and this destroyed the very quality of the drama. No spectator's imagination was powerful enough to accept the make-believe as real.

When the resentful *Piper* charms the children of Hamelin with his music and carries them off to the Hollow Hill, the scene is very beautiful. But the value of the idea is lost because we know *The Piper* is a woman, for there is nothing dramatic in the idea of a woman's mothering children, few or many. The idea of a man's wanting to keep all those youngsters because he loves them is dramatic and infinitely more interesting.

In the fine scene where *The Piper* woos *Barbara* for his follower, *Michael-the-Sword-Eater*, the whole effect is lost because of the consciousness of the chief character's femininity. Only a vague idea remains whose sole value lies in its abstract poetry. To be sure, there is something of real drama in the last act, where *The Piper*, departing from the traditional story, returns the children to their parents. But I am inclined to think that a man whose rank as a player is far below that of Miss Matthison would have been far more effective in the rôle, and that the impression made by the drama would have been infinitely better. Despite the wonderfully fine pictorial values of the New Theatre production, the reading of the poem impressed me more than the acting.

The other New Theatre production of the month was "Nobody's Daughter," by George Paston—a play which had a success in London. It proved to be interesting in an unexpected way, and its sponsors were so certain of its popular appeal that it was transferred to a commercial theatre in the vain hope of a run.

This comedy flies straight in the face of dramatic tradition with a daring that commands respect. From the beginning of the formal play in English, the law has been that a woman who has sinned before the first act—and there seems to be only one cardinal sin for woman, according to the conventions of the play—must, in the last act, either die or marry the man and go off to Africa or Australia or South America to

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begin life anew. In real life, there may be one or two exceptions to this law, but the American and English theatre has sternly refused to admit the possibility.

One can scarcely believe, therefore, that the woman who wrote this comedy—for the masculine pen-name could deceive no one—has actually dared to flout the theatric law. If she had made a good play as well, the result would have been impressive; but she smashed laws more important than theatric convention while she was about it, and thereby largely defeated her primary purpose.

In the first act we are shown a man and a woman who have come to visit their daughter, who has been in the care of a nurse during her whole life. The man and woman are married, happily, but not to each other; and neither is especially remorseful over their "folly," as they term it. None knows their secret but themselves and the old nurse, a remarkably strong, fine, religious character, admirably played by Helen Reimer. The father and mother are shocked when they hear that their daughter has become engaged to a chauffeur. They awaken to a sense of responsibility, partly through the stand taken by the nurse, and it is decided that the daughter shall go to the home of the mother to learn something of the life of wealthy gentlefolk.

The chief trouble with "Nobody's Daughter" is that, after the play is finished, one realizes it might as well have ended in the first act, because all the real problems are solved there. The daughter sticks to her determination to marry the chauffeur, and the parents are intent upon maintaining the integrity of their individual households. There are many brilliant scenes, as well as admirable dialogue, and one finds a certain interest in the honest attempts of the husband of the girl's mother to clear up the mystery of her parentage, moved thereto by kindly consideration for the girl. But the author seems to have no comprehensive grasp of her idea, and it becomes hopelessly muddled. The finest touch in the play, and the one that could have been made the most dramatic, is the calm announcement by the wife of the girl's father that she has known the truth all the time, but couldn't see how any good would be gained by making a fuss.

It wouldn't be difficult to work out mighty interesting things from that situation.

The acting of "Nobody's Daughter" was really fine, especially that of A. E. Anson, as *Mr. Frampton*, who proved that his real forte is comedy. He displayed a whimsical, delightful humor, a lightness and deftness of touch, a delicate artistic perception and finish that were hardly suggested in his serious work.

Definite announcement has been made that this is to be the last season of drama in the New Theatre; that its management has been compelled to admit that the great size of the theatre defeats its artistic purpose. And with the announcement comes a fresh realization of the great value of the New Theatre as an institution, despite the handicap under which it has labored. While only one truly great player has been a member of the company, never before in this country has there been so perfectly balanced an organization, or performances in which there has been so much artistic appreciation of detail. Relatively, the smallest parts have been better acted than the big ones. In each production the beauty of the scenery and the artistic setting have provoked fresh admiration.

It seems a woeful waste that this magnificent property, representing an initial outlay of three and a half millions, should fail of its design. As has been said before in this department, this "architectural tragedy" is a monument to the vanity and scheming of one man, now dead, whose purpose it was to use the dramatic idea in order to secure the most splendid grand-opera house in America, and one of the finest in the world, so that he could control grand opera in this country.

But whatever the fate of this splendid, almost useless temple, it is reasonably certain that the idea for which it stands will not die. The stage in this country needs it. Even the purely commercial managers who scoffed at the New Theatre in the beginning have changed their attitude, realizing that it has worked to their advantage in stimulating greater and more intelligent interest in the theatre. And we are already assured that there will be built another play-house, much smaller, as nearly perfect as it can be, where the artistic idea may have a fuller development.

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The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

"All the young fellow's good for is to spend money." This is the opinion of Kirk Anthony held by the public and his own father at the opening of the story. The son of a millionaire railway man, young Anthony had elected, upon his graduation from Yale, to remain there as football coach rather than to accept the career his father offered him.

After a great football victory, he starts out, with his boon companions, for an all-night celebration in New York restaurants. Through the introduction of a stranger, one Jefferson Locke, the company is involved in a fracas which ends in the grave injury of a plain-clothes man, disguised as a waiter, who had been following Locke. Before dawn Locke has persuaded Anthony's closest friend to help him put through, as a practical joke, a plan for sending Kirk off, penniless, on a steamer for Panama—the point of the joke being to make Anthony work, and the point of the plot apparently being to divert pursuit and suspicion from Locke. As a result, the next day Anthony wakes up, very sick and bewildered, on a ship, where he finds himself known as Jefferson Locke. In the course of a day or two Kirk meets the Cortlandts, who are in the diplomatic service in Panama, and a friendship grows up between him and Mrs. Cortlandt, a woman of charm and intellectual power, some years Kirk's senior. When they land at Colon, Kirk appeals to Weeks, the American consul, who cables Kirk's father, and takes care of him for a week. But the elder Anthony's message, when it comes, pronounces Kirk an impostor, and Weeks, furious, throws his guest out. That evening, in a public park, Kirk comes upon a young Jamaican negro, Allan Allan, who is also homeless, and the two start out together in search of food. On the way, they are involved in the excited commotion of a fire, and Kirk, impatient at the incompetence of the firemen, takes a hand. In an attempt to resist interference, he turns a hose on an official who, it happens, is the commandant of police. Thereupon, both Kirk and Allan are arrested, thrown into jail, and brutally treated. The English consul secures Allan's release, but Weeks refuses to get Kirk out; eventually, Allan reaches the Cortlandts, at Panama, and they hasten to Colon, rescue Kirk, and carry him home. With the stimulus of Mrs. Cortlandt's encouragement, Kirk decides to go to work on the Canal. In the course of a trip through the Culebra Cut, he learns from his guide that Mrs. Cortlandt is a person of great political and diplomatic power in Panama, and that her husband is a mere figurehead. A few days later she takes Kirk on a picnic to an outlying island, where they are deserted by their boat and left with no means of getting home. To make matters worse, at a moment of tension Kirk impulsively takes Mrs. Cortlandt in his arms and kisses her. He is instantly remorseful, and pleads for her pardon as he takes her to the native house where she is to spend the night. Early in the morning Kirk, wandering miserably along the water front, meets Cortlandt, who has come for them in a launch.

The next day Kirk goes hunting in the jungle, and chances upon a delightful little clearing, where he encounters a charming young Spanish girl. He learns that her mother was an American, that she attended school in Baltimore, and that she is at present doing penance for refusing to marry some man chosen for her by her father. Kirk is finally driven away by a fierce negress, who is in charge of the girl. The following day he awaits her in the same place; but she does not come. Thereafter he works as train collector in the daytime, and searches for the girl in the evening. One Sunday he is watching a lottery drawing, when he is accosted by Ramón Alfarez, who furiously blames Kirk for the loss of his position as commandant of police. Ramón is interrupted by Allan's frantic announcement that Kirk has drawn the prize number and won fifteen thousand dollars. To cap the events of the day, Kirk catches a glimpse of the Spanish girl in a passing carriage.

Meantime, the Cortlandts are pulling wires for the election of the girl's father, Andrés Garavel, as president of Panama, rather than the elder Alfarez, and have reached the point of announcing the news to their candidate.

CHAPTER XVII—*Continued.*

THE banker made no visible movement, yet the effect of this positive declaration that Alfarez could not be president was almost like that of a blow. After a pause he said coldly: "Panama is a republic. The voice of the people is supreme in all things."

"Down in your heart do you really think so?" Mrs. Cortlandt was still smiling at him. "No! The United States is supreme."

"Ah! That day will come, perhaps—I have said so; I look forward to it as the best solution, but——"

"The day has come!"

Garavel frowned at his cigar for a moment, while the room became silent.

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"What has this to do with me, madame?" he asked at last.

"Can't you guess?" Under the intensity of her look, he rose hurriedly and cast a quick glance from one to the other.

"Your name is second to none in all Central America," said Cortlandt, quick to seize the momentary advantage. "The next president must possess intelligence, honor, ability; he must be a friend of our people. There is no one better——"

"Impossible!" exclaimed the banker in a strange voice. "*I?* No, no!"

"And why not? Have you never had political aspirations?"

"Of course! All men have dreams. I was Secretary of Finance under Amador, but politics have been a curse to our house. My grandfather——"

"I know," broke in Mrs. Cortlandt, "but times have changed. Panama has seen her last revolution, and she needs a business man at her head. Presidents are not made now by rifle and sword, and the man with the machete must give way to the man with a capacity for handling big affairs. There will be no more swineherd presidents like your Guatemalan countryman, Corera, nor tyrants like Zelaya. Panama is a healthy country with no national debt; she is growing, developing. She holds the gateway to the western world, and her finances must be administered wisely. You, Mr. Garavel, are one of the few who are clear-headed enough to see that her destiny is linked with ours, and there is no one who can direct her so well as you."

"It is impossible!" repeated Garavel, his agitation growing more pronounced. "General Alfarez is my friend. His son will be my son."

"Ramón! Is Ramón engaged to your daughter?"

"Yes!" exclaimed the banker shortly. He began to pace the room.

"What difference would your candidacy make, if the young people love each other?" said Mrs. Cortlandt.

"As for love, Ramón loves and—my daughter will love also, once she is married."

"If Ramón isn't satisfactory to her, ought you to force her inclination?" Mrs. Cortlandt offered eagerly. But the banker flung his arms aloft in a gesture of half-humorous despair.

"Oh-h! These young ladies!" he cried. "They do not know what they want. What pleases to-day displeases to-morrow. It is yes and no, yes and no, until one must decide for them. That, after all, is best." He paused abruptly. "This comes upon me like a flood, my friends. I am swept away, and yet I—I will need to think seriously."

"Certainly."

"It would require a great deal of money. I am considered a rich man, but I have discounted the future, and my enterprises—" He flung out his arms. "I have spread out. I must be careful."

"It will require very little money," said Cortlandt. "I have been from David to Darien, from Bocas to Colon, and I know the public sentiment."

"Speaking of David," his wife added: "It was you who first projected the railroad to that point, Señor Garavel."

"Yes, I saw that it was needed. It would make Panama," he said simply.

"Under your administration it can be built. Mr. Cortlandt can assure you of our Government's earnest cooperation. That would not be the case if General Alfarez were elected. Perhaps the Colombian boundary can be settled. There also our influence might avail. Those two steps forward would make the name of Garavel as famous in Panama as it is in Guatemala."

"Those are important issues for any loyal Panamanian," he admitted.

"And you love your daughter—you say your life is hers. Your honor would be hers also. Señorita Garavel would have no cause to regret her father's presidency!"

"Oh, it is unnecessary to argue," smiled the Spaniard. "I am weak. I am human. I am also patriotic, and I realize that our little country must look to your great one for its stimulus. Our life must be molded after yours. For years I have dreamed of a railroad to David, which would some day form a link in the great system that will join the three Americas. I have pictured our inland jungles replaced with homes; a great traffic flowing from end to end of the Republic. But I have also seen that our people would not profit by it. The languor of the tropics is in their blood, and you Yankees would be needed to inspire them." His voice shook with emotion as he went on: "They are good, simple people, no more than children, and I love them. A gracious Providence gave us the key to the world's commerce, but we could not use it. It needs all our wisdom now to adapt ourselves to

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the conditions that have arisen. . . . 'Andrés Garavel, President of the Republic of Panama!' It has a sweet sound, my friends, and yet—I have fears."

"Let's take them one by one," laughed his host, "and prove them imaginary. I see a great good fortune in store for you."

It was midnight before Señor Andrés Garavel, the banker, bade his friends good-by. When he descended the hotel steps to his carriage, he held his white head proudly erect, and there was new dignity in his bearing.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SIEGE OF MARÍA TORRES

THE faithful Allan was not long in fulfilling his mission. Such devotion as his, it seemed, could hardly fail, and if there had been a hundred Chiquitas, doubtless he would have corraled them all. One morning he appeared to Kirk, bursting with importance and news.

"Well, sar! I have discovered your female," he announced pompously.

"No? What's her name? Who is she?"

"Her is named María Torres, sar, and resides in the small 'ouse you h'observed upon the 'ill."

"Did you *see* her?" Anthony could hardly believe his ears.

"Oh, yes, very h'extensively."

"What does she look like? Is she dark?"

"Very dark, sar."

"And small?"

"Not too small," opined Allan.

"Of course, just right. And her eyes, like—like——"

"H'ink! Spots of h'ink. Oh, it is she, Master H'Aunt'ony."

"Jove! I believe it is! You're an ace, Allan. You're my ace of spades." Out of pure joy he began to pommel him playfully. "Why don't you rejoice? Lift up your voice and sing. María Torres! It's a heavenly name— Why don't you make a joyful noise?"

Allan voiced a feeble hurrah.

"It was only by chawnce that I h'encountered her, boss, for she is residing in the City. I h'ascertained all those facts——"

"Good! Find the street and number, quick. I'm going a-wooing! Say! When these Spaniards court a girl, they hang around her window and roll their eyes, don't they? Me for that! I'll haunt the Torres neighborhood until she shows herself, or die in the attempt. I'll play their game. I'll get a guitar, I'll—oh, from this moment I'm a Spaniard of the Spaniards! I'm the incarnation of ten thousand fiery cavaliers. I'll stand in front of her house until she sends me a chair. María Tor— What the deuce are you loafing for? Get a move on! Don't come back until you have located her! *Get out!*"

Allan fled, while Kirk dreamed over his breakfast of bacon and cold-storage eggs.

He was beaming when he appeared at the office. He sang, he whistled, he performed his duties with a joyous uproar that set the whole place in confusion. Nor did his spirits lessen when, later in the day, Allan informed him that the residence of Señor Luis Torres, whom the gods had selected as father to the delectable María, was at Number 89, Avenida Norte.

Anthony did not taste his dinner that evening. As darkness settled, he planted himself conspicuously on the corner opposite Number 89 and began to study the premises.

It was a trifle disappointing to note that Chiquita lived in such poor style. The first floor of the building was given over to a Chinese bazaar, and the upper story seemed neither extremely clean nor at all modern. But although this clashed a bit with his preconceived ideas, he knew that many of the nicest Panaman families lived in modest quarters.

His natural impulse was to apply boldly at the door, but he had learned something of local customs, and he determined to give no possible ground for offense. After she had recognized him and seen his willingness to follow the habit of her Spanish suitors, it would be feasible, perhaps, to adopt a more Americanized method. Meanwhile, he must run no risk of antagonizing her people.

In the Central American scheme of courtship, patience plays a large part. It is the young man's practise to martyr himself until the sight of him becomes such a reproach that the family must perforce express its sympathy. Although this procedure struck Anthony as ludicrous in the extreme, its novelty was not without charm, and he had lived through such a period of torturing uncertainty that the mere fact of the girl's presence was compensation enough for his pains.

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For an hour he stood motionless, staring at the upper windows of Number 89. Then his feet began to hurt, and he paraded slowly back and forth, "playing the bear," as he had heard it termed. Another hour passed, and he discovered that if his presence had not been marked by the members of the Torres household, it was at least exciting comment elsewhere in the neighborhood. Faces appeared at near-by windows; he heard sounds of muffled merriment, which made him uncomfortable; passers-by smiled at him and dropped encouraging remarks which he could not translate.

Kirk took his stand at last beneath a street light and gazed languorously upon the windows opposite, until his eyes ached as well as his feet. At last a curtain parted, and he saw the flash of a white dress back of it. His heart leaped; he raised his hat; there was a titter from behind the iron grating. Presently another figure was dimly revealed. The watcher held his position stubbornly until the last light in the Torres house winked out; then he limped homeward, warmed by the glad conviction that at least he had been recognized.

Promptly at seven o'clock on the following evening he returned to his post, and before he had been there five minutes knew that his presence was noticed. This was encouraging, so he focused his mental powers in an effort to communicate telepathically with the object of his desires. But she seemed unattuned, and coyly refrained from showing her face. He undertook to loiter gracefully, knowing himself to be the target of many eyes, but found it extremely hard to refrain from sitting on the curb—a manifestly unromantic attitude for a lovelorn swain. It did not cheer him to reflect that the girl had a keen sense of humor and must be laughing at him; yet he determined to put in a week at this idiotic love-making before he attempted anything else. Later in the evening he was rewarded by the glimpse of a handkerchief cautiously waved, and he was delirious with joy as he hobbled homeward.

Night after night he spent assiduously studying the cracks and blemishes in the stucco walls of Number 89, Avenida Norte, encouraged by the occasional flutter of a hand or a soulful sigh from behind the lace screen at the third window from the corner. But when Sunday came he was in no mood to continue this roundabout and embarrassing mode of courtship longer. He made an early start, taking Allan with him.

"I'll catch her going to mass," he explained hopefully. "I've just got to put an end to this performance."

"Will you h'accost her h'openly?" inquired Allan.

"You bet! If she runs away, you trip her up. Oh, it's great to be in love!"

"Without doubt, sar."

"She's a corker, isn't she?"

"I do not know as to that," Allan demurred. "What may be a carker?"

"I mean she's beautiful."

"Oh, h'indeed so! And her h'eyes—like h'ink-spots, as you say."

"Was she wearing a denim dress when you saw her?"

"Yes, yes," eagerly agreed the negro. "Oh, there is no mistake. It was a red dress."

"No, it wasn't. It was blue."

"H'exactly, sar—a sort of reddish blue. Oh, it is the same female. It is h'exciting, is it not?"

Kirk acknowledged that it was exciting, for, now that he had a full day in which to besiege Number 89, he felt certain of gaining a word, at least, with his inamorata. He was in good time, it seemed, for hardly had he taken his customary station before the Cathedral bells awoke the slumbrous echoes of the city.

"Praise God, she will be coming soon!" Allan exclaimed. "Look! There! *There!*"

Down the wide stairs leading from the living-rooms of Señor Torres came two women, and the negro danced in excitement. As they emerged upon the sidewalk, the younger one flashed a glance at the men opposite, and Kirk saw that she was a mulatto—evidently a housemaid. His eager eyes flew back to the entrance. Allan hissed at him:

"Yonder goes! Quick, or you will be losing she!"

"Where?"

"There! The young female in w'ite. It is h'indeed the Señorita Torres."

"*That!*" Anthony stared at the girl amazedly, as she cast him a second and more coquettish glance of her black eyes. "Why, damn it, that—why, she's a—*nigger!*"

"No, no!" shrilly expostulated the Jamaican. "It is she. H'alas! They have turned the corner."

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Kirk wheeled upon his detective in overwhelming disgust. "You idiot!" he breathed. "That girl is a 'dinge.' So *she's* the one I've been—oh, it's unspeakable! Let's get away from here!"

"You h'informed me in particular that she is dark," protested Allan.

"Come on!" Kirk dragged his companion away as fast as he could. As soon as his emotion permitted coherent speech, he launched into a tirade so eloquent and picturesque that Allan was reduced to a state of wondering awe. "I told you Chiquita was small and beautiful and dainty," Kirk ended in exasperation, "and—oh, what's the use! This dame is a truck horse. She's the color of a saddle."

"Oh, she is not too dark, sar." Allan came loyally to the defense of Miss Torres. "Some of the finest people in Panama is blacker than that. There is but few who are h'all w'ite."

"Well, *she's* all white, and I want you to find her to-day, *to-day*—understand? You gallop out to the Savannas and make some inquiries." He shook his fist in Allan's face. "If you don't learn something this trip, I'll have your lignum-vitæ cranium in a bowling-alley by dark. Lord! If I only spoke Spanish!"

Allan reluctantly departed, and Kirk went back to his quarters in high displeasure.

That afternoon a card was brought to him bearing an ornate inscription in a beautiful Spencerian hand:

Professor Jesus Herara

The Herara College of Business

Reconciling himself as best he could to the prospect of an interview with some importunate stranger, he grudgingly consented to have the visitor brought in. Professor Herara was not alone. He was accompanied by a very short, very fat man, whose smooth skin had the rich, dark coloring of an oily Cuban cigar.

"Señor Anthony, it is?" inquired the professor, bowing ceremoniously.

"That's my name."

"It is my privilege to consult you upon a business of importance."

"I'm afraid you have the wrong person. I don't care to learn shorthand."

"Ah, no, it is not concerning my academy. Allow me to present Señor Luis Torres."

Kirk felt the room begin to revolve slowly.

The little rotund man bowed, his hand-polished mahogany features widening in a smile.

"'Sveree hot wedder!" he exclaimed.

"He begs one thousand pardons for not speaking of your language the more perfectly, and so he is request of me to be his interpreter," said Professor Herara.

Something urged Kirk to flee while there was yet time, but the father of María Torres was between him and the door, and he could not bring himself to push the little man out of the way, so he bade them both be seated in the only two chairs the room contained, while he rested gingerly upon the edge of the bed. The newcomers let their eyes roll curiously about the chamber, and an embarrassing silence descended. Together the visitors beamed benignantly, almost patronizingly upon the young man. Plainly they meant to put him at his ease—but they failed. At length, after clearing his throat impressively, the interpreter began again:

"Of course, you have been expecting this visit, Señor?"

"N—not exactly."

"My friend is deeply disappointed that he has not the honor of before meeting you."

"I am flattered, but——"

"Indeed, yes! Then you are perhaps acquainted with Señor Torres by reputation? You know who he is?" Professor Jesus Herara raised his brows and inclined his head, like a polite schoolteacher endeavoring to encourage a diffident pupil.

"I regret that I do not."

"He is one of our most estimable citizens. He is possess not only of the magnificent residence at Number 89, Avenida Norte, but also of a comfortable abode at Las Savannas, and he has a large trade in sponges and hides. His place of business you will have noticed upon the water-front, perhaps?"

Kirk wiped his brow nervously and cursed Allan.

"And now, as for you, Señor?" The principal of the Herara College of Business awaited an answer with unctuous deference. Evidently attributing the young man's

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silence to modesty, he went on helpfully: "Señor Torres has instituted inquiries and ascertained your excellent position with the P. R. R., but he would know more, if soch is not disagreeable to you."

"Well—I—there isn't much to tell. It is my first job."

This was quickly put into Spanish, whereupon Mr. Torres nodded with vigor, as if this information were indeed gratifying.

"It is agreeable to my friend to ascertain your industry, and I may say you are most highly spoke of at the railroad office. Therefore, Señor Torres affords you an invitation to call at his residence on Thursday evening."

"That's awfully—nice," gasped Anthony, "but—er—what's the idea?"

"Ah!" The interpreter beamed; Mr. Torres beamed. They combined to radiate a gentle effulgence which was most disquieting. "It is indeed pleasing to encounter a gentleman so truly modest, so possessed of delicacy; but I may say that Señor Torres is look with favor upon your suit. Of course," — he checked Kirk's hasty words — "it is not completely settle—by no means; the young lady is but partly won. However"— he winked one black eye reassuringly—"as friend of the family I bid you not to permit discouragement and despair."

Anthony broke out in desperation: "Hold on! Let me explain. There's been an awful mistake."

"Mistake?" The tone was blandly incredulous.

"Yes. I'm not in love with Miss Torres."

Professor Jesus Herara stared at the speaker as if his mastery of the English language was, after all, incomplete. Torres, seeing that he was missing something, interpolated a smiling inquiry; then, as his interpreter made the situation clear, his honeyed smile froze, his sparkling eyes opened in bewilderment.

"There's really a mistake," Kirk persisted. "I don't even know Miss Torres."

"Ah! Now I understand." The professor was intensely relieved. "It is precisely for that purpose we arrive. *Bueno!* You admire from a distance, is it not so? You are struck with the lady's beauty, your heart is awakened! You are miserable. You pine away, you can not find courage to speak. It is admirable, Señor. We understand fully, and I, who know, assure you of her many virtues."

"No, it's nothing like that, either. I have no doubt Miss Torres is altogether charming, but—I—there's just a mistake, that's all. I'm not the least bit in love with her."

"But, *Señor!* Is it not you who have stood beneath her window nightly? Is it not you who have laid siege to her these many days?" The speaker's eyes were glowing with anger as he turned to make his inquiry clear to the young lady's father.

Mr. Torres began to swell ominously.

"If you'll just let me explain," protested Kirk, desperately. "I'm in love with a young woman, true enough, but it doesn't happen to be Miss Torres. I thought it was, but it isn't. It's another person altogether."

"Who?"

"I don't know her name."

"*What?*" Herara was about to burst forth, when his friend nudged him and he was obliged to put this amazing declaration into Spanish. Señor Torres breathed heavily and exploded an oath.

"I met her in the country and made a mistake in the town houses," Kirk floundered on. "I never knew till this morning that I was on the wrong trail. It is all my fault. I thought the lady's name was Torres."

"This is a grave affront to my friend. How will the señorita understand—she in whose breast is awakened already an answering thrills?"

"I'm mighty sorry. If you wish, I'll apologize in person to Miss Torres."

At this Herara cried out in horror; then, after a brief colloquy with the father, he rose stiffly, saying: "I offer no words from my friend. For the present he does not believe, nor do I. Inquiries will be institute, —of that be assured. If you have deceived —if your intentions were not of the most honorable"— the head of the Herara Business College glared in a horrible manner— "you will have occasion to regret those foolish jokes."

Kirk tried to explain that his present regrets were ample for all time, but, bowing formally, the visitors withdrew, leaving him to revile anew the name of Allan Allan.

When the black boy returned, footsore but cheerful, his appearance was the signal for an outburst that left him disconsolate and bewildered. He apologized over and over for his little error, and tried to reinstate himself by announcing that this time he had identified the elusive Chiquita be-

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THERE, NOT A YARD AWAY, WAS THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS, BOWING DEMURELY.

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yond the peradventure of a doubt. The fact was that, weary of the quest, which he was inclined to consider a vain imagining, and wishful to dream another lottery number, he had brought back with him a fanciful tale designed to quiet his employer and to assure himself ample leisure in the future.

"Master H'Aunt'ony, your female is gone," he informed him sadly.

"Gone! Where?"

"Somewhere—on a ship.",

"Are you sure?"

"There is no doubt, sar. Her name is Garavel, and she h'occupies the big 'ouse on the 'ill. I discovered those h'impartant facts from the Bajan 'ooman."

"Stephanie! You saw her? By Jove! Then you are right, this time. Quick! tell me all you learned."

Allan lied fluently, elaborately, and, finding his hero plunged into despair, surrendered himself gratefully to another period of blissful idleness. This was much the simplest way, he decided; for even should Kirk meet a Garavel, there was no chance of his winning her; and love, after all, is but a passing impulse which may be summoned or banished at will by such simple mediums as charms. The boy did try to ease his benefactor's malady by taking a lock of his own fuzzy wool and placing it beneath Kirk's mattress, after working certain spells.

CHAPTER XIX

"LA TOSCA"

THE winter season was at its height now. For weeks there had been no rain, and the Pacific side of the Isthmus was growing sere and yellow beneath the ceaseless glare of the sun. The musty dampness of the rainy season had disappeared, the steady trade-winds breathed a dreamy languor, and the days fled past in one long, unending procession of brilliant sameness. Every ship from the North came laden with tourists, and the social life of the City grew brilliant and gay. There were receptions, dinners, dances; the plazas echoed to the strains of music almost nightly, and now that Nature smiled, the work upon the Canal went forward with ever-growing eagerness. Records were broken in every department, the railroad groaned beneath its burden, the giant human machine was strained to its fullest efficiency.

Young Anthony mastered the details of his work very rapidly, for railroading had been bred into him. He needed little help from Runnels, and soon began to feel a conscious grasp of affairs as surprising to himself as to his chief. Being intensely interested in his work, he avoided all social entanglements, despite repeated invitations from Mrs. Cortlandt. But when the grand-opera season began, he made an exception, and joined her box-party on the opening night.

The Cortlandts had recently given up their quarters at the Tivoli for a house, and before the opera there was a somewhat formal dinner in the new home, at which there were a dozen guests; so Kirk had no opportunity of speaking with his hostess until they had reached the theatre, where he found himself seated immediately behind her.

"I've scarcely seen you lately," she said, at the first opportunity. "You're a very neglectful young man."

"I knew you were getting settled in your house, and we've been tremendously busy at the office."

"I began to think you were avoiding us."

"You must know better than that."

She regarded him shrewdly over her shoulder. "You're not still thinking of—that night at Taboga? You haven't seemed the same since."

He blushed, and nodded frankly. "I can't help thinking about it. You were mighty nice to overlook a break like that, but—" Unconsciously his eyes shifted to Cortlandt, who was conversing politely with a giggly old lady from Gatun.

She tapped his cheek lightly with her fan. "Just to show you how forgiving I am, I am going to ask you to go riding with me. The late afternoons are lovely now, and I've found a good horse for you. I suppose you ride?"

"I love it!"

"Wednesday, at five, then." She turned to another guest, and Kirk leaned back to take in the scene about him.

Like most Latin-American cities, Panama prides herself upon her Government Theatre, which is in truth very beautiful. Although it remains dark most of the year, its brief period of opera is celebrated by a notable outpouring. To-night the magnificent white-and-gold auditorium was filled to the topmost gallery, and the two circles

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of boxes were crowded with the flower of Panaman society, tourists from the North, and Americans from the whole length of the Canal Zone. Kirk himself had seen to running a theatre special from Colon, and recognized all six of the Commissioners, with their families. It was an exceedingly well-dressed audience, and, although the pit was plentifully sprinkled with men in white, the two lower galleries were in solid full dress. Bejeweled women in elaborate gowns lent the affair almost the elegance of a night at the Metropolitan in New York, while the flash of many uniforms made the scene vividly colorful.

Suddenly the orchestra broke into the national air, and with a great rustling and turning of heads the audience rose to its feet. In the center box of the first tier, ornately hung with flags and a coat-of-arms, Anthony saw a giant black man of majestic appearance, drawn to his full height and flanked by a half-dozen aides in uniform, all at a stiff military salute.

"That is President Galleo," Edith told him.

"Jove! He's a regal-looking chap," Kirk exclaimed.

"He's very much of a man, too; yet even here there is a color line. Nobody acknowledges it, but the old Castilian families are keenly aware of it just the same."

As the last measured strain died out, the audience reseated itself, the introduction to "La Tosca" sounded, and the curtain rose. Although the names of the performers were unknown to Kirk, their voices were remarkably good, and he soon became absorbed in the drama. A sudden lonesomeness surged over him as he recalled another night, when he and Darwin K. Anthony had heard these same notes sung. But then they had sat enthralled by the art of Caruso, Scotti, and charming Emma Eames. It had been one of the rare hours when he and his father had felt themselves really in sympathy. The Governor had come down for some fabulous directors' meeting, he remembered, and had wired his son to run in from New Haven for the evening. They had been real chums that night; and even at their modest little supper afterward, when the old gentleman had a row with the waiter and cursed his dyspepsia, they had laughed and chatted like cronies. Yet a week later they had quarreled.

With an unexpected access of tenderness, Anthony, Jr., longed to see once more that tumbled shock of white hair, that strong, lined face, to hear again the gruff tones of that voice he loved so well. After all, there were only two Anthonys left in the world, and he had been to blame. He acknowledged that he had been a ne'er-do-well. No wonder his father had been harsh; but still —old Darwin K. should not have been so domineering, so ready to credit all he heard. Kirk pressed his lips together and swore to make good, if for no other reason than to show his dad.

As the curtain fell on the first act, he rose with the others, and, accompanied by Mrs. Cortlandt, made his way down the long passageway and out into a brightly lighted, highly decorated foyer, filling now with voluble people. It was a splendid room, but he had no eyes for it. His gaze was fixed upon the welcome open-air promenade outside, and his fingers fumbled with his cigarette case.

"Oh, wait, please," he heard Edith say. "I want you to meet some one."

Nothing could have pleased him less at the moment. But, somewhat awkwardly, he began to edge his way through the press in the wake of his hostess. The next moment he halted and stood stock-still in helpless surprise.

There, not a yard away, was the girl of his dreams, demurely bowing to Edith Cortlandt, her hand upon the arm of a swarthy man, whom Kirk knew at once as her father. He felt the blood rush blindingly to his head, felt it drumming at his ears, knew that he must be staring like a man bereft of reason. Mrs. Cortlandt was speaking, and he caught the name "Garavel" like a bugle-call. They turned upon him, the Spanish gentleman bowed, and he saw that Chiquita's little white-gloved hand was extended toward him.

She was the same dainty maid he had met in the forest, but now splendidly radiant and perfect beyond his imagining. She was no longer the simple wood-sprite, but a tiny princess in filmy white, molded by some master craftsman. As at that earlier meeting, she was thrilling with some subtle mirth which flickered on her lips or danced in the depths of her great dark eyes.

How he ever got through that wild introductory moment without making a show of himself, Anthony never knew, for his first overwhelming impulse was to seize the girl

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and never let her escape. It was the same feeling he had had at Las Savannas, only ten times harder to resist. The general confusion, perhaps, helped to hide his emotion, for around them eddied a constant human tide, through which at last came Mr. Cortlandt and the other members of his party. There were more introductions, more bows and polite exchanges of words, which had the maddening effect of distracting Miss Garavel's attention. Then by some glorious miracle Kirk found himself moving toward the open air at her side, with Mrs. Cortlandt and the banker in advance of them.

"Oh, Chiquita," he said softly, "I thought I'd *never* find you. I've hunted everywhere."

At the tremulous intensity of his tone, she gave an uncertain laugh and flashed him a startled glance.

"Chiquita is not my name," she said reprovingly.

"Yes, it is; it must be. I can't think of you by any other. Hasn't it been whispering at my ears ever since you said it? It has nearly driven me mad."

"Señor Antonio! I have seen you but once."

"I have seen you every day, every hour——"

"Indeed!"

"I can't see anything else. Don't you understand?"

"You forget that we have but just been introduced."

"Don't be offended; you see I can't realize that I have found you at last. When I learned you had gone away, I thought I would surely——"

"I have been nowhere."

"Didn't you go away on a ship?"

"That is absurd! I have remained always in my father's house."

"Then wait until I catch that boy of mine! Didn't you know I was looking for you? Couldn't you *feel* it?"

"Indeed, why should I imagine such things?"

"Why, if you couldn't feel a thing like that, you can't love me."

"Of a certainly not," she gasped. "You should not joke about such things."

"I'm not joking; I never was so serious in my life. I—I'm afraid I can't tell you everything—it all wants to come out at once. Why didn't you come back as you promised?"

"It was Stephanie—she is such a ferocious person! I was brought to the City that day—but no, Señor. I did not promise. I said only 'perhaps.'"

"Have you done your penance?"

"It was finished yesterday. This is the first time I have been out. Oh, it is delightful. The music! The people!"

"And I can come to see you now?"

"Very well do you know that you can not. Have you not learned our customs?" Then, with an abrupt and icy change of tone: "I forget. Of course you are familiar with those customs, since you have become the wooer of Miss Torres."

"Oh, Lord! Where did you hear about that?"

"So! It is true. You are fickle, Señor—or is it that you prefer dark people?"

"I was looking for you. I thought it was you behind thos curtains all the time." He began a flurried defense of his recent outrageous behavior, to which Miss Garavel endeavored to listen with distant composure. But he was so desperately in earnest, so anxious to make light of the matter, so eager to expose all his folly and have done with it, that he must have been funnier than he knew. In the midst of his narrative the girl's eyes showed an encouraging gleam, and when he described his interview with Torres and Herara, their surprise and dramatic indignation, she laughed merrily.

"Oh, it wasn't funny at the time," he hastened to add. "I felt as though I had actually proposed, and might have to pay alimony."

"Poor María! It is no light thing to be cast aside by one's lover. She is broken-hearted, and for six months she will do penance."

"This penance thing is a habit with you girls. But I wasn't her lover—I'm yours."

"Do not be foolish," she exclaimed sharply, "or I shall be forced to walk with my father."

"Don't do that. Can't you see we must make haste while the curtain is down?"

"I do not see. I am strolling in search of the cool air." She bowed and smiled at some passing friends. She seemed very careless, very flippant. She was not at all the impetuous, mischievous Chiquita he had met in the woods.

"See here," he said soberly. "We can't go on this way. Now that I've met your father, I'm going to explain my intentions

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to him, and ask his permission to call on you."

"We have a proverb, Señor, '*Ir por lana, y volver trasquilado*,' which means, 'Take heed lest you find what you do not seek.' Do not be impetuous."

"There's only one thing I'm seeking."

"My father is a stern man. In his home he is entirely a Spaniard, and if he learned how—we met, for instance"—even under the electric light he saw her flush—"he would create a terrible scene." She paused and leaned over the stone balustrade, staring out across the ink-black harbor.

"Trust me! I sha'n't tell him."

"There are so many reasons why it is useless."

"Name one."

"*Ohé!*" She shrugged lightly. "In the first place, I care nothing for you. Is not that enough?"

"No, indeed! You'll get over that. What's your next reason?"

"It is difficult to explain, since you will not understand. When a young man is accepted into a Spanish house, many things are taken for granted. Besides that, we do not know each other, you and I. Also, if you should come to see me, it would cause gossip, misunderstanding among my friends."

"I'll declare myself in advance," he promised warmly.

"No, no, no! We Spanish Americans do not care for strangers. We have our own people, and we are satisfied. You Yankees are not very nice; you are barbarous; you assume such liberties! Our young men are gentle, modest, sweet——"

"Um-m! I hadn't noticed it."

"This is the first time I have ever talked so freely with a gentleman, and I suppose it is immodest. After all, it is much better that old people, who are of more experience, should discuss these questions."

"But don't you want to have a voice in your own affairs?" he eagerly urged. "Do you really want your relatives to tell you whom to meet, whom to love, and whom to marry?"

She answered frankly. "Sometimes I do feel rebellious. Yet at other times I am sure they must know best."

"I don't believe you are the sort to shut your eyes and do exactly as you're told."

"I do rebel sometimes. I protest, but it is only the American blood in me."

"If you'd learn to know me a little bit, maybe you'd enjoy having me around the house."

"But I can not know you, any more than you can know me," she cried, with a little gesture of despair at his dulness. "Don't you see?—before we could get acquainted nicely, people would be talking."

"Let's try. You're living at the country place again, aren't you? Suppose I should get lost some day—to-morrow, for instance?"

"No, no! Listen. It is the warning bell, and we must return."

The crowd was filing into the theatre now. The two fell in behind Señor Garavel and Mrs. Cortlandt.

"I'm going hunting again to-morrow," prophesied Kirk, "and I'm almost certain to lose my way—about three o'clock."

"You should take with you a guide."

"That's not a bad idea. I'd like to talk it over with you. Suppose we have another stroll after the next act?"

"I shall be with my father. Never before have I enjoyed so much liberty." She sighed gratefully.

"Oh, I detest your blamed, strait-laced Spanish customs," he cried hotly. "What do they amount to, anyhow? I love you. I do, I do——"

She laughed and darted to her father's side.

"Don't you think Miss Garavel is a pretty girl?" Mrs. Cortlandt questioned, as they strolled toward their box.

"She's a dream." Anthony's tone left nothing unsaid.

"You got along together capitally. Most of the señoritas are impossible."

"By the way, what is her first name?"

"Gertrudis. Rather pleasing, I think."

Kirk thought so, too. In fact, it pleased him so greatly that he thought of nothing else during the entire second act of "La Tosca." It was even sweeter than the music of her hesitating accent.

When, after an age, the curtain fell for a second time, he escaped from his companions, mumbling some excuse, and made haste to find her again. But as he approached he felt a sudden pang of jealous rage.

Ramón Alfarez was beside her, and the two were chatting with an appearance of intimacy that made him furious. Close at hand stood Garavel, deep in conversation with Colonel Jolson.

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"Ah, Ramón, I wish you to meet Mr. Anthony," said Gertrudis. "So! You have met before?"

"In Colon," Kirk explained, while Alfarez scorched him with his eyes. "Mr. Alfarez was very hospitable to me."

"Yes," the Spaniard exclaimed. "It is my great regret that Señor Ant'ony did not remain for longer."

"Ramón is with the President's party this evening. He is Señor Galleo's secretary, you know."

"I informed you concerning those good fortunes some time since, eh?" Ramón's insulting stare made Kirk long to take him by the throat.

"Yes, you told me. It brings you very close to the Chief Executive, no doubt."

"I 'ave the honor to be his intimate!"

"He's the tallest negro I ever saw," Kirk said simply, at which the haughty Ramón seemed about to explode, and Miss Garavel quite shamelessly giggled.

"That is fonny!" she exclaimed. "But you must not tease Ramón. You understand, the voice of the people has made Galleo president, but no one forgets that he is not one of us."

Her youthful countryman twisted his mustache with trembling fingers.

"It is politics!" he declared. "And yet Galleo is a great man; I am honor' to be his secretary. But by the grace of God our next president will be w'ite."

"Ramón's father, Don Anibal, you know." Gertrudis nodded wisely at the American. "We are very proud of Ramón, he is so young to be high in politics."

"Eh! Yes, and many of our bravest patriots 'ave been black men."

"Oh, we've had some brave negroes, too," Kirk acknowledged.

"So! You see!" Alfarez was triumphant.

"The greatest fighter we ever had was a colored chap."

"Ah?"

"His name was Gans—Joe Gans."

"You are still joking," said Miss Garavel. "In Baltimore, I read the newspapers about that Gans. He was a—box-fighter, what?"

"Exactly. But he never carried a secretary."

Ramón's countenance was sallow as he inquired:

"Does Señor Ant'ony discover our climate to be still agreeable?"

"Very. It hasn't grown too warm for me yet."

"We are but approaching our 'ot season." The speaker's eyes snapped.

"Oh, I'll stand the heat all right, and the mosquitoes, too."

"Eh! Do not be too sure. The mosquito makes a leetle bozzing—but it is well to take warning. If not, behol', some day you grow ver' seek."

Heretofore, Kirk had hated Ramón in a careless, indifferent sort of way, feeling that he owed him a good drubbing, which he would be pleased to administer if ever a fitting time arrived. But now, since he saw that the jackanapes had the audacity to love Gertrudis, his feeling became intense. The girl was alive to the situation, and, although she evidently enjoyed it, did her best to stand between the two men.

As for Alfarez, he was quick to feel the sudden fierce hostility he had aroused, and it seemed to make him nervous. Moreover, he conceived that he had scored heavily by his last retort, at which Kirk had only smiled. It therefore seemed best to him to withdraw from the conversation (annoyingly conducted in English), and a few moments later he stalked majestically away. This was just what Kirk wanted, and he quickly suggested the balcony. But Gertrudis was obstinate.

"I must remain with my father," she said.

"May I sit beside you, then? I've been thinking of a lot of things to say. I always think of bully remarks when it's too late. Now I've forgotten them. Do you know, I'm going to nestle up to your father and make him like me?"

"Again you are speaking of that subject! I have known you but an hour, and you talk of nothing but my father, of me, of coming to call."

"Well, I can't think of anything else."

"You are too—bold. Spanish fathers do not like such young men. But to hear me talk!" She flushed slightly. "I have lost all modesty to speak of those things. You force me to embarrass myself."

"I was an instantaneous success with Miss Torres's father. He was ready to send a dray for my trunks."

"Let us discuss other things."

"I haven't the strength. You once spoke of a chap your people had picked out. It isn't—Alfarez?"

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She let her dark eyes rest upon his a moment, and his senses swam. Then she nodded slowly.

"You do not like him?" she asked.

"The day you and I are married, I'm going to send him a wreath of poison-ivy."

"It pleases you always to joke."

"No joke about that. You won't give in, will you?"

"There is no question of force nor of surrender, Señor. I insist now that we shall speak of other things."

A few moments later he was constrained to rejoin the Cortlandts' party.

"When are you going back to Las Savannas?" he asked, as he reluctantly arose.

"To-morrow."

"The hunting ought to be good——"

But she frowned at him in annoyance, and he left her, after all, without knowing whether he had gained or lost ground. Of one thing only he was sure—their meeting had been in some respects a disappointment. She was not by any means so warm and impulsive as he had supposed. Her girlishness, her simplicity, her little American ways cloaked a deep reserve and a fine sense of the difference in their positions. She could be Spanish enough when she chose, he perceived, and he felt, as he was intended to feel, that the little lady of quality he had met to-night would be much harder to win than the girl of the woods. The plague of it was that, if anything, he was more in love with the definite and dazzling Gertrudis Garavel than he had been with the mysteriously alluring Chiquita.

CHAPTER XX

AN AWAKENING

KIRK was in no more satisfactory frame of mind when, on the next afternoon, he shouldered his gun and set out for the country. He went directly to the fairy pool, and waited there in a very fever of anxiety. If she came, it would mean everything to him. If she stayed away—why, then he would have to believe that, after all, the real Gertrudis Garavel had spoken last night at the opera, and that the sprightly, mirthful little maid who had bewitched him on their first meeting no longer existed. The sound of a voice shot through his troubled thoughts like a beam of sunlight through a dark room.

"Oh, Señor Antonio! How you startled me!"

"Good afternoon, Queen!" He rose and bowed politely. "I thought I saw one underneath the waterfall just now."

"Who would have expected you to be here?" she cried, with an extreme and obviously counterfeit amazement that filled him with delight.

"I'm lost," he declared; then, after one look into her eyes, he added, "absolutely, utterly, irretrievably lost."

"It is very fortunate that I chanced to be passing, for this is a lonely spot; nobody ever comes here."

"Well, I hardly ever lose myself in busy places. Won't you sit down?"

"Since we have met quite by accident, perhaps it would not be so very improper." She laughed mischievously.

"You know I've been lost now for several months. It's a delightful feeling—you ought to try it."

She settled uncertainly beside him like a butterfly just alighting, ready to take flight again on the instant.

"Perhaps I can help you to find your way, Señor?" she said, politely.

"You are the only one who can, Miss Garavel. I don't know that I ever told you, but I'm in love."

"Indeed!"

"I am the most miserably happy person in the world, for I have just this moment begun to believe that the young lady likes me a little bit!"

"Oh! I forgot—the real reason I came. I have something I must tell you."

"All right. But honestly now, didn't you *want* to come?"

She turned upon him in a little burst of passion. "Yes!" she cried. "Of course I did. I wished to come, madly, Señor. There is no use to lie. But wait! It is wholly because I am a—what you call fleert—a very sad fleert." No one could possibly describe the quaint pronunciation she gave the word. "It makes my heart patter, like that"—she made her little fingers "patter"—"to be wooed even by a Yankee. But I do not love you in the least. Oh, no! Even if I wished to do so, there are too many reasons why I could not, and when I explain you will understand."

"I know; it's Ramón Alfarez. You're half-way engaged to him—but you know you don't love him."

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"Ah! It is not too sure. He is of fine family, he is rich, he is handsome—not possibly could I care for any man who was not all of those. All my life I have thought him a very sweet gentleman, and for a long time it has been agreed that I should be his wife. Even all the young ladies are furious at me, which is very nice also—so it is only because I am disobedient that I rebelled. But I was punished for my evil disposition"—she sighed mournfully—"and now it is all arranged once more."

"Is it really 'signed, sealed, stamped, and delivered in the presence of'?"

"No, no, but '*Arco siempre armado*——"

"Of course. Is that a prescription?"

"'A bow long bent grows weak.' And there are so many reasons why I should say yes."

"You haven't mentioned any that would be binding in law."

"My father's wish. Is not that sufficient?"

"You disregarded that once."

"That was but a flutter. All the time I knew I should be Ramón's wife when the time arrived. But it made him so unhappy that I was quite pleased. Only for those ugly blue dresses, I would have greatly enjoyed my penance. Perhaps I could refuse to wed a man my father chose for me, but no nice Spanish girl would dare to wed a man her father did not like. Do you see?"

"But it's no cinch your father won't positively hunger for me, once we get chummy."

"And I for Ramón. How sad that would be!—eh?"

She laughed deliciously. "What a nice game it is we have played!—but now I must talk seriously."

"You witch!" he breathed. "Do you think I could ever give you up?"

She checked him gravely. "Truly, it was just a game—and yet it was not altogether so, either. But here is what I came to say: The strangest thing has happened—not until last night after the opera did I even dream of it, and—even now I can not believe. Oh, I am so proud!"

"More bad news for me, I suppose?"

"Yes. But such good news for me that I am sure you will be glad." Timidly he reached out and touched a fold of her white dress. She seemed to be slipping from him. "Coming home from the theatre my father told me—oh! the most wonderful thing! He said—but how shall I speak of such a secret?"

"Evidently you don't intend to."

"I promised very faithfully not to tell, so—he is to be the next President—of—Panama!"

"Pres—" Anthony stared at her in frank amazement. "Why, I thought old man Alfarez——"

"It seems your country does not like him because he hates Americans—see? This is the work of that Mr. Cortlan'. Think! Is it not wonderful? Now that you know the truth, you must see at once that by no means could I marry to a person like you."

"Why not?"

"*Ohé!* Don't you understand? I shall be the finest lady in the Republic. All men will adore me. I will have suitors, not one or two as now, but many. I will be 'the beautiful Señorita Garavel,' for all the great people are beautiful. I shall be proud also, and I shall not even speak to Yankees any more. My father will be the most famous man of all the Republic—perhaps in the whole world—I don't know."

"I don't think it will make any difference with him, when he knows who I am. I guess my dad is pretty nearly as good as anybody in Panama."

"He is, then, of blue blood?"

"No! Red."

"Oh, but a gentleman?"

"He is now. He used to be a brakeman."

"You appear to be—proud of such a thing! How strange! My father's blood runs back to the Conquistadores; even in the earliest books one finds Garavels. They were conquerors, they ruled this country and all these people."

"That's something to be proud of, but it isn't everything. High-bred horses run well, but they can't pull. It's the old farm nag that delivers the merchandise. But I'll tackle your father, and I'll promise to vote for him."

"You are very fonny." She gazed at him seriously, her chin nestling into her palm.

"Do you love me?"

"Not one single speck. I merely like you to make love at me and cause my heart to jomp! But that is not fair to you, is it—since you can have no hope?"

The little hypocrite continued to voice words of warning and denial, though her

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eyes invited him, and for a long time they continued this delightful play of pleading and evasion. But at last Chiquita jumped up with a great appearance of alarm.

"Heavens! the time!" she cried. "I have stayed too long by much. Stephanie will miss me."

He rose and stretched out his hand as if to hold her. "Shall I come again to-morrow?"

She grew suddenly earnest. "No, no, Señor. That is something you should not ask. If ever we are to meet again, it must be with my father's consent. Please! Do not urge, for truly I would have to refuse." She let her palm rest in his an instant, and her cheeks went scarlet as he pressed it to his lips. Then she said: "Go, Mr. Brazen One. How greatly it surprised me to find you here I can not say. It gave me *such* a start! And Señor Antonio—my father may be found any day at his bank." Before he could detain her, she was gone, flitting up the path with just one flashing smile of mischief over her shoulder.

Anthony went home with his head in the clouds. All his doubts were now at rest; for while Chiquita had stubbornly denied him all encouragement, he felt sure that her heart had answered. It was in the highest spirits, therefore, that he opened a letter he found awaiting him, and read as follows:

DEAR KIRK:

I hope you are heartily sick of yourself and ready to do something decent for a change. Knowing your aristocratic habits as I do, I realize you must owe a lot of money by this time, and your new friends must be getting tired of you. I have been expecting you to draw on me daily and am taking this occasion to warn you in your own expensively acquired college English that "*there is nothing doing*"—except upon one condition. If you will agree to behave yourself in future, I will pay your debts, send you West, and give you a job as operator at forty dollars a month. *But*—you will go where I send you, and you will stay where you are put. I will do the thinking for both of us and judge of your associates. Maybe, if you prove to be any good at all, I will arrange with the police to let you spend your vacation in "that dear New York," which still shows signs of your red paint-brush. I would be pleased to have an apology by return mail, so that I may meet you in New Orleans and start you off once more on the road to decency and self-respect. You will never be a success at anything, but I am always ready to do my duty. This is my last offer, and if you refuse you may distinctly and definitely go to the devil.

As ever,
Your loving father,
DARWIN K. ANTHONY.

P. S.—I can get *good* operators for thirty dollars a month. The extra ten dollars is pure sentiment.

Kirk had known in advance just about what the letter contained, and now laughed aloud. It was so like the old gentleman! Why, he could almost hear him dictating it.

Spurred by his present exhilaration, he wrote an answer which he read with a good deal of satisfaction before sealing it up:

DEAR DAD:

Your affectionate letter, with the kind offer of a siding out in the Dakotas, is at hand. I would like to help you along with your business, but "Upward and Onward" is my motto, and you'll have to raise that salary a bit. I am drawing $225 a month at present, quarters furnished, and promotion promised. I have made some good investments, and there are no debts to settle. Enclosed find my last bank statement, which will doubtless prove a great disappointment to you.

If you need a good Master of Transportation, I would be pleased to consider an offer at any time, provided the salary is satisfactory, but your proposal to edit my acquaintances is out of the question. My decency and self-respect are doing well, thank you, and I like the climate.

Outside my window a mocking-bird sings nightly, and I have a tame rabbit with ears like a squirrel and baby-blue eyes—also a Jamaican negro boy who, I fear, could not stand our harsh Northern winters.

The salary would have to be about six thousand a year.

As always,
Your devoted and obedient son,
KIRK.

P. S.—I would not care to locate farther west than Buffalo. My wife might not like it.

"If he survives the first part, that tag line will put him down for the count," mused the writer, with a grin. "And yet, something tells me he will not embrace my offer. Ah, well! Promotion is slow." He whistled blithely as he sent Allan off to the post-office.

The next instalment of **"The Ne'er-Do-Well"** will appear in the June Number.

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The Seventh Disappearance

by

Arthur · Stringer

Author of "THE SILVER POPPY," "PHANTOM WIRES," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK H. DESCH

"YOU asked to see me?" said Carberry. He declined to advance beyond the still open door. The tentativeness of his attitude seemed further accentuated by a napkin that hung from his hand. And this hand, in turn, was still resting on the door-knob.

"I did," replied the stranger.

Carberry looked from the oblong of pasteboard to his visitor, and then back to the oblong of pasteboard. A trail of tobacco smoke sucked slowly out between the door-posts behind him. It curled and eddied about him, like a flood-tide about a harbor spile. From the inner room sounded a babble of talk shot through with laughter.

"But you must realize that this is a rather inopportune moment, a rather——"

"I do," interrupted the stranger.

Carberry gave an upward jerk to his shoulders and closed the door behind him. It was like putting a soft pedal on the noise and laughter that echoed from the inner chamber.

The stranger had not moved so much as an inch.

"And you insist this thing's important?" Carberry finally demanded. The very manner in which he held the slip of pasteboard was intended to imply that the visit proved a dishonored draft on attention.

"It is vital," answered his visitor.

Carberry fussed with the napkin which he still carried in his hand. He was working round to a point of open indignation.

"My dear man," he exclaimed, his voice now edged with exasperation, "this is not the night I'm going to discuss vital things!"

"You'll have to!" said his visitor.

Carberry's resentment expressed itself in an ironic and impassive smile. "You see, it's announced, quite officially announced, that I'm going to be married to-morrow," he began.

"I know it," said his visitor.

"And before that happens, with your permission, I intend to give my time and attention to those friends——"

The stranger cut off the other's speech with a movement. It was an impatient movement, the first one he had made.

"It can't be done," he said, quite simply.

"Why can't it be done?"

"You were to marry a young woman named Edwina Robinson?"

For the first time Carberry let his hand fall from the door-knob. "I *am* to marry Miss Edwina Robinson to-morrow," he corrected. Yet some faint and irrefutable premonition of evil, some vague shift in the

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background of consciousness, took the wine-built warmth out of his body and the hauteur out of his voice.

"The Edwina Robinson who graduated from St. Luke's nurses' training school two years ago?" interrogated the stranger.

"Who are you?" suddenly demanded Carberry.

"McCue of the Central Office," was the answer. "Of Police Headquarters."

"Police! What does this mean? What's all this about?"

McCue, instead of answering, asked another question. "When did you see Edwina Robinson last?"

"Two days ago."

"Where?"

"At her married sister's, in Mamaroneck."

"Have you heard from her since then?"

"No; I wired her twice yesterday. But before this goes any farther I want to know what you're driving at. Has anything happened to Miss Robinson?"

"That's what I'm here to find out. Miss Robinson has been reported missing."

"Missing!"

"She's not to be found."

Carberry laughed. It was almost a laugh of relief. "That's all rot! She came to New York yesterday at four o'clock, to join her cousin at the Gotham Hotel."

"She did not reach the Gotham Hotel."

Carberry stared at the man. "Then where did she go?"

"That's what we've got to find out. That's why I'm detailed on this case."

Carberry stepped back until his body rested against the door-jamb. "It's absurd!" he gasped. "I won't believe it! I can't believe it!"

"Then what're you going to do?"

Carberry looked about, bewildered, stupefied, struggling to reorganize the universe which had so suddenly crashed down about his ears.

"There's some mistake!" he cried. "There's got to be some mistake! We'll clear it up! We'll find her! Or she'll walk home and take off her hat and show us we've been making fools of ourselves all along!"

McCue did not seem to hear. He looked at his watch. "Meet me in two hours at Nicchia's. I've got my men to see and my reports to make. Good-night!"

Carberry looked after him, without speaking. He made a start, as though to call him back. Then he stood with his hand on the door-knob for several moments, his head lowered a little. It was only by great effort that he could regain his self-control. Then he raised his head, mopped his wet forehead with the napkin, and stepped in through the door.

II

Two hours later Carberry and McCue were seated at a table in Nicchia's. The old-time audacity had gone out of Carberry's bearing. There was no longer a touch of languid condescension in his tones. A feverish quarter-hour in a telephone booth, and an equally feverish hour of motor travel back and forth about the city, had shaken the last shred of hope from the situation.

Edwina Robinson, apparently in the best of health and in the best of spirits, had disappeared from sight without any obtainable reason. She had disappeared as completely as though a new-world Enna had opened and the earth itself had swallowed her.

For the second time Carberry reviewed the case to McCue, who sat back listening, still hoping for some glint of actual clue in all the thrice-handled tailings of description.

"*You* say her health was good. Her cousin said she'd been worried and overworked. At least, she thought so—said the last week or two had tired her out."

"Her health *was* good," maintained Carberry. "If she was worried, it was only because she tried to do too much—clothes and hats and going-away gowns and all that sort of thing. Every girl worries about her trousseau."

Carberry had nursed the impression, for some half-hour, that he himself was being investigated, that his own past was being pried into more thoroughly than that of the missing girl. He even began to feel a little uneasy under the ruminative directness of McCue's glances.

"Been on cases, I suppose?"

"She took none during the past eight weeks."

"What was her last one?"

"*I* was," answered the reluctant Carberry.

"Go on!"

"I was thrown from a polo pony and got a compound fracture of the tibia. It was a seven weeks' case."

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"I see," said the impersonal-eyed McCue, quite oblivious of the other man's slowly mounting belligerency. Carberry naturally hated the idea of his life's romance being put on a microscope slide.

"Excuse me, but about what are you worth?"

"The Lord only knows!" was the resentfully diffident reply.

"I've my reasons for asking," persisted the other.

"Well, the estate gives me three or four thousand a month to spend, when I'm good."

"Was there any other man this girl might've been in love with?"

Carberry flushed up to his ears. "Miss Robinson was not marrying me for my estate," was his heated rejoinder. "We're not that kind, either of us!"

McCue seemed eminently satisfied. "That swings us back to the old standing," he observed, with his meditative impersonality. "We can't get reasons, and we can't rake up a motive. It's what I said it was from the first—just one of those we can't get our finger on! And the seventh in six weeks!"

During the next half-hour Carberry learned what and how complete was the system of looking after such cases. He learned of the care and accuracy with which a special bureau of the police department—known as the Missing Person Department—investigated and reported on all cases of mysterious disappearance, not only on its own behalf, but also in cooperation with sister cities on the one hand and foreign governments on the other. There was a sense of relief in the realization that in this system and record lay the barrier to final disappearance, to permanent and unanswered mystery. It brought him an appeasing sense of guardianship to learn of the procedure in the hundreds of cases of missing persons which, McCue told him, were reported to the New York police every year. It was consoling to know that nine out of every ten of these persons were eventually traced and found.

Yet, in a way, the very completeness of this system disturbed Carberry. The very knowledge of its thoroughness more and more depressed him. As he pointed out to McCue, it left the case of Edwina Robinson more and more hopeless.

"Nothing's hopeless with this department," answered the impassive McCue. "Folks can't get lost forever! They can't get kidnapped without us getting wise to it, in the end. They can't go to a hospital or a rest-cure or a hotel or a lodging-house without us getting trace of 'em. They can't skip out without having a descriptive circular following 'em to every country on the face of the civilized map. They can't kill themselves without being found out; they can't jump into the river, North or East, without being gathered in, some time, and with ninety-eight chances out of an even hundred that what's left of 'em will still be identified."

Carberry grew sick at the thought of such things. He made a gesture of protest.

"It won't be like that," he protested, spurring his sinking courage into activity. "She'll come back—she'll be found in some foolish and simple way!"

"Then why hasn't she come?" demanded the open-minded McCue. "Why'd she go without a trace, same as the other six?"

"Who were the other six?" Carberry asked.

McCue gave him an outline of the different cases, without so much as a glance at his note-book.

The first of these mysteriously vanishing seven, Carberry learned, was one Emil McIlvaine, cashier of the Citizens' Central Bank. He had disappeared at about two o'clock of a Friday afternoon. His books were found to be faultless. His family life was irreproachable. His wife had been able to throw no light on the mystery. He was not a drinking man, had no dissolute companions, and did not even smoke. He was, in fact, an active, hard-working, and frugal-living citizen, anxious to complete the payments on his new house in the Bronx, and deeply attached to his wife and child. He worked hard, but was not particularly robust in constitution. He was last seen on the corner of Pearl Street and Broadway, at a little after two o'clock in the afternoon, apparently on his way to a belated luncheon.

The second man to vanish had been one Wallace Pitts, a Western traveler for a shoe house. He had left the King Edward Hotel on West Forty-seventh Street, after a nine-o'clock breakfast in his own room, and was supposed to have walked toward Broadway; but as to this the reports did not agree. Upon his failure to report to the firm for which he traveled, the head of the shoe house tele-

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FOR SEVERAL SECONDS SHE STILL LEANED FORWARD, STARING AT HIM . . . THEN HER LIPS FRAMED THE SINGLE WORD—"YOU!"

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phoned the hotel, then wired the man's wife in Denver. Two days later they called in the police. The vanished man had left valuables and considerable money in his hotel room; but since that day no trace of him had been found. Investigation showed no irregularities in his accounts, or in his life. He was abstemious, but not a total abstainer, and was a prominent Elk. The only peculiarity in the entire case was the statement from Mr. MacReedy, the hotel clerk, that Pitts had asked for an outside second-floor room, explaining that he had been in the St. Francis Hotel at the time of the San Francisco earthquake, and that his escape had taught him never to take an inside room, or to ascend beyond the second or third floor.

The third case was that of Eugene H. Crosier, a student at Columbia. Crosier had left his boarding-house in West One Hundred and Twelfth Street, and somewhere between that point and Columbia University Library had utterly and unaccountably disappeared. He was of an extremely quiet disposition and a close student. He did not make friends readily, had few intimates, and yet did not seem to be of a brooding or despondent temperament. As in the other cases, there was no record of drug addiction or abnormal habits of life.

The fourth disappearance was that of Reginald G. Griswold, a Nassau Street broker. He was a man of means, unmarried. It was learned that he was an enthusiastic automobile driver, and investigation showed that he had been twice arrested and fined for exceeding the speed limit. On the night of his disappearance, an automobile, which later proved to be his own, was seen standing in front of the Dorilton Apartment Hotel on West Seventy-first Street. As it remained there all night, the agent of the hotel notified a police officer, who in turn reported to Headquarters, and so brought about the discovery that Griswold was not to be found.

The fifth disappearance was in many respects similar to the others. One Edward Hibson, a retired stove-maker of Detroit, left his two daughters in their Central Park West home, and walked toward Riverside Drive. His ostensible purpose had been to get the morning air after a night of broken sleep. He was a man of fifty, quiet in his tastes, and in no way given to encouraging advances from strangers.

The last case was that of Arthur Stafford Forrester, or Fogarty, as he was known in his native town of Muscatine. Fogarty, who was an actor by profession, had stepped out of the Players' Club, on East Twentieth Street, and when last seen was walking about the iron-fenced enclosure of Gramercy Park. One witness had testified to the fact that Fogarty, or Forrester, had been heard muttering to himself. This was later explained, however, by the fact that he was then studying a part for a forthcoming Klaw and Erlanger production. Absolutely no trace of his movements, after he was seen in Gramercy Park, had been obtained.

"And that's the whole thing, as far as I know it—as far as anybody knows it!" concluded the man from Headquarters, leaning back in his chair.

Carberry, watching him, was oppressed by a sense of vast and vaguely defined conspiracies. He was sickened and disheartened by a consciousness of movements as malignant as they were mysterious. He was appalled by the sheer hopelessness of it all, by the mocking inscrutability which even the complicated and ponderous machinery of the law had not been able to tear away.

Then something within his active young body stirred into life. His manhood's last Pandorean gift of hope began to assert itself. He refused to give up. He was not able to face defeat without a struggle. He began to grope about, to eliminate and unify, to adopt and test and reject theories.

"In each case but the last they were *men*. With the one exception of Miss Robinson, no woman figures in the case. How do you account for that?"

"We can't account for it," answered McCue. "We've had nothing to work on."

But still hope grew perversely strong in Carberry's troubled young breast.

"Why, the mere fact that there are seven of these disappearances *simplifies* the thing," maintained the younger man. "It at once cuts out the element of accident. It cuts out the next factor, the idea of self-destruction. You can't get seven perfect strangers tied up in a suicide pact. It makes the idea of any sort of concerted action impossible. These people are *known* to have been strangers to each other, with different interests, moving in different walks of life."

"Sure," said the languid-eyed McCue.

"It also eliminates the natural suspicion of violence, of assault for the sake of robbery. It shows these six men weren't mur-

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dered, for a capital crime isn't undertaken without a motive, and there's no motive to cover the entire six."

"Now you're talking!" agreed the languidly appreciative McCue.

"It shows," protested Carberry, swept onward by the current of his own conviction—"it shows that one individual, or one combination of individuals, has brought about the entire seven disappearances. They are in a class by themselves. And if that is so, there must be some factor, some feature, common to each of the seven."

"But you've just said yourself they're all different," protested McCue. "I've been over that ground. And I couldn't turn up a clue that lasted three hours."

"But, don't you see, *one* man might act irrationally, or even be acted on that way? One man might get amnesia, or aphasia, or develop some mental peculiarity that made him irresponsible, or be seized with an obsession to escape from his family and friends. But *seven* human beings aren't going to be suddenly taken that way without good cause."

"That's what I've held, all along," agreed McCue. "But what, in the name of Heaven, is the *cause?*"

Carberry leaned forward across the table. His angular young face was quite pale. The last few hours had brought new lines of fatigue about the wide-set gray eyes.

"I don't know what the cause is," he said very quietly. "But I'm going to find out, if it takes every dollar I've got and every day of my life to do it!"

III

There is a very pleasant tradition, perpetuated by the pages of romance, that the amateur detective is both more acute and more efficacious than his professional brother. It is an illusion flattering in the extreme to the laity, and not without its agreeable potentialities of expository drama. But it has no basis in fact.

Carberry realized this truth, and realized it keenly, at the end of his second week of search. It had been a dogged search, but it had also been a blind one. He was operating without a plan of campaign. He kept doubling on himself, for sheer want of guidance. He wasted energy on blind issues. He lost time in tracing up absurd and inconsequential by-paths of suspicion.

His two weeks of dogged work resulted in but two discoveries, trivial in themselves, yet not without their significance. The first was that three days after the disappearance of Griswold, the Nassau Street broker, certain letters which he had apparently carried on his person at the time of his abduction were duly mailed in the Madison Square post-office and in turn duly delivered. This implied, Carberry concluded, either that he was alive and solicitous as to his worldly affairs, or that the individuals who had made away with him nursed conscientious scruples against any such subsidiary offense as the confiscation of a business man's correspondence.

Carberry's second discovery, although in no way important, was equally cheering. A Miss Olivia Williams, a sister-graduate of the St. Luke's Training School, had seen and spoken to Edwina Robinson on the morning of the latter's disappearance. Miss Williams had caught sight of her as she hurried through the gate from the Grand Central train-sheds. The happy girl had stopped for a minute, and had laughingly shaken a huge bunch of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley in front of Miss Williams, with a hurried query of "Can't you guess what *that* means?" Miss Williams, who was on her way to a surgical case in Port Chester, was also in a hurry, so few words were exchanged; but she was under the impression that Miss Robinson had turned to the right.

Beyond this, Carberry once more faced blank Inscrutability. Whichever way he turned he was confronted by the same blind wall of uncertainty.

Finally, reverting to that same blind and unreasoning instinct which holds a mourning hound beside the chair wherein his master was last seen, Carberry fell into the habit of taking his stand day by day at the railway station through which Edwina Robinson had last passed. And a railway station, happily, made a fittingly inconspicuous frame for any such watcher. There was no hour of the day or night when one more loiterer, when one more individual apparently awaiting a train hour or a traveler, was likely to attract attention. McCue, too, in his casual comings and goings, would sometimes join Carberry as he lounged about the high-domed waiting-room or the crowded doorways. But that placidly preoccupied officer had neither the time nor the inclination to "go it blind."

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Yet this fruitless watching of Carberry's brought him in contact with experiences both comic and tragic. He interested himself in the passing faces and their possible fates.

One man in particular, day after day, aroused a mild curiosity in the idle and disinterested watcher. The first thing that had impressed Carberry was the size of this man. This huge, barrel-chested Teuton frame was giant-like in proportions. The second thing to impress Carberry was the gentleness of the pale-eyed, blond-bearded German face. It seemed to irradiate an active and dominating benevolence. And crowned as it was with kindliness, it was equally alert with intelligence. There was, indeed, something almost rhapsodical in this huge-limbed stranger's happily expectant smile. Carberry concluded, at first, that the man was waiting for his wife, or for a son who was the apple of his eye.

But as no one came to reward his watching, as no one met or spoke to him, Carberry had to abandon this conclusion. He also noticed that the stranger was irregular in his hours of waiting; that sometimes it would be in the morning that he peered, keen-eyed and anxious, into the faces of the hurrying travelers, and that at other times it was in the afternoon. Often his visits would last for an hour and more. But on each and every occasion he left the station alone, stepping into the bottle-green electric landaulet that stood awaiting him.

It was on a Sunday afternoon, when traffic was at its lightest, that Carberry pointed out to the plain-clothes man the blond-bearded giant with the benevolent eyes.

McCue was still peering across at the waiting stranger, in an effort to place him in that well-ordered and amazingly intricate mental gallery which he carried about with him, when a movement on the part of the kindly-eyed giant startled both the men watching him.

It was a gesture of relief, a gasp of gratitude. The next moment he stepped forward and quietly linked his great arm through that of a thin and pallid-faced man of about forty. This second man looked up quickly, as though startled, but accompanied the blond-bearded German out through the doors. There, apparently, an altercation took place. All the excitement, however, seemed to be on the side of the pallid-faced stranger.

The moment McCue realized the fact that this smaller stranger was struggling to tear his arm away from that of the larger man, he left Carberry and slipped out through the doorway, catching up to the struggling two as they stood before the landaulet door.

There Carberry could see the two men talking, McCue firing questions, and the blond German giant gravely replying to them, while the smaller man fell into a paroxysm of excitment and resorted more and more to struggles of protest. The large man, having thrust the smaller man in through the door of the landaulet, even produced certain papers and held them up before McCue's scrutinizing eyes. While this was taking place, the smaller man actually leaped from the landaulet door, only to be caught, fighting and kicking, in the great arms of the German.

McCue was laughing a little as he helped the quiet-moving and benevolent-eyed Teuton restore the fighting and scratching and clawing little termagant to the landaulet. He was still smiling as the door closed and the bottle-green automobile whirred away.

"What's all that about, anyway?" inquired Carberry, as he joined the plain-clothes man.

"Your big friend's just gathering in a patient o' his," explained the officer. "And the little man with the rats in his garret still had brains enough to object."

"Who *is* my big friend?" asked Carberry.

"That's Van Körn, the nerve specialist. When a millionaire gets a bug that a month at Muldoon's won't cure, he goes to Van Körn."

"But why does he have to gather his men in that way?"

"Would *you* love a lizzie-house so much you'd climb up a fire-escape to get back to it? And if you were getting three hundred a month for taking care of a patient, would you go out and advertise the fact every time one got away?"

"Wasn't that a hypodermic he gave him?"

"Sure; they 'most always do. It's the only way to quiet 'em down!"

IV

Day by day the Missing Person Department at Police Headquarters stood face to face with fresh problems, in due time arrived at their solutions, and moved forward to the contemplation of more immediate

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mysteries. But the riddle as to what had led to the strange disappearance of seven normal-minded persons remained as unanswerable as ever.

Carberry, reviewing for the hundreth time the mysterious passing of Edwina Robinson, could reach no new point, no new theory. Not one word had come from any of the seven. No clue in any way useful had been stumbled on.

Certain things there were which Carberry already knew. He knew that each one of the seven had disappeared in the open; that each one had vanished, not after being lured into quarters of doubtful character, but from the city streets themselves. There had been no demands for ransom, no evidences of abduction or kidnapping, no motive for, and no assumption of, any greater crime.

Carberry let his thoughts revert to the case with which he was most familiar, the case of Edwina herself. She was normal in every respect. Both her training and her profession stood a guarantee as to her general good judgment, her sound body and nerves. It was true, he remembered, that she had been a little tired during that last week of joyous excitement. But that was nothing to a girl of her constitution! He knew, too, she was not easily intimidated, that she could face an emergency with calmness. Yet the thought repeated itself in his mind that of late she had been under an undue strain of excitement. It came back to him, among other trivialities, that the last time he had talked with her she had even laughingly confessed that she could "feel her nerves."

Carberry's attention, at that word "nerves," suddenly threw his line of thought into a new clutch. Crosier, the Columbia student, was known to be of an extremely nervous temperament, and was thought to be overstudying previous to the time of his disappearance. Wallace Pitts, the shoe traveler, had sustained a severe nervous shock at the time of the San Francisco earthquake. It had left him somewhat abnormal in the matter of his sleeping quarters. Even Emil McIlvaine, the bank cashier, had been working under pressure, had been preyed on by an anxiety to meet certain payments. It was the same with Forrester, the actor, who, before his unexpected step out of existence, had been worried by the heavy part imposed on him. Hibson, the Detroit stovemaker, had experienced a sleepless night and had sought Riverside Drive for the sheer sake of reducing the tension on an overstrained nervous system. Even the last of the seven, Griswold, the Nassau Street broker, was not without a stigma of neurasthenic condition. This lay in his febrile passion for speed.

There was a link! And Carberry felt that he had found it. That link resided in the one small and seemingly inconsequential word—*nerves*.

It was a discovery, but it led to nothing enlightening, nothing definite. And two days later Carberry, idling disconsolately through his morning paper, read of another disappearance!

The headlines brought him up with a start. He leaned forward, electrified into sudden life, and gulped down the paragraph as a railway traveler gulps down his lunch-counter coffee.

The man who had disappeared was Augustus Milo Clark, of Greenwich, an actuary in the employ of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. He had left his home for the ostensible purpose of taking the 12:10 Sunday train to the city. He had not been seen on that train. Nor had he at any time during the next three days reported at his office. He was a quiet and reticent man, of sedentary habits, and no reason had as yet been unearthed for a peremptory flight. He was forty-one years old, five feet five inches in height, and of slight build. At the time of his disappearance he wore a black serge suit and a black felt hat. The company for which he had worked had always found him an industrious and faithful employee, and could in no way account for his absence from business.

Carberry looked at the paper for many minutes. Then he let it lie on the table before him while he sat wrapped in thought. Again he read the paragraph, carefully, word by word.

Then the discovery itself came to him.

The man who had disappeared on Sunday was the man who had been carried away in the bottle-green landaulet! In other words, the root of the whole mystery lay in the man Van Körn.

V

Carberry's elation was short-lived. He could feel his sense of triumph burning itself out as hour by hour slipped away and

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every effort to locate the man called Van Körn proved fruitless. A city directory had not helped him. Careful inquiry at the information bureau of the telephone company left him equally at sea. Offhand questions put to those members of the medical profession known to Carberry were equally useless. Nor did application at the different city hospitals bring him any definite information.

But Carberry did not give up. He possessed that compensating attribute of mediocrity known as doggedness. He was unimaginative, but he was at least pertinacious, so he set off in determined quest of McCue.

It took another two hours of restless search to find this wandering and elusive emissary of the detective bureau. It also took an effort on Carberry's part to conceal his perturbation from the plain-clothes man.

"Where does that neurologist called Van Körn hang out?" he casually inquired. He was jealous of his discovery. He had no intention of sharing it with others.

"Goin' to take the rest cure?" inquired McCue, embarrassing the younger man with his calm and satiric stare.

"I am," was Carberry's equally calm and mendacious reply.

"You'll find him somewhere up Cathedral Heights way, up beyond Morningside Park."

"But where?" persisted Carberry.

"The Lord knows—I don't," was McCue's indifferent answer. "You see, those city sanitariums have to keep under cover. People around 'em say they spoil the neighborhood and run down rent-values. So they get a private wire, and flower-boxes in front of their window-gratings, and do their work without advertising it to the precinct."

Carberry carried his voice into tones of mild impersonality. "But I'm not a renter in that neighborhood. And I've a curiosity to see his house."

McCue laughed. "Oh, I could dig it out for you, in a day or so. But what d'you want with Van Körn, anyway?"

"I thought you'd guessed what I wanted," was Carberry's evasive reply.

McCue became quite grave. "Look here, you've got to quit worrying about all this! You've got to quit thinking about funny houses. What you want to do is get out o' town and play golf again—a lot o' golf!"

It was Carberry's turn to laugh. He left McCue blinking after him as he went. He no longer had time to waste on side-issues. He had not reached the light. But he had reached the road, he kept telling himself, that would lead to the light.

He had not actually located Van Körn, but he felt that he had found out enough. He had at least narrowed the field of search to a limited and definite district. And his most obvious, his initial move, he decided, was to locate the bottle-green landaulet.

To this end he consulted a garage directory of the upper West Side. From this he copied down the address of each garage in the suspected neighborhood. Then he went from street to street and from number to number, apparently a finical and close-fisted motor-owner in search of an unreasonably safe and an unreasonably economical storage place for his car. On the second day he was rewarded by coming face to face with the bottle-green landaulet.

His plan, after that, was a simple one. He waited until the green landaulet left its garage, followed it northward and then eastward until it stopped in front of a gray-stone house with flower-boxes in its barred windows and two tubbed laurels in front of its door. He made note of the house number and the street, and quietly waited until the landaulet disappeared.

Then he crossed to the house, went up the gray-stone steps, and quietly rang the bell.

A young woman in uniform, in a uniform that seemed more secretarial than menial, opened the door. Her glance was interrogative and yet kindly. Carberry was struck by her general air of gentleness, of impersonal good-breeding.

"I'd like to see Doctor Van Körn," explained Carberry.

"He is not at home," was the politely impassive answer.

He was afraid, at first, that they would deny all knowledge of the name. But the woman's words had already simplified things for him.

"Then I'll wait for him."

"That, I'm afraid, would be useless."

"Then whom can I see?"

The woman in uniform all the while was watching him closely. "On what business do you wish to see him?" she asked.

"I want to consult him."

"Doctor Van Körn can be seen only by appointment. If you leave your name and

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CARBERRY INSTINCTIVELY THREW OUT HIS LEFT ARM TO GUARD THE GIRL FROM THE NEWCOMER'S ADVANCE.

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address, he will advise you on the matter."

Carberry could feel his innate pugnacity getting the better of a carefully achieved circumspection. "I'd prefer calling again, in person," he retorted.

"Very well," was the quiet-voiced answer. And before he realized it, the door had been shut in his face.

He stood there for a moment, nonplused, irresolute, tingling with humiliation. Then he slowly turned and descended the steps.

He realized the uselessness of any further advance, at the moment. But he did not confess to defeat.

By nine o'clock the next morning he was again at the inhospitable-looking door between the tubbed laurels. His impassiveness had forsaken him by this time, for now he could feel an engorging heart-throb of excitement pulsing in his throat. He pushed the door-bell and waited.

This time it was a man who answered his ring, a clean-shaven, high-shouldered, muscular-limbed man. He was in neither the uniform of an orderly nor the service-coat of a footman. Yet his face was deficient in some final note of authority. Carberry advanced a step or two before he spoke.

"I want to see Doctor Van Körn," announced Carberry, peering beyond the high-shouldered figure into the half light of the shadowy hallway.

"About what?" asked the man, still holding the door-knob.

"On a matter of the utmost importance!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but he's in his laboratory and can't be disturbed."

"Then I'll wait until he's free," retorted Carberry. He felt, for reasons he could not fathom, that the man was lying to him.

"He will not be free to-day."

Carberry could feel the fires of an unreasoning anger burning up within him. He looked in vain for some sign of disrespect on which to focus that anger. It enraged him even more to find there was none.

"I'm going to see Van Körn, and I'm going to see him to-day!"

Carberry advanced still another step through the doorway as he delivered this ultimatum.

The man was actually laughing at him now, laughing good-humoredly, condescendingly, pityingly. "Oh, go away!" he said, with a superior and plaintive aloofness, a mild and humorous forbearance. This tone was like a whip-lash to the over-tensioned Carberry. It was more than he could stand. Before the man could move, before he could anticipate what was coming, Carberry had deliberately knocked him down.

VI

Carberry quickly swung the street door shut and turned the key in the lock. He found himself in a vestibule, facing a second pair of doors. He could see that each pair was of heavy, paneled oak. One quick scrutiny of the still stunned and prostrate man and the silent inner hall determined Carberry on his plan of action.

He doubly secured the street-door with the chain-lock. He next withdrew the door-key. Then he softly closed and locked the one open door of the inner vestibule pair, pocketing the second key as he did so.

Then he walked along the quiet hall until he came to another door in the wall on his right. This door he opened.

He found himself in a large, library-like consulting-room, with a heavy Flemish oak desk and Flemish oak book-shelves. On a second desk, also of oak, were medical text-books, a telephone transmitter, clinical charts, and a file of record-sheets. Above this desk hung a signed portrait of Élie Metchnikoff; a photograph inscribed, "G. G. Rambaud, Pasteur Institute," and a framed line-cut of Maranoff, the Moscow analyst. Everything about the room bespoke dignity, solidity, solemn and well-ordered respectability.

Carberry advanced to the next room. This, one glance assured him, was an experimental laboratory. Microscopes and slide-stands and retorts, culture-tubes and acid-phials, drugs and disinfectants, plainly enough revealed the nature of the place. Carberry's gaze fell on a row of sealed bottles of Bulgarian Yahourt, on another row of smaller bottles bearing an inscription in a foreign language and the label: Neurobacilline. Everything seemed normal and ordered and disconcertingly aloof from the ways of conspiracy.

But Carberry did not relinquish hope. He turned to the stairs and mounted determinedly to the next floor. No one accosted him. He found himself in what he took to be the living-rooms of the house, sedate, well-furnished, vaguely intimidating in their quiet-toned luxuriousness. For the first

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time he began to wonder if, after all, he had not made a mistake.

He ascended to the third floor, with the first signs of open hesitancy. The enormity of his outrage, the impossibility of adequate explanation, was beginning to come home to him; but he still found his advance undisputed. He passed along a hallway from which opened cream and azure and lilac-tinted rooms, each chamber with its snowy bed, each as spotless as a new-minted coin.

Carberry was no longer disturbed by the fact that the house seemed practically an empty one. A consuming sense of humiliation had crept over him. The whole thing had indeed been a mistake. It even flashed through his mind that he ought to escape, before discovery added to his dilemma. The earlier, intoxicating thought that he was to deliver eight suffering people out of bondage; that through his own courage and cunning he was to bring relief to waiting friends and anxious families, no longer buoyed him up.

A panic seized him. He swung about to a stairway that led upward. Then came still another stairway, with a door at the bottom. He closed and locked this door as he crept on, now tingling with all the fear of a trapped and terrified thief. Then he saw an opening, a glimpse of sky. He felt grateful for this strip of robin-egg blue as it showed above him at the head of the stairs. It meant he was gaining the open, and from the housetop, he felt, he would in some way work his way out to the street and freedom.

It was not until he reached the roof-door, with its pergola-like awning-frame, that he came to a stop.

He stood motionless, staring about him in the silence of utter amazement. He stood there for several moments, bewildered with the anesthesia of mental shock.

Then he drew quietly back into the hood of the stair-head, crept dazedly down through the silent house, and made his way to the consulting-room telephone. He caught the receiver from the hook and hurriedly called for Police Headquarters.

"Send me McCue of the Detective Department, and send him quick!"

"Where are you? And who's speaking?" demanded the switchboard official.

"It's Gerald Carberry—and I've got to have McCue at once!"

"But where?"

Carberry, pulling himself together, gave the street and house number. Then, after still again repeating his vague and excited call for help, he sat at the desk, wondering what to do.

He sat there for several minutes, his eyes as round as a tire. Then he rose to his feet, crossed the room, and once more ascended the stairs that led to the roof.

His face was colorless, and his eyes were still touched with amazement and perplexity. Yet he felt some power greater than mere bewilderment again calling him to the uncomprehended, the unbelievable scene that awaited him on that lonely housetop; for there was indeed something phantasmally unreal, something uncannily impassive, about that strange spectacle.

There, before his staring eyes, ranged in the tranquil autumn sunlight, sat eight rug-muffled figures in high-backed steamer-chairs. Striped awning windbreaks and rows of boxed cedars, interspersed with potted shrubs and flowering plants, converted the entire flat of the lonely roof into an open-air garden. From cages swinging on the branches of an artfully marshaled *bocage* sang and trilled three yellow-throated Harz Mountain canaries. What most impressed Carberry, what most wove a sense of mystery about the scene, was the subdued, the almost celestial quietness of it all, there on the lonely upland skyline under the calm robin-egg dome of autumnal blue, high above the noise and stir of the city. He could see the gables and roof of St. Luke's Hospital, the dome of the Columbia Library, the gray stone arches of St. John's Cathedral; but most of the city lay below his line of vision, lost in mist. There was no stir, no sound of voices.

Yet the eight placid and contented figures continued to sit there, like seals basking in the thin sunlight of some northern island. Two or three of the figures bent over open books, or held magazines in their hands. Some were dozing in their chairs. But one figure—the figure to which Carberry's eyes at once turned—was that of a young woman stooping over a circular embroidery-frame. In the damask held taut by this frame she was contentedly and quietly working sweet-pea blossoms. The only movement was that of her methodic needle, threaded with pink silk, as it wavered back and forth above the circle of damask.

Carberry stood peering out at her passive and strangely tranquilized face. He stood

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looking at that face, speechless, and as he looked all the gulfs of time, all the bars that stand between the living and the dead, seemed to separate him from it; for it was the face of Edwina Robinson.

VII

Her eyes fell on him as she looked up. She, in turn, did not speak. She scarcely moved where she sat. For several seconds she still leaned forward, staring at him. Then she uttered a cry, a quiet little cry of astonishment. There was something almost dove-like in that throaty little coo of incredulity as her lips framed the single word—"You!"

Carberry stepped out beside her. It seemed like stepping into a city of the dead.

"How did you get here?" she asked. Her calmness, her Olympian tranquillity, all but stupefied him. The figures about him seemed etherealized, isolated from earth. They seemed more like a cluster of pigeons sunning themselves on a church tower than thinking and active human beings.

"Get here!" he gasped. "I had to climb here, to fight here!"

"You shouldn't have done it!" she mildly averred.

He looked at her hopelessly. "What does it all mean?" he demanded, feeling that he was going mad, that the last solid ground of sanity was melting out of the world.

"Didn't you get my letter?" she demanded, as she led him quietly away until they were hidden by a hedge of boxed cedar. There was a vague flavor of professional detachment in the movement, an air almost of condescension, which he resented as strongly as a small boy resents his expulsion from a sick-room.

"I got nothing!" he retorted.

"Then why did you telegraph me, saying you preferred I took the cure before we, before——"

"Telegraph you! I thought you were *dead!*"

"That explains it," said the girl, as she quietly and thoughtfully folded up her needlework. "Doctor Van Körn knew best. He did it for my own happiness, I suppose. But I wish he'd told me."

"Van Körn!" exploded Carberry, glad of at least one tangibility. "Then it was that pirate, that gorilla outlaw, who abducted you, who carried you here against your will!"

She made a gesture to silence him.

"He did this!" declared Carberry. "And, by Heaven, he's going to pay for it!"

"Gerald!" cried the girl, almost angrily.

Carberry looked at her aghast. "Do you mean to say you're trying to excuse this outlaw, this criminal kidnapper?" he burst out.

"Oh, if I could only make you understand!" cried the girl, with a little helpless movement of the hands. "If I could only explain to you!"

"Explain! Why can't you explain?"

"But what do you know of neurosis? How can I explain Van Körn's Neurobacilline, his discovery, when you don't understand what bacterial intoxication means, when you don't even know what the attenuated virus treatment implies!"

Carberry made a movement of impatience. These were the times when he had always felt detached from her—when she had talked of medicine to him, when she had told of her work and what it meant to her.

"Listen, Gerald," went on the rapt-eyed girl. "I'm sure Doctor Van Körn is as great a neurologist as Weir Mitchell. He's as great a bacteriologist as Metchnikoff or Koch. He says he has discovered the microbial origin of a certain phase of psychoneurosis. He says he's reduced it to a physiological basis; that he can combat it; that he can cure it, as other diseases are cured. I don't understand it all; but he's right—I'm sure he's right! He's been opposed and libeled and misunderstood. They've driven him out of Austria, and out of London. They've told falsehoods about his vivisection habits; they've refused him a hospital; they've done everything to ruin his research work; they've hounded and persecuted him; they've done enough to drive him crazy!"

"It's absurd!" gasped Carberry. "The whole thing's impossible! They *have* driven him crazy! The man *is* insane!"

"Gerald!" cried the girl, this time in sharp and sudden alarm, "let me see your eyes!"

She caught his hand and drew his face down in front of her own. He stood there looking into her upturned eyes, solemn and wide with some new anxiety. He was conscious, even in that inapposite moment, of the old-time wordless allurement in her gaze. He had always said that she had a skyline to her soul; her presence had always carried

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with it a suggestion of spaciousness, a tranquilizing aura of open distances.

But even as he looked down into the rhapsodically thoughtful face, her lips framed themselves into a gasp of relief.

"I thought it was the Van Körn pupil, for a moment—the pupil he always tells a patient by. He says it can be recognized at once, just as any alienist can recognize the Argyle-Robertson pupil."

"So *that's* how this idiot gathered up all these unoffending and law-abiding people!"

"No, no, Gerald; he's been nothing but a friend to us. He's been the soul of gentleness, of courtesy, always. I'm sure he's saved us from—from illness, from even worse things."

"And when did *you* get this thing you call psycho-neurosis?" demanded the unimaginative scoffer.

But his question remained unanswered; for as Edwina opened her lips to speak, a sudden change swept over her face. Carberry knew, before he had so much as wheeled about where he stood, that her eyes had fallen on some figure or some movement which startled her.

Even as he turned, even before his glance had fully taken in the huge form encased in its fluttering white drapery, so ludicrously like a loose-hanging butcher's-apron, he knew that it was Van Körn himself.

Carberry instinctively threw out his left arm to guard the girl from the newcomer's advance. At the same moment Carberry's right hand dropped to his pocket. As he raised it again, a highly-polished revolver barrel flashed and glimmered in the afternoon sunlight.

The girl uttered a little cry and caught at his arm as he swung the shining steel cylinder up until it pointed directly at Van Körn's head.

But the great-limbed, blond-bearded giant laughed as he looked down at them, laughed forbearingly and easily. There was still no trace of resentment in the wide-set blue eyes.

"What iss this?" he inquired of the girl, ignoring both the intruder and the ever-menacing firearm.

Carberry did not give her a chance to answer. "This!" he flung out wrathfully, "this is the man who's going to take this girl back to the sane people she belongs to, out of this den of lunacy, or have somebody explain the reason why!"

"That iss goot!" said the guttural-voiced blond giant. He stood there smiling thoughtfully, closely studying the other man's face.

Then his entire expression, his entire manner, changed. For he had seen the struggling girl wrench the revolver from the resisting Carberry's grasp.

"Gif me that pistol!" he commanded. And before Carberry could intervene he had snatched the firearm from the astounded girl's fingers.

"Ha! now I will exblain!" intoned the towering Teuton giant, as the fire of some new passion burned up in the deep-lined, pendulous face. "These peoples are mine, you fool, mine! I haf saved them. They are mine! And nobody will leaf this house! For six months nobody will leaf this house! Nobody—until I haf finished!"

Edwina, watching the passion-distorted face, groped and caught at Carberry's arm. She stood looking at Van Körn with slowly widening eyes. This was a side of the man she had never before beheld. And as she saw it, the chill of a new and unnamable fear crept up through her body.

"*That's a lie!*" suddenly exulted the shrill-voiced Carberry.

He no longer shrank back, doubtful of the end, of his next move. For as he stood peering past Van Körn, he had caught sight of a querulously-wrinkled, cautious-eyed, bowler-crowned head slowly craning itself about the corner of the door opening on to the house-roof.

"A lie, iss it?" cried the enraged giant. "And why iss it a lie?"

Carberry took a deep breath and drew the girl closer into his arms before he responded to that foolish challenge. He knew now that the man was mad. But he was no longer in doubt as to the outcome of the situation. The entire nightmare, in fact, was over and done with.

One small and unlooked-for movement had sent the entire situation tumbling down to the world of reality, like a tattered kite frame. They were all back in the world again, Carberry knew, and guarded by the machinery which kept that world orderly and sane and livable. It remained only for the mechanics to turn down the lights on a play that was over.

For it was McCue, with twenty police-reserves at his heels, who had stepped quietly out through the roof-door.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

DA—A SAWDUST CRIPPLE

BY D. O. EDSON

IT WAS during that hot summer when the thermometer crawled in a week from ninety to one hundred and ten. Day after day it had grown worse, each night more deadly than the preceding day. Children who were not dying in stuffy, smelly closets in East Side tenements were sitting or lying on curbstones, naked, and panting like puppies. Then the food turned bad; and infantile cholera descended like the wrath of God in a flood.

John Smith, Children's Specialist, had just crawled up four flights of dark, dirty stairs, where foul smells and protesting oaths, mingling with sobs of doleful sorrow, met him at each landing. On the top floor he entered one of the smelly hive-cells just in time to see the third child of a family of four breathe out its last. The mother, dry-eyed and swollen-faced, half-clothed, and still on her knees before the cot where the little one had just taken its last gasp, turned to him and said:

"Oh, you do be having the bad luck with your children—they all die. You no more than show your face than they go."

For a moment he was stunned; then he turned to busy himself with the only remaining child, who lay on an old steamer-chair beside a window.

"Patsy's—Patsy's better," he finally said; but it was disjointed and jerky. He wiped the perspiration from his face and eyes with his knuckles, and then with a coat-sleeve. "Don't give him anything to eat but this broth"—he drew a bottle from his left inside breast pocket, where it had held its temperature, poured some in a teaspoon, and tasted it. "Be sure to wash the spoon after each feeding"— this was professional, and slipped out more easily.

Then he seated himself beside the steamer-chair with Patsy on it, outlined beneath an old cotton petticoat: for a moment he paused, gazing at the little panting creature, with his crippled sawdust comrade, the doll, "Da," nestling at the juncture of his arm and the pulsating cords of his neck. As he glanced over to where the little naked, dead child lay on its cot before the kneeling mother, his big, round face nearly got away from him. For an instant he wavered—then he said: "I'll send an undertaker;" and almost timidly he asked, "Shall I come back or send some one in my stead?"

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"Oh, you may come," wailed the mother. "Sure, little Patsy would die, anyhow, if he didn't see the face of you twice a day."

Hearing his name, the child's dull eyes half opened; seeing the doctor, he reached for his little comrade, Da—reached where he knew Da rested. As he wearily handed the doll up to the doctor, it collapsed like a drowned rat, limp and bedraggled.

The doctor's face lit up as he took it. "Sure I will!"—he said it with conviction. "Good as new, too." Children didn't have to tell him things. He held it up, looking it over professionally, the half-opened sick eyes watching him all the while. "Legs want a little muscling up, one new arm, a little more breakfast food in the stomach, and there you are, good as new—and—and a darn sight better." He wiped the sweat again from his eyes; the little, tight-skinned face almost smiled.

Then, as he placed the china lips of Da to his little comrade's, he said, "I'll take him to the hospital and have him back in two hours."

As the doctor came down the avenue in his automobile, he felt like an ambulance making a hurry call; if he'd had a bell, he'd have clanged it all the way without knowing it. As he neared the corner of Thirty-sixth Street, he glanced up at the windows on the top floor of a large brownstone house. There they were—three round, rosy-cheeked youngsters, waving at him frantically; to say nothing of the dog, whose puffing cheeks, together with accumulating moisture on the window-pane in front of his muzzle, attested his welcome. The doctor blew his horn and waved in return.

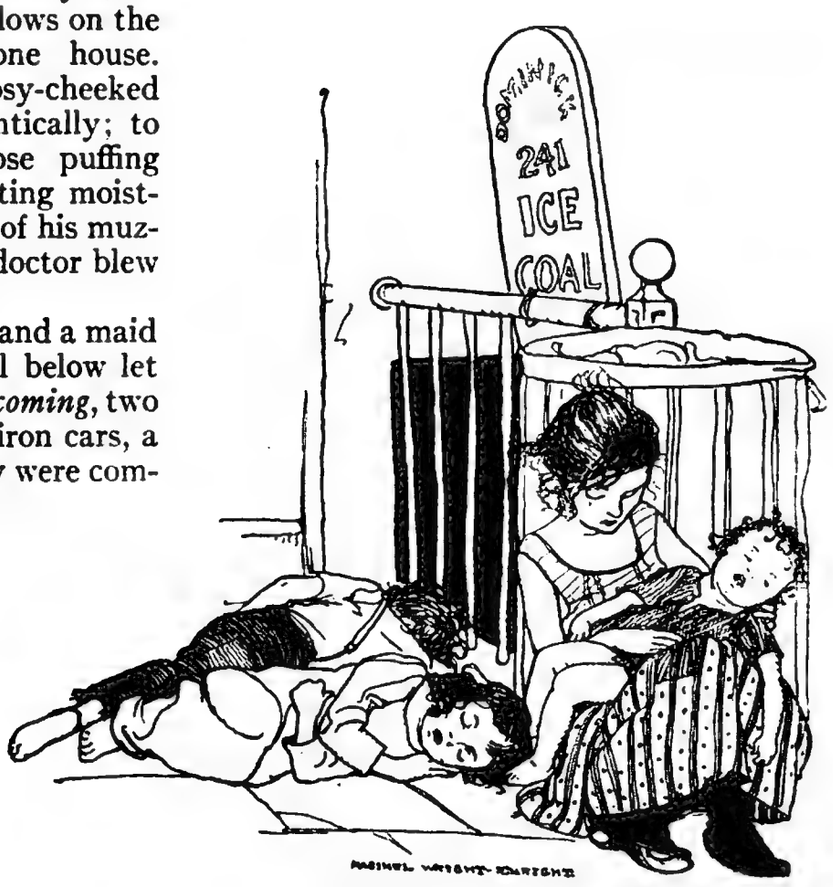
He drew up to the front door, and a maid who happened to be in the hall below let him in at once. *So he heard them coming*, two nieces and a nephew, a train of iron cars, a fire-engine, and a bulldog. They were coming down from the playroom on the top floor. He crouched, wincing, as they passed over the uncarpeted top flight of stairs. The upholstery on the second pair relieved the tension, and he straightened somewhat. At the head of the stairs on the floor above, both parents, who had rushed to the hall, were clutching at the children and calling them. One youngster ducked and slipped past both grabbing parents, while the dog, dodging one, shot between the legs of the other. In the mêlée, the fire-engine slid through the banisters and crashed to the floor below. The crash liberated a wiggling child, while the last and littlest, finding herself thoroughly captured by a loving father, resorted to the final method of reaching a given end by a series of acts and discordant notes which, as usual, accomplished the desired purpose, but only to turn the parental wrath on Smith.

"If you can't come here without turning this house inside out, I wish you would stay away; and, besides, we're going away tomorrow and don't want you here." It floated down to the lower hall, as the last child draped herself around the doctor's neck, with the other two.

"Oh, children!" It was the mother calling over the banisters. "I wish you wouldn't rub against that horrid coat! Goodness knows where he's been, and—what's that sticking out of your pocket, John? Oh, one of those ash-barrel dolls! I do wish you wouldn't bring those things into this house!"

"Oh, Eth, I wish you would lend me a needle and thread!"

All of this was said amidst the shrill



CHILDREN WERE SITTING OR LYING ON CURBSTONES, PANTING LIKE PUPPIES.

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voices of children and a barking dog; but mothers and children's specialists have no difficulty in hearing—they can hear and understand in a boiler-factory. It's a gift, like music.

"Now, children"— he hadn't waited for an answer from the mother; he didn't have to. He knew that in a few minutes she would be sewing up that doll as though her life depended on it. "Now, children, go up and tell Pop you're sorry you made so much noise. You have kind of hurt his feelings; I could tell by the way he spoke." He looked very serious.

One child said "All right!" and made a dive for the stairs; another pulled at his coat and begged: "Tell us the rest of the story about the Puppy-babies." The third was rescued by the mother from the contaminating influence of "Da," pilfered from his coat pocket, while the dog waited halfway up the stairs for the rest of the push.

With considerable manœuvering, the doctor managed to divest himself of his hat and seersucker coat, with one child in his arms, one hanging on to his suspenders, a dog bringing up the rear, and lots of other things happening all over the house—from the nurse leaning over the banisters on the top floor, to the cook in the kitchen doing up a package of cakes to slip to him as he left the house. They made their way to the library, on the floor above, where "Pop," behind a newspaper, was nursing a rapidly evaporating wrath.

AS HE WEARILY HANDED THE DOLL UP TO THE DOCTOR, IT COLLAPSED LIKE A DROWNED RAT, LIMP AND BEDRAGGLED.

Smith seated all four in a row on the sofa, with the dog at the foot—like the end-man at a minstrel show—and, drawing up a chair for himself, faced them.

"Now, children"— he was shaking his finger at them, occasionally wiping his round face with the sleeve of his shirt—"I want you to keep perfectly quiet; and, besides, your mother wants to scold me, so not a thing doing till she gets it out of her system!"

Only slightly mollified, the mother replied: "Well, I do wish you would let me give you some new dolls; these are really unhygienic."

"Eth, you can give me all the dolls you like; but that's Da you are holding, and I want you to understand that all the dolls in the world would never be able to take Da's place. So sew her up, stop that leak of sawdust love, and if you've got an old dress or even a pair of pants, why, put them on her; for me and my little pal in Houston Street would know Da in any disguise! That hole in her cheek is not the result of a blow—it's kisses made that. She's had the face kissed off her."

All of this was listened to attentively by four pairs of eager ears. But as no pause of over two seconds was allowed when Uncle Jack was present, they all began to bounce on the springy sofa, calling for "Puppy-babies"; while the dog—well, each baby was getting its face washed in the confusion, but didn't know it.

"All right, all right," he broke in, to save the sofa. "I'll tell you the rest of the story if you little slave-drivers will make mama fix 'Da' quick."

In the boiler-factory din that followed, the Children's Specialist heard the mother say: "You mean old thing!" and "Poor little Da!"

"Now, let me see, how far did I get?" He wanted to find out which one remembered; in the explosion of information that followed, he picked out the little one as remembering best, for, throwing her arms around the dog beside her, she screamed: "He couldn't

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ALL FOUR SEATED IN A ROW ON THE SOFA, THE DOG AT THE FOOT.

find all the pieces," then loved the puppy right off the sofa and got her face washed in the bargain.

"Oh, yes, I remember now"—he never let children know that he was enjoying them. —"Well, you see, when a great big order goes to Babyland for a bunch of babies, they have to be sent on time, and no fooling. So when the Baby King got the order, he sent his Hoppy-toads—they were his messengers, you remember—to all the departments to get the pieces. Pretty soon a great big Hoppy-toad came hopping back to say that they were all out of arms and legs. There was a pretty howdy-do! But the Hoppy-toad said they had just got in a large assortment of Puppy-dogs' arms and legs; so they simply had to stick on the Puppy-dogs' arms and legs and let them go at that; but they looked so cold and funny without any hair that, at the last moment, he gave each a new fur coat. And, if you don't believe me, the next time you go driving in the park, you look in all the carriages and automobiles and you will see plenty of Puppy-babies with their mamas out driving."

Pop's paper hadn't rustled for a long time; he was still reading the name of it on the top line, incidentally watching the little one at the end of the lounge next to the dog. With her head cocked on one side, she was looking accusingly straight into the countenance of the dog, who, with mouth wide open, a silly smile on his face, was trying to avoid her questioning gaze, with conscious embarrassment.

The Children's Specialist never made the error of playing the double rôle of child and adult; so, kid-like, he grabbed mended "Da" from the mother's lap, shot out of the room down the stairs, with the boiler-factory din at his heels, caught his hat and coat from the hall table, and in an instant more had closed the front door behind him and was starting his automobile.

Glancing up at the window on the library floor, he saw his brother-in-law. He had raised the window to its utmost and was leaning far out. Shaking his fist, he shouted: "Don't you ever come back here again! Do you hear?"

Closing the window to keep out the stifling heat of the street, he turned to see his wife, in the bath-room beyond, scrubbing her hands protestingly.

"I do wish," she said, "he wouldn't bring those dirty dolls in this house."

"Why not?" He waited a minute.—"I guess it won't hurt you to mend a doll once in a while."

"I'd like to see you do it!"

"Well, if you are so particular, hire a seamstress to do it. I'll pay for it. Those tenement kids need more than food and——"

"Oh, Arthur, you're too silly!"

It was too hot to argue and, moreover, anything connected with that doctor brother of hers was unanswerable.

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WATCH YOUR CONGRESSMAN!

by Lincoln Steffens

LAST fall we elected representatives in Congress. We chose members of the House directly, district by district, and we elected state legislatures which, in turn, elected thirty-odd United States senators. That was our part, as a people, in our national government, and we did it pretty well, considering. But that isn't all we, the people, have to do.

This spring our representatives met in Washington, organized the Sixty-second Congress, and proceeded to transact our business for us. That's their part in our national government, and maybe they will do it pretty well, considering. And maybe they won't. And that's where our second, a very much neglected, part in our government comes in. It is up to the people in a democracy to know what their representatives are doing, and how they are doing it.

Let's watch our Congress.

It isn't hard to watch Congress. On the contrary, once get the habit of doing so and it is interesting. The best source of information is the *Congressional Record*. Some day this truly wonderful daily publication will be sent free to every voter. All we have to do to get it is to want it. Comparatively few voters want it now, and not all those that get it know how to use it. They try to read it all, and it is so big that they can't. But those of us who have to keep track of Congress professionally—editors, writers, lobbyists, etc.—we soon learn to skim the *Record*. We glance at the routine, note swiftly the mass of documents, formal resolutions, and "leave-to-print" stuff, and we gut the debates. A debate may look long in print, because every word that is uttered is caught on this masterpiece of record. But much of the space is taken up with the machinery of debate forms, courtesies—dead stuff, which the eye soon learns to skip. Even good speeches may be read on the fly, except where the speaker gets down to cases, and a few paragraphs contain the gist of most speeches. Now and then there's a speech worth reading through, and there are discussions to follow word for word. On the average, however, twenty minutes a day is enough to spend on the *Record*.

And citizens can cooperate to get and read it. Any group who would combine in a request to their Congressman could have the *Record*, and they could read it together. A pleasant plan is to ask some reporter or any clever young man or woman to do the first reading, mark out the parts to skip, and then read the rest aloud to the group, say once a week or every few days. Read thus, the listeners would feel the buncombe in the empty speeches, and cut the reader short. By and by the group would get tired of the too many, too long speeches; they would have heard all sides of the question and come, themselves, to a conclusion. They would want to know what Congress did.

They would look for the vote, and that's the thing to look for—the vote. And we get that now. Like most legislative bodies, Congress used to avoid a roll-call; but the Insurgents have from the first made a practise of demanding the roll, so that the *Record* keeps showing, day after day, on all questions, just what Congress did and just how each Congressman voted.

The *Congressional Record* is "the goods," so to speak; but if it is too much for an individual or a group to follow, there are other sources of information. The best are the magazines, weeklies, and daily newspapers. The monthlies have to confine themselves to the broader aspects of politics; they can not go into detail enough to furnish all the information voters need. The weeklies can, and some of them, like *Collier's*, *La Fol-*

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lette's, the *Voter*, and the *Public*, make a specialty of giving with great skill, brevity, and clearness good running accounts of the proceedings of Congress—from the democratic (small d) point of view. The dailies have the best chance; they don't all take it. The newspapers don't all present such a just, interesting report of Congress as their readers need, but that isn't entirely their fault. The press would be reformed mighty fast if the readers of any paper would write individual letters to the editor, send him in group and mass resolutions, demanding that "their" paper tell them just what they want to know about their Congress.

And what is it that we should all want to know about Congress? We think that the one, big, plain question for a people to ask of any representative body is, What does it represent? So the question for Congress is,

What does Congress represent?

Good intentions are good; we hear that they make a very durable pavement in one place. And honesty is honest enough; it is said to be the best policy. And ability is a very rare, a very necessary, and a most useful quality. Efficiency is the final test of all service. But it isn't the first test. The first criterion of public conduct must be loyalty to the common interest. For you can see that, if the Congress should represent special interests, the more sincere and the abler the members are, the greater the harm to the common good. And that's the situation to-day. Our legislators aren't so dishonest as they are false. The American people to-day are betrayed as much by honest men as they are by crooks. Certainly this is true of Washington; there are more men there who think wrong than there are who knowingly do wrong.

So we say that, for some time, the chief, and perhaps it is not going too far to say the sole, criterion of public service should be, neither ability nor good-will, but allegiance; devotion to the common good. We must make the Congress of the United States represent the people of the United States.

How can the people make Congress represent the people?

That's easy. All that is necessary is that most of us shall want—really, sincerely want—Congress to represent the people. We don't now. We may think we do, but we don't—not really. We want Congress to represent us. You want it to represent you and your special interest; I want it to represent me and my special interest; the railroads want it to represent them and their special interests. Take an example.

Take any honest, young, well-meaning Congressman in his first term. Ask him what he is up against. He will tell you (as lots of them have told us) that his constituents want certain special things. One constituent and his friends may want a pension or an office; all of them may want a new post-office building for the county-seat or a river or harbor improvement.

"My constituents," said an intelligent young Congressman once, "the people in my district, look upon the United States as a graft. The federal government is something to get something out of. 'My country' is not a sacred institution to which to give devotion and service. Not on your life! It's a grab-bag out of which I am expected to grab my share of the loot for my district; and the more I get, the better Congressman I am, the more faithful a representative, the surer of being sent back. So the people of my district compel me to betray the people of the country."

One Congressman can not alone get much loot out of Congress. In order to get his share for his district, he has to combine with the other Congressmen who want special things for their districts. And there is such a "combine" in each house of Congress. This combine in each house has represented the big, special business interests, which want big things—tariffs, land and lumber grants, mines, special laws and exemptions from laws—all sorts of privileges and property, expensive and harmful to the common wealth and the common good. So when the people of a district have put it up to their Congressman to "get results;" to grab "good things" for them out of the "pork barrel," why, then the people in that district have made their representatives represent, not the people, but parts of the people. And that's why Congress has represented the special interests and betrayed so conscientiously the common interest: because the people have preferred their special business or sectional interest, and have betrayed their own larger common interest. In other words, the people have not wanted Congress to represent all the people—not really. They, too, have been corrupt; they have been bribed with their own money out of their own pockets.

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Our government has represented our common character, not our common interest.

But a change has come over us, and the effect of the change is seen in Congress. Even some of the so-called crooked senators and representatives are representing public opinion now. And what is public opinion? Nothing but a demand that Congress shall represent the whole people—not a part of the people; not railroads and not rich people; and not poor people, either; and not the people in districts, states, and sections. For, see, if most of the people continue, district by district, to seek special grants out of the pork barrels, they will be judging their Congressman by how much he gets for them and their district. He will have to stand in. Your Congressman will have to combine with our Congressman to get things out of both of us for each of us. In other words, we shall—between us—make your Congressman and our Congressman join with the other Congressmen who represent a pig constituency to get all our feet into our common trough.

We are not opposing appropriations for improvements in the common good. And we include, in the common good, public works in the special interest of districts and sections. The United States must be improved gradually and piecemeal. It is a part of the representative function of a Congressman to present the needs and the views of his district. And it is proper for a senator to stand up for the wants and the opinions of his state. But so is it fair and right for a railroad or any other special interest to go frankly before Congress and say what that railroad wants. All this talk against lobbying is nonsense. Legislatures are the place for special interests to appear with their petitions, and it should not matter what they ask, either. If the Congress or any other legislature represented the common public interest of an intelligent people who watched it, our representatives could freely and openly take up any demand, whether of a district or a railroad, and discuss and decide it in the interest of the common good. And the time is coming, and coming fast, when that can be done; when we shall all feel that our common interest is safe in the hands of our Congress; that it will dare to say "No" to a district and "Yes" to a railroad, or "No" to a corporation and "Yes" to one poor, lone pensioner.

But that time will not be here till we, the people, learn to take that view and to apply it to our Congressmen. And there's the point. We elected this Sixty-second Congress, district by district and state by state. And we did pretty well, on the whole. Now we are going to watch this Congress as a whole. And merely watching will do a whole lot of good. But that won't be all we shall all have to do to make Congress represent the people as a whole. By and by we shall be judging this Congress with a view to re-electing or defeating it. In other words, we shall have to vote for or against these Congressmen, man by man, district by district. We don't elect Congressmen-at-large, not as a nation. If you think Congress as a whole misrepresents us all, you can't vote against Congress as a whole. If we think your Congressman is one of the fellows that make up the majority which misrepresents us all, we can't vote against your Congressman. No. We must take care of our Congressman; you must take care of yours. It is right and helpful for all of us to watch Congress as a whole, but that isn't enough.

You must watch your Congressman and your senators; we must watch ours.

And—this is hard—we must cooperate. You must ask what your Congressman represents; we must ask what our Congressman represents. And we must desire, you that your Congressman shall represent, not you, but all of us; and we must ask that our Congressman shall not sacrifice your interest and the interest of all of us to our special, district, or sectional interest. And no matter how many post-offices he gets; no matter how much he gets out of the pork barrels for us—if our Congressman betrays us all for you or anybody else, we must defeat him for your sake and ours; and so, if your Congressman trades off our interest for yours or anybody elses', you must defeat him. Not hate him, you understand, nor hurt him. We wouldn't even ask him what made him do it. We wouldn't care. It isn't a matter of good intentions or bad, of ability, honesty, and friendship, but of democracy.

The way to make Congress represent all the people is to get all the people to watch the Congressmen and demand in each district that

Their Congressman shall represent our interest.

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STRAIGHT TALK

GATLING GUNS FOR WOMEN

DEAR SIR:

I have been reading Senator Cannon's articles with interest and satisfaction. I know Senator Cannon, and I know the Mormons, "root and branch." I note what you say editorially in the last issue of EVERYBODY'S. I want to assure you that through the vote of the women in the state of Utah must come its redemption. I know because I was there during the last hard-fought campaign and I know how valiantly the Woman's Branch of the American party (anti-church party) fought for civic decency.

Let me tell you a little story: In order to get the Mormon women where it could be explained to them that through the ballot they might rid themselves of the galling yoke of polygamy, and be assured that the ballot was secret—which few of them believed, the impression being that Joseph Smith was some way able to find out and check the votes over with the Almighty—the American party women sent little folders announcing—not a political meeting, but a very cheap sale of millinery at one of the hotel parlors. These folders were sent to as many women as were found to be living in polygamy in the locality. They came, although several of them had as many as three sets of children to look after, while the children's mamas happily worked in the canning factories to make more money for their sectional husbands and to pay tithing into the church.

As soon as a score of women were assembled, it was explained to them that there were no hats, but that they were to be told what use the vote could be to them. One of the suffragettes spoke to them. When she had finished, a gaunt old woman rose to her feet. She wore a shabby old calico wrapper and a dilapidated hat of a style long forgotten, but she looked majestic in her earnestness. She lifted her sad old eyes to the white-crowned hills and raised her hands high in an attitude of prayer. She looked like a priestess of old; there were pain and prophecy in her face. "God!" she cried, "how I have prayed for a sign that Thou would send us some weapon with which to fight this cankering evil of polygamy! And is this—this vote to be our sword?"

A little bright-eyed Irishwoman, known to be the third wife of a reprobate "saint," rose to her feet in excitement. "A sword, is it?" she cried. "Faith, an' it's a Gatling gun-n-n." And a Gatling gun it proved to be, when on the fourth day of November, 1910, the American party, *aided by the vote of the Mormon women*, won the election in Salt Lake City.

Very truly yours,
G. M.

Spokane, Wash.

WHY, INDEED!

DEAR SIR: I attribute the great progressive movement in politics to the good work done by the magazines of the nation. The low price at which they have been furnished has placed them in reach of all the people. I realize that these low rates could not be given were it not for the money obtained for advertising, which depends upon the circulation, which again depends upon the price of the magazine.

I am therefore opposed to an increase of the postage rate on these magazines. If we have a postal deficit, it should be taken care of in some other way. A saving might be made in railway charges, which are higher than express charges. But even with the reported deficit, our postal system is on a paying basis if the matter franked through the mails were properly debited.

But why should our postal system pay?

Does the navy pay? Does the army pay? Do our public schools pay? Do our public libraries pay? And finally, it might be asked—Does our billion-dollar Congress pay?

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Our postal system should be run at a loss rather than at a profit, for a deficit will prompt economy in the management of the department, while a surplus would encourage extravagance.

Yours respectfully,

Denver, Colorado. R. W.

APPRECIATION

DEAR SIR: In the short time that has intervened since I became a subscriber to EVERYBODY'S, I have noted, with more than ordinary interest, the excellent character of the literature you are giving to the public. And while the homely expressed opinions of a plodding farmer may not appeal to the publishers of EVERYBODY'S, I can not resist the temptation to say that "The Passing of the Idle Rich," by Frederick Townsend Martin, stands alone as the one literary gem of the twentieth century. No more rational or forceful statement of conditions as they actually exist has ever been written since "The Crisis" was written and distributed among the soldiers of Washington's army.

Very respectfully yours,

W. H. W.

Osborne, Kans.

WIVES AND MOTHERS

DEAR SIR: In the article written by W. B. E. of Ainsworth, Neb., in the March number of EVERYBODY'S, I find the following: "The woman who shirks her functions as mother is a degenerate as truly as the inmates of the brothels, and it is a godsend to society that she does not reproduce her kind." Whatever may be said of other features of the article, this is surely a radical statement, and should not pass unchallenged. Is motherhood then the *only* virtue desirable in wives? I had thought there were others. Let us admit (for the sake of argument only) that all wives who are not mothers have shirked the responsibility of motherhood. Does that prove them "as truly degenerate as the inmates of the brothels"? I think not. Are not many of them noble, unselfish, lovable, home-making wives, and cheerful, helpful, encouraging companions to their husbands? This should count for something. Is it not possible for a refined and educated woman, married to a refined and educated man, to find something worth while in the marriage relation aside from fatherhood or motherhood? Can there be no unions of souls? Can there not be mental association as well as physical? And are not many of these women of necessity wage-earners as well as the husband? Are not many of them the main supporters and workers in the churches as well as in the large and far-reaching charities of the world? Do not many of them adopt, mother, and educate, the unfortunate children who have been neglected and abandoned by *over*-productive parents? Have they not done their full share to aid *The Delineator* in its noble work of finding homes for such little unfortunates? Motherhood is *only one* of the grand privileges accorded to woman, just as fatherhood is *only one* of the grand privileges accorded to man. And should all the good and noble women mentioned above be classed as "degenerates" because they have failed to appreciate *one* of the great privileges accorded to their sex?

Woman's sphere, as well as man's sphere, is as broad as the individual capability to appreciate it.

M. R. A.

Ainsworth, Nebraska.

GIVING THE LIE DIRECT

DEAR SIR:

I am somewhat surprised that a magazine of your apparent standing would allow its pages to be filled with a lot of vilifications and fabrications, coming from the brain of a disgruntled politician and hurled against a great people like you know the "Mormon" Church is. It is evident you are catering to a class of readers that most magazines avoid.

What you say about President Joseph F. Smith using the tithing to further his own ends is without any foundation. Any man who *pays* his tithing always has access to the tithing books.

You say, "We believe this article is of vital import to every right thinking man and woman in this country." There are sometimes differences of opinion as to what constitutes a "right thinking man and woman." Apparently, in your estimation, it means one who is willing to think that the things you print in the pages of your magazine against the "Mormon" Church are true.

Had you given the matter the consideration it merited, or had you sent a proper representative to Utah, and had he inquired of fair-minded men, you might have learned the true status of affairs, and then your magazine would not have been placed in a false light.

J. A. McR.

Editor *Liahona the Elders' Journal.*

Independence, Mo.

WHAT BECOMES OF EVERYBODY'S IN SALT LAKE

DEAR SIR: I inquired of an Ogden newsdealer, December 24th, for EVERYBODY'S. "Not out yet," was the reply. I received the same reply December 28th, and January 4th was told "all sold out." I then went to all the dealers in town, and all except one said, "All sold out." That *one* said, "Not in yet." I have since inquired of three dealers in Salt Lake City—same reply: "All sold out."

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It looks to me as if the "faithful" had cornered the market. If I were not a transient in Ogden I would subscribe, but I hope soon to be out of "the shadow of the mountain." Let the good work go on. If Mormonism were thoroughly advertised, there would be no converts. E. R. C.
Ogden, Utah.

A CORRECTION

DEAR SIR:

In connection with the instalment of "Under the Prophet in Utah," by Frank J. Cannon, appearing in the April EVERYBODY'S, you have published a number of photographs, ostensibly representing what Mr. Cannon in his article calls "the hierarchy," under which appellation you refer to the same body of men. Among them appears a cut of myself, which by an inexcusable blunder, or a wilful and malicious mistake, presents me to the public as one of that polygamous hierarchy.

My object in writing you is to request that in the next issue of your magazine you make the "amende honorable" and relieve me from the opprobrium to which such publication subjects me. If, as I presume, it is a mistake, a blunder, as honorable men you will more readily accede to my request when I inform you that I have never been a member of the polygamous Utah Church, but have for fifty-one years been associated with, and presided over, The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, known as the Josephite or anti-polygamous branch. The headquarters of our church are at Lamoni, Decatur County, Iowa. I have at no time been a resident of Utah, and have had no affiliation with the dominant body there in any respect.

The president of the Utah Church, Joseph Fielding Smith, is the son of my uncle, Hyrum Smith. I am the son of Joseph Smith, the first president of the church. The church with which I am associated now numbers some sixty-five thousand people, and you will likely receive remonstrances from many of these, who are feeling outraged and indignant by your placing me pictorially among the leaders of the polygamous church, and leaving out the picture of Joseph F. Smith. I will be pleased to be assured by you, in a letter direct to me, that this blunder was unintentional, and to see in your May number such a correction as an honorable man may expect from others entitled to the name.

JOSEPH SMITH.
Independence, Mo.

[We hasten to publish the above letter and our apology at this, the earliest, opportunity. Our readers need no assurance that the picture appeared by mistake—a kind of mistake that does not occur with us once in a million times. The photograph of Mr. Smith was forwarded to us by our Denver photographer, in a large collection of pictures of Utah Mormons. No explanatory description accompanied it; there was nothing to distinguish it as an exception to the rest, all of whom were Utah Mormons; and the name itself naturally misled us. Mr. Cannon is too far away to see page proofs of his article, and Mr. O'Higgins, when the pages were submitted to him, was too ill to give them careful attention. We deeply regret the mistake, and hereby offer our apologies to Mr. Smith and the members of the church over which he presides.

THE EDITORS.]

THINGS CAN'T BE WORSE!

THERE is one unanswerable argument in the case of delegated *vs.* popular government that I have not seen used yet. It seems curious that it has not, when you come to think of it. It can be stated in five words: Things can be no worse. Interested parties make all sorts of assertions as to the harm that would result from popular government, but do not specify. Can we not have an answer to the question—What harm would it do to try a different system?

We certainly would have no more Cannonism, no more graft, no more bossing, no more blundering than we have now. The politician is now master where he should be servant. A little wholesome control of some of our supple representatives (?) would not be amiss.

Run down the opposition to giving the people real government, and see what it is. Party hacks and party organs. The so-called common people are divided into two classes—those in favor of a change, and those who do not believe it possible to get one. "What's the use?" they say; "the politicians will never let anything get through that will hurt them."

I do not blame the politicians so much. It is human nature to get all you can get, and strive for more. Their point of view is easily seen, but the same can not be said for the besotted fool who stands by and applauds the robber who is getting away with his goods. It is time to come to. For altogether too long the unholy combination of trust magnate, politician, and purblind voter has been running the country. We need a change and must have it! As things are going, it will not be long before men will begin to ask if they are to be given their rights, or if they have to take them.
Buffalo, N. Y. F. E. W.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

AS WE take down the shutters and open the offices of the Row of Books for May—hang up the editorial hat, unlock the safe, tear another leaf off the calendar, and ring for the office-boy to ask what sort of a crowd is waiting for interviews in the reception-room—we are told in rather awestricken whispers that Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Mr. Gilbert Chesterton are all sitting together in the anteroom with brand-new books that they wish to call to our attention. There is also (the boy mentions the fact with a suppressed grin) a little seamstress person who says that her name is Audoux, and who is standing modestly near the outer door with a few printed pages in her hand.

Now usually we choose to maintain a somewhat rigid etiquette. Clients are sent for one by one, are admitted to the sanctum with quiet formality, and it is only on exceptional occasions that we do more than incline our heads to acknowledge their entrance. Nevertheless, we should not think, under ordinary circumstances, of keeping any one of the gentlemen above mentioned—let alone the whole quartet of them—waiting. But we hope that we know when to throw etiquette out of the window and when to let precedence go hang. And we are very certain that this is one of the proper occasions for doing both. So we are going to hurry in person into the outer office and, with a nod and a "You'll excuse us, gentlemen?" to Messrs. Shaw and Bennett and Galsworthy and Chesterton—we are going to thank Marguerite Audoux for having come to us, and to ask her for the honor of an interview.

For Marguerite Audoux is the author of "Marie-Claire" (Doran). And "Marie-Claire" is one of those isolated literary miracles which, by the incalculable power of a divine simplicity, at once confound the arrogance of intellect and outshine the pageantry of art. The book contains, in scarcely more than hinted outline, the story of the author's youth; of her early years in a Catholic orphanage; her apprenticeship on a neighboring farm; her little, naive taste of love and life; her puzzled return to her childhood's haven; and her blind flight to Paris and the unknown future. It is a perfect, because an uncounterfeited, expression of all that which, having dimly known yet being unable to recall, we nevertheless worship in the soul of the child. For Marguerite Audoux has not, as we say, recaptured the outlook of her girlhood. She has never lost it. And here, in the irreducible simpleness of its own spirit, she has set down for us the patient wisdom of its ignorance, the unquestioning acceptance of life which we miscall its inexperience, and that millennial touch of other-worldliness which stamps the child as the raw material of the kingdom of heaven.

The injunction to "see life steadily and see it whole" is one of those counsels of perfection that pretend to solve the riddles of existence for us by urging us to sit tight on both horns of a dilemma at the same time. As if any man could see life whole, or even wholeish, except in fleeting moments of inspiration; or could see it steadily except by the concentration of self-centeredness! One of the least obtrusive, yet most charmingly contrived and quietly illuminating novels of the season, Edward M. Forster's "Howard's End" (Putnam), contains a story of the clash between these two attitudes in modern life; or, rather, the story of a four-cornered struggle between characters, three of whom entertainingly incarnate differing

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varieties of these outlooks, and the fourth, by alternating between the two, combines the strength of both.

Like Mr. Marriott's "Now," "Howard's End" makes effective and amusing play with the mutual misunderstandings of self-satisfied worldly wisdom and self-deluding idealism. But it adds that touch of mystic recognition through which alone these two can be brought to join hands. It is a story that manages to let its characters work out their individual and common destinies apparently untrammeled by the clumsy makeshifts of fictional stage-carpentry and undisturbed by the audible prompting of fictional stage-management; yet it allows us to perceive and relish the full significance of the struggle in which they are unconsciously engaged, and leaves us, with laughter still on our lips, the wiser for the vicarious experience.

When I was a small boy, it used to be allowable to cry "Fen Dubs!" at proper moments in a game of marbles, and the exclamation barred your opponent from taking more than one of your white alleys if he knocked two out of the ring at once. In later life it is delightful to find some smiling and understanding writer who will pronounce an equally effective, if less exclamatory, incantation against the greedy dogmatism of the cock-sure moralizer.

I wonder if there are many readers of this department who, like its editor, have come during the past year or two to shy violently at the sight of any book that looks like an emotional treatise, pro or con, on the sentimental ethics of universal peace or the moral desirability of international disarmament. If so, they will understand with what hesitancy—how like a horse asked to investigate a peanut-roaster—I recently yielded to the urgings of one who is generally right, and opened Mr. Norman Angell's "study of the relations of military power in nations to their economic and social advantages," called "The Great Illusion" (Putnam). They will also understand that it is in no spirit of elated acquiescence in revivalist eloquence that I pass on my informant's endorsement of the book. Mr. Angell has a mind like an edged blade, but he uses it like a scientist and not like a crusader. He is not a propagandist, he is an elucidator. His book is not a plea, it is a demonstration. And readers who are now but dimly conscious that somewhere among the unsorted intuitions and not-yet-formulated faiths at the backs of their minds there is a conviction that peace and disarmament are both somehow included in the evolutionary program of the race, will find, upon closing "The Great Illusion," that these intellectual assets have been docketed, filed, cross-referenced, and made available. Moreover, some hint of the possible "how" and of the probable "when" will have been added to the convincing setting forth of the economic and human "why" that guarantees them and makes them negotiable.

In "The Doctor's Dilemma, Getting Married, and The Showing-up of Blanco Posnet" (Brentano's), a volume that contains not only the text of these three plays by George Bernard Shaw, but also three thoroughly characteristic Shavian prefaces upon Doctors, upon Marriage, and upon the Censorship, Mr. Shaw has stolen another march on us. And whether the resultant surprise is the chance outcome of lucky circumstance or is the triumphant carrying through of a premeditated plan by a resourceful tactician, makes little difference. The effect is the same.

Whether we were temperamentally inclined to swear by Mr. Shaw or to swear at him, we were pretty well agreed, some years ago, when it began to look as though he had had his brilliant say and had retired on his laurels, that we had been startlingly and on the whole helpfully aroused to a keener social and moral consciousness by a writer who, whatever he might prove to have meant to his own generation, would appear to posterity to have dealt chiefly in trite truths and tomfoolery. And now Mr. Shaw, by the simple process of waiting till we had had time to become, intellectually, our own posterity, and then publishing another book, has proved in our own persons the timid shallowness of our early judgment. There are few more strengthening experiences than to be brought face to face with our own past enthusiasms and our own past hesitancies and to find the first still valid and the second no longer operative. And there are few more convincing vindications of the quality of a contemporary's mind than to have his later work embody this experience for us. It seems likely, as it is undoubtedly deserved, that the appearance of the present volume will profoundly affect the relationship between its author and that Anglo-Saxon world which he has so long amused, puzzled, angered, and forced to think.

There was a whiff of smoke, a rustle of uneasiness, and a sporadic reaching for hats in a New York theatre one evening a while ago. Half a dozen people started for the aisles. Then a man in the front row of the orchestra stepped up on his seat and, in a perfectly businesslike but startlingly megaphonic voice, said: "Sit down!" That was all. Some six or seven hundred shivers ran up some six or seven hundred spines, and at least a hundred people

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blushed crimson at the realization of their incipient idiocy, and—the performance went on. We'll never, of course, be able to figure out with any accuracy what that little man's vocal jolt may have done for us. And it is difficult to put a name to it. It wasn't a command. It wasn't advice. It was just a dynamic statement. There is a remarkable amount of this indefinable quality in the collected editorials of Herbert Kaufman, published under the title of "The Winning Fight" (Brewer). They are addressed to the mixed audience of our contemporary civilization. They are businesslike yet megaphonic. They outline action. They define efficiency. They spot-light incipient inclinations. They start thrills—and blushes. But they do not make us sit down. They force us to sit up.

If you have not (although you very likely have) read a little story called "Molly Make-Believe" (Century), by Eleanor Hallowell Abbott, let me recommend that you make its acquaintance. Books, quite apart from the story they have to tell or the message with which they are entrusted, have personalities of their own and leave with us, in addition to what they may have said to us in words, a less tangible but often more enduring consciousness. Years afterward, when we have forgotten everything about a book, including its plot, its name, and its author, the impact of its individuality may still remain a recoverable impression in our memories. Just as, years afterward, when details of time and place and attendant circumstances have been forgotten, we may still recall the imperishable suggestion of a gloomy face glimpsed in some crowd, or the cheer in a glance from glad eyes caught in passing. "Molly Make-Believe" is a little book with a radioactive individuality. It is the story (fairly bubbling with verbal spirits) of a young bachelor of Boston who, in the desperate loneliness of a janitor-attended siege of rheumatism, subscribes to the advertised "daily love-letter" of a correspondence bureau. It is a foolish little story—a fictional dipper with undeniable holes in the bottom, through which the waters of logic and likelihood are bound to drain away. But, as the children say, "Who cares?" It holds water for its hour. And who shall say for how long afterward it may warm the cockles of our hearts to remember having once for a moment looked unrebuked into the shy, daring, mischievous heart of its heroine.

If you have ever yourself picked up an Indian arrowhead on some sandy hillside of what used to be the happy hunting-ground, you know that that one bit of happen-chance personal contact with the past went farther toward making American history real to you than all the archeological exhibits in a hundred museums. And you are likely to have very much the same feeling about the old frontier life in the West, if you read a book called "The Adventures of James Capen Adams, Mountaineer and Grizzly Bear Hunter of California" (Scribner), by Theodore H. Hittell. The book, like the arrowhead, is a little bit of the real past; and it has had an arrowhead sort of history of its own. For it was published in 1860; was lost and buried in the drift of Civil War excitement; and has just turned up in a new edition that exactly counterfeits the quaint make-up of the original. This old hunter and his pet bears were familiar figures in such Pacific coast ports as existed in the fifties, where he was known as "Grizzly Adams" and whence he shipped live wild animals to the Eastern states; and Mr. Hittell met him in San Francisco and got his story from him in the winter of 1856-7. The unwritten records of the mountains doubtless hold many such stories. But here is one, as eventful as any, and by chance amply authenticated, that happened to get itself written.

OTHER BOOKS

"Twenty Years at Hull House" (Macmillan), by Jane Addams. A history of the conception, founding, and subsequent development of the pioneer of Western social settlements; written, with "autobiographical notes," by its founder and moving spirit, who is one of the best-known figures and most respected minds in the American world of sociological and philanthropic work and thought.

"Sociology and Modern Social Problems" (American Book Company), by Professor Charles A. Elwood. An elementary text-book intended for use in schools, but a book that may nevertheless be instructive to unmatriculated students of sociology because it exhibits pedagogy in the characteristic act of building a coral island of pseudo-scientific dogma in the tidal waters of a still fluid inquiry.

"Justice" (Scribner), by John Galsworthy. The text of an already successful "tragedy in four acts," as yet not produced in America. A piece of dramatic work that, in its freedom from theatrical distortion, in the directness of its concern with the lost significance of objective facts, and in its ability to be read like any other fiction, is a striking example of the contemporary re-approachment (in England) of those dissociated personalities—life, literature, and the drama.

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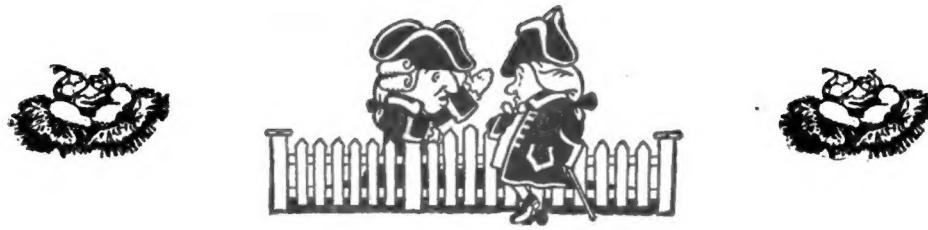

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

The Southern colonel had been persuaded into seeing a performance of "Othello," by Salvini, and was pressed for his opinion of it.

"Well," he said judicially, as he stirred the sugar, "I am not what you might call a prejudiced man, suh, and I don't see, lookin' at the thing in a lawge way, but what the coon did as well as any of 'em, suh."

"My dear," said a husband, earnestly, "I don't want you ever again to wear that dress you had on last night."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the wife, indifferently.

"Er—well, Paddington came up to me and said: 'I can see your wife's back from Paris!' "

"Who can give a sentence using the word pendulum?" asked the teacher.

Little Rachel's hand shot up. The teacher nodded encouragingly.

"Lightning was invented by Penjulum Franklin."

When Mark Twain came to Washington to try to get a decent copyright law passed, a representative took him out to Chevy Chase.

Mark Twain refused to play golf himself, but he consented to walk over the course and watch the representative's strokes. The representative was rather a duffer. Teeing off, he sent clouds of earth flying in all directions. Then, to hide his confusion, he said to his guest: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?"

"Best I ever tasted," said Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief.

When Bilkins was away from home on a long business trip, he got a letter from his wife that still puzzles him. It ended thus:

"Baby is well and lots brighter than she used to be. Hoping you are the same, I remain, Your loving wife."

The Maxim "silencer" seems to have been devised especially to meet the desire of a Montana ranchman, as expressed in sign-boards over his ranch:

NO SHOOTING ALOUD.

The darky whose wife spent sixteen hours a day over the wash-tub was before the court on a charge of vagrancy.

"What do you do for a livin'?" inquired the judge.

"I's de manager of a laundry, Jedge," he answered, pridefully.

"Oh, you are! What's the name of it?"

"'Liza Ann."

An exceedingly drunk man, on a very rainy day, stood weaving back and forth beneath a belching water-spout. A passing policeman took him by the arm, thinking to lead him

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away, but the drunk resisted weakly and mumbled:

"Shave the wimmen an' childern! I c'n swim."

A woman living in a small town near Butte purchased from an art dealer there a water-color outfit, with printed directions for its use. These directions included, among other things, instructions to moisten the brushes for the first time with saliva. In a day or two the dealer received the following note:

"Dear Sir:—The outfit is complete as ordered, except the saliva.

"Yours truly,
"Mrs.———."

While the train was waiting on a side track down in Georgia, one of the passengers walked over to a cabin near the track, in front of which sat a cracker dog, howling like the horn on Fire-Chief-of-New-York Croker's automobile. The passenger asked a native why the dog was howling.

"Hookworm," said the native. "He's lazy."

"But," said the stranger, "I was not aware that the hook-worm is painful."

"'Tain't," responded the garrulous native.

"Why, then," the stranger queried, "should the dog howl?"

"Lazy."

"But why does laziness make him howl?"

"Wal," said the Georgian, "that blame fool dawg is sittin' on a sand-bur, an' he's too tarnation lazy to git off, so he jes' sets thar an' howls 'cause it hurts."

Spring shoots from the Young Pennsylvania idea:

"Landscape is what you run down the side of a house on when the house is afire."

"Skeleton is what you have left when you take a man's insides out and his outsides off."

"Ellipsis is when you forget to kiss."

"Autumn is so named from the season of the year in which it occurs."

In an Illinois town that you can't find on the map, the fire department has an unexcelled record for conscientiousness and devotion to duty. One night the church bell clanged out an alarm with the code taps that indicated "fire north of square."

In instant response the fire department jumped on his horse and galloped to the rescue. He had not gone far when a second alarm announced a second fire, this time to the south. An anxious citizen speeding toward his south-side property called out to the passing marshal:

"Hi, Jake! you're headed the wrong way! There's a big blaze to Greening's."

The fireman was no shirk. "Keep it a-goin', Ed!" he shouted. "I'll be over in less 'en ten minutes!"

Nat Goodwin was münchausening about a Turkish bath he had undergone in Mexico. "My rubber," he said, "was a very strong man. He kneaded and punched and hammered me in a most emphatic way. Finally, when I was up, he came along behind me and gave me four resounding whacks on the bare back with the palm of his enormous hand.

"'What on earth did you do that for?' I panted, staggering.

"'Only to let the office know I was ready for the next bather,' he said. 'You see, the bell's out of order in this room.'"

Instead of the usual just-before-Christmas letter to Santa Claus, Robbie wrote a prayer letter to God. After enumerating the many and varied presents he wanted very much, he concluded with: "Remember, God, the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

A blackmailer wrote the following to a wealthy business man: "Send me $5,000 or I will abduct your wife."

To which the business man replied: "Sorry I am short of funds, but your proposition interests me."

A guest in a Cincinnati Hotel was shot and killed. The negro porter who heard the shooting was a witness at the trial.

"How many shots did you hear?" asked the lawyer.

"Two shots, sah," he replied.

"How far apart were they?"

"'Bout like dis way," explained the negro, clapping his hands with an interval of about a second between claps.

"Where were you when the first shot was fired?"

"Shinin' a gemman's shoe in the basement of de hotel."

"Where were you when the second shot was fired?"

"Ah was passin' de Big Fo' depot."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*

RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

A PROPOSED increase in the rate of postage for magazines contributed not a little to the turmoil that marked the last days of the Sixty-first Congress, whose term expired March 4.

Newspapers and magazines are known in the Post Office as "second class matter," and for some years there had been more or less discussion as to whether the revenue derived by the Department from mail of this kind covered the expense of handling it. The Department's surmises about the cost had varied with the changes in administration, and had varied so widely that they could be explained only on the theory that the Department did not know what was the cost of handling second class matter, and that its estimates were based on the merest conjecture.

This was shown to be the case by the findings of a joint Commission of the Senate and House that made an inquiry into the matter in 1906. This Commission found that:

"The Post Office Department is not now able, and never has been able, to furnish statistics as to the cost of various classes of mail, class by class. Its inability so to do is demonstrated by the fact that from the beginning of the second class controversy its only way of getting at the relative cost of second class matter has been the crude method of dividing the total cost of the service by the total number of pounds carried, and declaring the quotient to be the cost of carrying a pound of second class matter." (*Page XXIV, House Document 608.*)

The Commission further found that within a defined radius second class matter fully separated and consigned in packages of a minimum weight to one address can be transported with apparent profit at the rate of 1 cent a pound."

It recommended that the present rate of one cent a pound be continued for bulk packages to one address and that a graduated rate making a slight increase be adopted for single copies mailed to different addresses.

Congress, however, took no action.

The subject was dropped until the country was startled by the President's statement in his Message of December, 1909, that the Post Office was losing $63,000,000 a year in the handling of second class matter. The subject, given new prominence in this way, was taken up by the Post Office Committee of the House, and publishers were invited to appear and present their side of the question.

WAS THIS FAIR PLAY?

We have asked Mr. Wilder, who represented the publishers before that committee, to tell you what happened. He says:

When the presidential message of 1909 first startled the publishers, I was asked by them to prepare an argument in their interest. I made repeated requests of the Post Office Department for information as to how the figures given in the presidential message were arrived at. I received no satisfaction until the report of the Postmaster General appeared, in which was stated the apportionment of the charges against the various classes of mail matter, but without any *explanation* as to how these apportionments were arrived at. After making various additional requests to the Department for an *explanation* of these apportionments, and receiving none, I prepared my argument as best I could and appeared before the Postal Committee of the House.

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Near the close of the hearing, Assistant Postmaster General Stewart appeared with a printed *explanation* of these apportionments, and by order of the Committee copies were given to me. I was asked to submit another argument written in the light of this explanation, and Mr. Stewart was asked to make a reply to my original argument, which he should have ready on the following Saturday morning. *He was also directed by the Committee to furnish me with a copy of his reply, so that I might make a sur-rejoinder. The proof of this statement appears on Page 118* of the report "Hearings Before the Committee on the Post Office of The House of Representatives." (Washington; Government Printing Office, 1910.) I returned to New York, and within a week served on the Committee and on the Post Office Department my second argument, reviewing the Department's figures in the light of their explanation. The Postal Department, on the other hand, made no reply to my original argument nor to this second argument until over three months had expired, when their reply appeared in the report above referred to—WITHOUT ITS EVER HAVING BEEN SERVED ON ME. *Thus the Department completely disregarded an order of the Postal Committee of the House of Representatives and allowed me no opportunity to make the sur-rejoinder asked for by the Committee.*

This reply of the Department, incorporated as a part of the hearings, is a document in which, without any reasonable justification of its conclusions, the Department ridiculed the claims of the publishers, mainly on the ground that the publishers did not know how its figures had been arrived at. The fact that the Postmaster General had refused to disclose how his guess about the cost of second class matter was arrived at was in this disingenuous manner made to serve as proof that his calculation was correct.

This manner of proof evidently was not convincing to the members of the Committee, for no action was recommended, and the matter was again dropped.

In the tangle of cross-purposes in which the last Congress became involved, all efforts at legislation seemed for a time to be about to fail; so that when only a few days of the session remained, fourteen of the great appropriation bills were not yet acted on. It was in this situation that the Post Office Appropriation Bill, previously passed by the House, was reported out of the Senate Committee with an amendment making the rate of postage for magazines four cents a pound on sheets any part of which should be printed with advertising. Newspapers—to their credit since they were not affected—as well as magazines and other periodicals, condemned the measure, and the sentiment in the Senate was so strong against it that it was withdrawn without going to the House for conference.

A CZAR IN THE POST OFFICE

We oppose legislation of this character, and feel warranted in asking the support of the country in opposing it, on the following grounds:

The joint Committee of the Senate and the House investigating the matter of second class postage in 1906 found:

> There is no great social or national purpose to be subserved by taxing one part of the publishing business at excessive rate in order to render assistance to another part of that business less advantageously situated. The transportation of second class matter probably should remain free and open.

But the proposed measure attempted to discriminate by an "excessive rate" against a large, and we believe a not unappreciated, part of the press of the country. The rate proposed was excessive, if not prohibitive.

The law contemplated the widest discrimination between newspapers and other publications now having the second class rate; but there is no exact line of demarcation between newspapers and other periodicals, so that the decision as to what publications should be entitled to the favored rate and what publications should be subject to the prohibitive one would be discretionary with the Department heads. This would give administrative officials, who have been historically connected with the political policies of existing administrations, a power over the press never before attempted in this country or in any civilized country.

Our opposition to the measure in this respect is not based on any uncertain grounds. While the Department was carrying on an active campaign in the Senate for support for the measure, the head of the Department announced that certain sections of the periodical press would be relieved from any increase in postage by arbitrary departmental

"With 'Everybody's' Publishers" is continued on Page 80 of the Advertising Section.

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